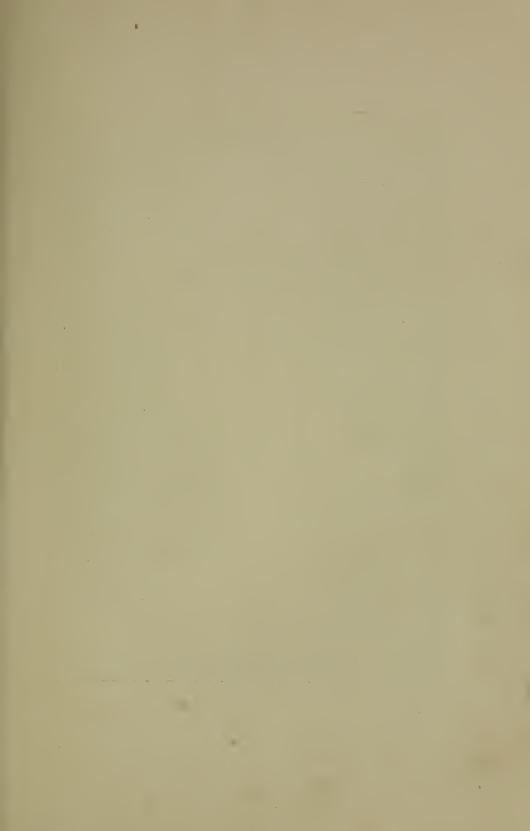






ALONG THE BOSPHORUS.







ALUNG THE BOSPHORES

THE RECEIVE VETTINGS



Harry Town

The Light of the Harem.
FRONTISPIECE.

ALONG THE BOSPHORUS

AND OTHER SKETCHES

BY

SUSAN E. WALLACE (MRS. LEW WALLACE),

AUTHOR OF "GINERVA, OR THE OLD OAK CHEST," "THE STORIED SEA" "THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS," "THE REPOSE IN EGYPT."



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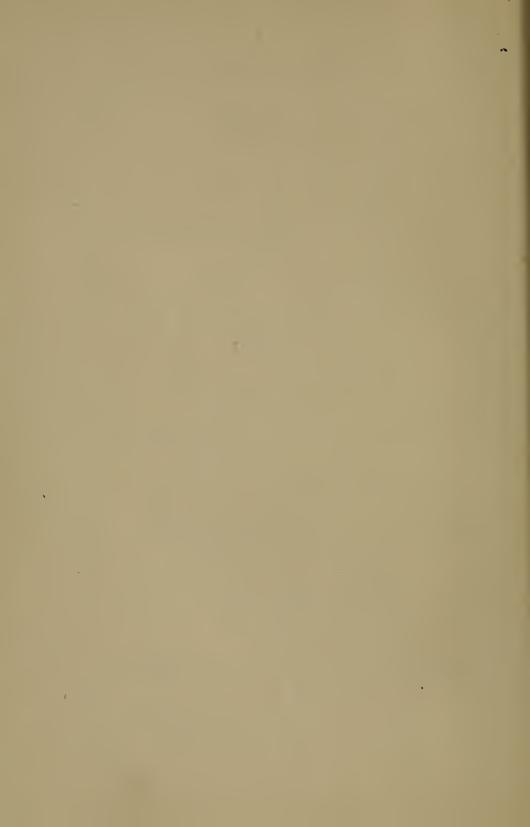
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CONTENTS.

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5
1
9
9
3
3
3
9
5
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9
9
I
- 5
I
9
5
,
7



INTRODUCTORY.

Steamer Provence, July 24, 1881. On the Mediterranean, Bound for Constantinople.

It is like adding a story to the Tower of Babel to attempt anything new in these old regions where there were settlements before the first of Moguls was enthroned at Delhi, when Rome was the name given to a few straw-built sheds on the Palatine. Happily there are always young readers to whom the world is fresh as when the fairest of women first opened her eyes and the evening and the morning were the seventh day. So I take heart for my journal notes.

At last we behold with our own eyes the sight that has been a longing and a despair to us for more than thirty years. The sacred sea—next to Galilee—where men strove with gods in the ancient times when the heavens were nearer to us. The moon is at its full and the mild air, the pleasant boat, the slow, soft motion are enchanting. Last night—the purple night of Homer—we heard the sirens singing among their beds of scarlet poppies and fadeless asphodel, and in the

farness of the distance airy shapes and beckoning hands saluted us. The volcanoes, Etna and Stromboli, reddening the sky, are the only reminders that the earth is not all peace. Against a horizon free of every taint of mist or fog float soft white clouds that they tell us are islands. The sweetest breeze that ever blew is blowing now, dimpling the turquoise blue water. Our heads are full of Byron and the other poets who have told what we feel but cannot tell.

These are the waters in which Ben-Hur pulled the oars of the Astrea when he was a galley slave, one of a hundred and twenty chained to the benches. I ask the hero's father, who walks the deck or leans over the rails like one in a trance, if it is as he imagined.

"Yes, only by day, the Islands are too bare and sterile; exactly like the rocky mountains in the Territories." The sea has beauty enough for sea and land and if we had ordered the weather we would not have known how to describe such days and nights to the Maker of both.

We are nearing the track of the galley that ended in the sea-fight and rescue of Arrius the Tribune. The water is so clear I shall presently look for the seal ring of the noble Roman that the foolish boy tossed overboard when it was the only witness of a will in which life and death were

involved. I mean to look, too, for the bridal rings of the Adriatic dropt from the Bucentauro ages ago; they may have drifted down here and be visible among the sea fans and corals if the mermaids have not picked them up. No wonder the Prince of Poets was blind; doomed to wander among arid hills without grass or cooling shadow except from crags of burnt out lava. A few terraced vineyards tell how the poor make a scant living, and baskets of snails brought to the piers are offered for sale. The men have murderous faces, they wear red girths round their waists, swarm the piers and act as though they would tear us to pieces if we do not let them paddle us ashore. We say no, no; they stand and stare awhile and then roar like wild beasts. The Greek blood, thinned by many an alien strain, beats warm in the hearts of the Levantines. The women are bareheaded except for their rich braids of jet-black hair, held by a long stiletto hairpin of antique pattern; which ornament on occasion may serve as a dagger. Here and there among them is a face beautiful enough for Helen or Sappho.

We passed Scylla and Charydbis with hardly a ripple. It is said that under contrary winds a strong whirl makes navigation dangerous in the Strait (Messina), but I lean to the belief that the

ancient poets lived on their imaginations, perhaps because, like some modern bards, they had not much else to live on. The winds and the waves have calling voices and answer each other yet in songs that may well beguile heroes from their duty to idle drifting away, away, where? Who knows: who cares? So it is not to the dull shore. A little boat goes by reminding me of the bark in which Romola floated out to sleep and forgetfulness of the broken dreams of her girlhood. Whatever befalls, nothing can rob us of this precious possession, the sweet, sweet voyage on this tideless sea. It deserves every song sung about it; a dream come true whose witchery no waking words can tell; nothing seen in the valley of vision is equal to the reality.

My thanks are with the Messrs. Harper, through whose courtesy I am allowed to reprint The Tower of Many Stories. Also, I acknowledge my debt to The Independent and to the respective editors of the Sunday School Times, Frank Leslie's Magazine, Youth's Companion, Bacheller Syndicate, McClure Syndicate, Bok Syndicate, and The Arena, for permission to gather together these scattered Autumn leaves.



ALONG THE BOSPHORUS.

THE MOHAMMEDAN SUNDAY.

The stranger entering Constantinople at noon might think the rushing stream of life on Galata bridge represents a people of industrious habits and tireless energy. In reality it is one of the idlest of cities, and repose of mind and body, taking kief (i. e., lazing) is the Turk's supreme happiness.

Time has no value to the Moslem. Immovable fatalism makes the future, whatever it be, acceptable, and the ambitions and industries of restless Christian nations are unknown to the descendants of men who ravaged the earth under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.

Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, is the most delightful of all the week. It is an interruption to labor, if there be any, because then the Sultan makes his only outing; the whole population rouses and goes to see the one sovereign of Europe who can trace his lineage through four

centuries, an unbroken succession, without the scepter once declining to the distaff, and without the accession of a collateral branch.

He is the thirty-first ruler of the house of Othman, reaching back to Shiek Ertogrul of glorious memory, founder of the Ottoman dynasty, who was buried at Eske Scheher, 1238.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the commander of the faithful leaves Yildiz—Palace of the Star—mounted usually on a milk-white Arabian, which he manages with delicate and skillful hand. He wears the uniform of an army officer, without ornament except a slight dress sword. His bearing is kingly, his face thin and colorless, eyes black and keen as a falcon's; in his lofty ease there is a mingling of fierceness and gentleness, as becomes the descendant of the most illustrious warrior of Islam, the successful wooer of the fair Malkhatoon.

If the old Tartar blood is dominant in Abdul Hamid Second, one would not suspect it while he bows right and left, as though by life-long contact with different races he had caught and united in himself the graces of them all. Seeing him thus we readily believe that the wearer of the sword of Othman, uncontrolled master of 60,000,000, has so kindly a nature he has never signed a death warrant. His manner is always

The Sultan's Arabs.
PAGE 6.

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winsome and gracious, in the throne-room the perfection of that subtle attraction conveyed to our minds by the word courtly—a charm far beyond the reach of mere personal appearance.

Some of the royal family have had great beauty inherited from Circassian mothers. An English artist who painted Abdul Medjid, father to the present Sultan, declared he had never seen so fine a mouth; it was a perfect cupid's bow. Physically, the house has declined since Turkish corsairs scoured the Mediterranean countries for women worthy the name of Sultana, and stole high-born Venetian ladies to adorn the Imperial harem.

There must be no umbrellas opened in presence of the shadow of God upon earth. Time was when raising a parasol in front of majesty would be the signal and mark for a musket-shot from a sentinel. This peaceful furling of parasols is a far-away reminder of the tyranny of Amurath Fourth (1623), who opened batteries on boats impeding the view and sent all on board to the bottom.

Those were the days of the sword and the bowstring, when sunrise over the Bosphorus revealed on its shores corpses of victims nightly strangled; and so familiar with executions were the abject councilors of the Divan that, when summoned to appear at the Sublime Forte, they usually made the death ablution before entering the presence of the despot. He it was who, among small murders, beheaded his chief musician for singing a Persian air, and decreed: "Those of my illustrious offspring who ascend the throne may put their brothers to death in order to secure the peace of the world."

Shrill and clear the bugle calls; the band discourses wild, barbaric music attuned to fighting and victory, which must have been inspired when the Padisha himself led the armies and made it his custom to pitch his tent and sleep on the field of battle.

The whole ceremony of marching to the mosque is much changed since the Oriental dress has vanished. The flowing robes crusted with precious stones, the jeweled turbans and cimeters dazzling the sight are now to be seen only in museums and treasure houses. Anciently the war horse of the king of a hundred kings pranced on carpets soft as plush spread along the way from Seraglio Point to St. Sophia, to be taken up and then distributed among the crowd.

Still the troops are of martial and imposing carriage—picked men of the empire from the Soudan to Albania. Well do they guard the banners of green—the colors of the Prophet (he





The Sultan Going to Prayer.

PAGE 9.

rests in glory!)—and every man is ready at every breath to do gallant service or, if need be, to die for the true faith. The Islamite who deserts his post or flies before his foe is held by the military code deserving of death in this world and of hell-fire in the next.

Turkish cavalry has long been admitted the finest in Europe; and first among them are the Circassians, body-guard of the Sultan, whom Russell of the London Times called the most picturesque scoundrels in the world. They are bloodthirsty and treacherous, renowned for reckless bravery and matchless beauty of the pure Caucasian type. Even among the meanest of them you see noble, well-set heads of finest mold, testifying to unmixed blood of the most perfect of living races.

They wear curious arms and silver cartridgepockets at their breasts in memory of a twentyfive years' struggle against Russia under their prophet-chief, Schamyl, when their power was first shattered and broken.

The Sultan enters the mosque with one Iman to offer the prayer none other is entitled to utter. The ranking officers of the army and navy in full uniform, with jeweled orders and decorations, wait at the entrance. The stay within is short; the half hour soon passes, the royal sup-

pliant reappears, remounts the fretting desertborn steed, the guards close round him, the multitude cheer, "Long Live the Padisha," and then the immense crowd breaks away for the pleasant afternoon on the banks of the Bosphorus.

Let us quit this overcrowded Babylon and seek the Valley of Sweet Waters of Asia, and, that we may be Oriental as possible, let us not take a steamer, but step into a caique, a vessel peculiar to the Bosphorus as the gondola is to Venice, and the dahaibeah is to the Nile.

The Bosphorus is but a passage way for the waters of the Black Sea setting in slow and uncertain currents for the Mediterranean. It has no tide, only the currents, which, for cleansing and purification, are better than a tide. Commercial intercourse has converted it into a canal, but such a canal as Nature alone can dig, putting to mock ditches like that Nero attempted across the Corinthian isthmus. It is faintly counterparted on the Hudson, and, if accounts be true, is in some respects rivaled by channels in the Straits of Magellan. The chain of mountains through which the Bosphorean rift was worked is high; the rift itself is deep, in places deep as the sea; and so bold is the step-off from the shores that the greatest ships pass within a fathom of the quays with which they are for

the most part lined. The sight of a boat in motion is always a pleasure, and the larger the boat the greater the pleasure. Fancy what it must be to watch the passage at full speed of an ocean going steamer so close that you see the eyes of the passengers, and hear the officers on the bridge speaking in ordinary tones.

The stream is of irregular width, generally from one-half of a mile to a mile, and it goes its way in a serpentine fashion, leaving immense bends in the banks opposite corresponding promontories, from which springs the ceaseless change of landscape that constitutes the main charm of the locality. Traversing it is like witnessing the unfolding of a panorama. Overhead is the softest blue sky, humid with the vapors of two seas. Breathing them, you afterwhile come to taste their salty flavor. Nowhere is there such variety in boats. You never weary of watching them going and coming here and there, in and out, their sails whitening in the sun and darkening in the shade, and at all times, whether in sun or shade, things of living grace. You cannot hang a banner on a staff but it will drop when left to itself into folds and figures of beauty; sails take on the same charm. You should see what, in the way of vessels, a clear day can bring forth. Yonder go the woodmen, a dozen of them, racing to 12

make the market first; here, hugging the shore to escape the force of the current, the rowers, brawny fellows, picturesque in their very rags, rising to take reach with the oars and falling in the pull together, come fishermen in their black boats, modeled like ancient Scandinavian galleys. Observe how carefully the rude fellows give right of way to the slender caique of the Pacha, whose ten rowers are in livery, and trained to perfect form. When their oars drop the frail vessel rises as if to leap from the water. They go noiselessly and swift, almost like swallows, yet before they are out of sight another caique even more beautiful passes you, carpeted, carven, gilt and painted, and driven by three oarsmen. The black Aga sitting cross-legged behind a nest of parasols dyed in the most brilliant unmixed colors is sufficient warning that the passengers are ladies of rank. You can take one look to satisfy yourselves on the pointonly one, for the Aga carries pistols, and it is lawful for him to use them. At such times it is wonderful how much one can take in with the briefest glance. He can at least always tell if it be worth while to venture a second look.

From the water, turn now to the shore—it makes no difference which shore. Your eyes cannot be cast to a point where there is not a

picture to fascinate them. Observe first that town of long extent—a city in fact though of but one row of houses. The owners prefer the one row, for it brings their town down to the water's edge; still, if their taste were otherwise, they could not help themselves, for the space they occupy with their buildings had to be blasted out of the solid mountain. Look again, I say, and study the effect of the arrangement. You are reminded at once of Venice. The waves wash the marble of the doors from which the owners can step into their boats; and then fishing was never made so easy; the children drop their lines out of the windows, and catch red mullets for breakfast. The painted fronts in air are painted fronts in the water; their reflections reach to an infinite depth; and back of the red-tiled roofs rise the stony faces of the mountain left perpendicular by the workmen who did the blasting; in one place, they present the appearance of a wall of dark ivy which grows there with wonderful vigor, and keeps verdurous all the year round; in another place, they are broken with terraces that go up zig-zag clear to the summit, bordered on the outer edges with accacias, and oranges and lemon trees, and flowering shrubs; while on the extreme summit, to get the benefit of the background of sky, the great rock pines stand holding their umbrella tops outspread like tireless servants appointed especially to shade the roses in the gardens below them. On the terraces you see the people in gay garments, mostly women and children, seated upon their rugs, getting the sweetness of the breeze, and idly watching the going and coming of the boats and boatmen. Sitting there, they smoke and take sherbet, and eat cakes and conserves, and loll or gossip, offering such a picture of dolce far niente as may be seen nowhere else. Of still evenings their voices drop to you, and on looking up to find the speakers, you think to yourself how it would be to do nothing as they do, except it may be of mornings to watch the sun lift the vapors of night from the green sea-river beneath them so far, revealing one by one the caiques at their swallow-like play between Europe and Asia, and the pretentious ships, which were belated there at sundown last evening, their sails now hanging in idle waiting for the wind which is to blow them it may be to Sebastapol or Odessa or the other way to the city of the Sultans. And when, as is not seldom, the rising curtain gives to sight a fleet of majestic steamers flying the flags of all the commercial nations, ah, you will admit that the Bosphorus is the perfectest summering place this side of Paradise. Is it wonderful that the Osmanlie is always ready to fight for it?

Formerly the Sultan spent his holidays on the water, but the present dispenser of crowns to monarchs leaves Yildiz only to seek the nearest mosque, so the imperial caique is rarely seen, which is a pity, for it is the prettiest thing afloat—a long, slender boat, sharply tapered at both ends, painted pure white, touched with pink and gold, and graceful as a lily on the waters. Its twenty-four rowers keep perfect time together. They are clad in silk, scarlet and embroideries. Draperies of foreign fabric and glowing color touch the ripples. At the stern is a gilded peacock, and the airy craft skims the waves like some swift bird in swimming flight.

A generation ago there were 80,000 caiques plying up and down, darting in every direction lightly as butterflies. Now there are less than half that number. The natives call them swallow boats, and the motion is so restful to the two passengers (the dear reader and writer), we hardly realize the hard work required among the varying currents till we see sweat pour down the faces of our oarsmen and the muscles of their bare arms knot like cords.

Thin planks of tulip and beechwood appear too frail to oppose any force, and we shiver when heavy steamers pass. The aerial fabric rides the tiny waves, and its sharp points offer small resistance to the sweep of the ever-moving waters. The fragile things have no ballast but the occupants, and we must sit perfectly still or upset while we head toward the Asian shore.

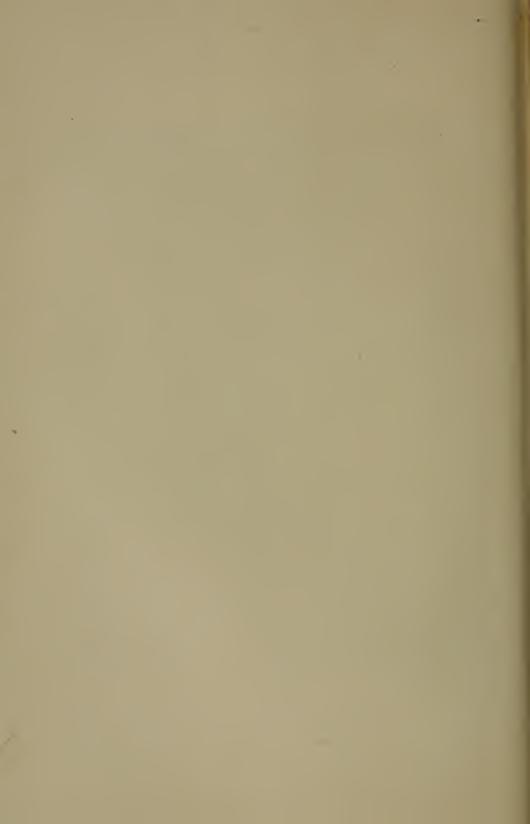
Now the stream is two miles wide. Look back at Seraglio Point, the scene of imperial wars and loves, the residence of masters of Byzantium a thousand years before the Turks crossed into Europe. In the tideless land-locked harbor we call the Golden Horn, ironclads bought in England are idly lying. Beyond them westward, vast and dark, is the leaden roof of St. Sophia, the temple where forty generations had worshiped before Michael Angelo beheld against the sky of Italy the peerless dome of St. Peter's.

Every sort of boat that goes by oar, and everything that can sail, and everything that goes by steam, passes us. Many vessels carrying merchandise are built like the galley of Jason, which sailed this way, bound for Colchis, in the prehistoric, mythic period, and some touch for lading at a wharf that yet bears his name. The water is blue as though colored with indigo, clear as crystal, and sparkles fall off the oars like pearly beads. Some caiques are gilt, richly carved and inlaid with precious woods. Perhaps the rowers

Palais de Dolmabagtché.

PAGE 28.





are named Aristides and Themistocles, showing they have not forgotten the glory that was Greece, or may be there is an armed attendant in gorgeous vestments, a native of Montenegro—the mountain eyrie which has defied the Sultan and all his hosts four hundred years.

Here comes the splendid caique of an Eastern Ambassador, curtained with shawls of finest fabric and warm and changeful hues. Madame l'Ambassadrice, robed with soft raiment inwrought with gold, reclines in quietude among her silky pillows, placid and content as the cushat in her nest; beside her a little daughter. The child has wonderful dark eyes, and looks about in eager delight. At the age of four teen she will be veiled and guarded. On her tiny hand is a flaming jewel so precious we may well believe the legend that, when wrested from a wandering tribe, only one man knew in which of twelve boxes it was kept, or on which of one hundred camels it was carried in the march.

The mother wears a veil of flowered gauze through which we cannot see her features, but elsewhere I have been allowed to behold the full moon of full moons in her unveiled loveliness. They say she is of an unconquered people in some remote corner of a sterile mountain region. I do not know; but I do know that from the be-

ginning, though beauty abide in a wilderness, the king's son will make a path to her hiding place and fit the magic slipper to her foot.

The Sultana Valide (Sultan mother) is abroad to-day, and no one can guess how many odalisques from the Seraglio. It is said the Padisha has more wives than David, but not so many as Solomon. Who knows may tell.

It is early spring; the judas trees (our redbud) are in bloom, tinting the atmosphere pink like peach bloom, and the sheltered slopes on both sides of the Bosphorus are redolent of Damascus roses. Thousands of pigeons flutter in the melancholy cypress groves which mark the home of the absent. Along the terraced hills are strings of palaces with steps leading to the water, cool pavilions, costly as gems, gushing fountains, fairy villas of cedar and stone, with terraces light as lace, summer houses, picture-like shapes floating up out of the depths and resting on air. Oh, how its beauty comes back to me now!

The Cheregan is largest of the many palaces of the Sultan; a memorial towering above the tomb of a canonized dervish. It is built nobly of marble, snowy white, with balustrades and columns graceful and elegant. A row of cormorants sits on the roof, moveless, like a cresting; bright-winged birds flit through the shrub-

bery, and doves coo and flutter tamely about the windows. The gates are freshly gilded, and, though delicate as filigree, are strong and well locked. As we float along you may hear hints (not from me, dear reader) of a high-born prisoner held in regal state within; and whispers that it is the abode of a remnant of an aged harem entailed for maintenance on the present Sultan since the death of his father. Having once belonged to royalty, the wives must live in perpetual widowhood, monuments sacred to the memory of the dead-and-gone father of the King of Kings of the world. Let us not inquire too closely; questioning is impertinent.

Fishermen cast their nets from kind of cage upheld on beams of wood buoyed on gourds or corks. In wailing cadence and swell they answer each other across wide spaces, sometimes with broken time and long intervals; weird notes, making strange effects on ear and fancy—a vague reminder of the ancient Greek chorus; a strain well calculated to raise the ghosts of heroes who sailed the Propontis in the dateless years before the Odyssey was written.

Look at the White Castle, founded no one knows when or by whom—a grim fortress famous in war, whose tragedies many a minstrel has harped and many a troubadour sung to the thrumming of his two-stringed guitar. In its horrid dungeons Christian prisoners have languished, and through its narrow windows the captive has stretched his skinny hands, praying for help, and has worn away slow years, till his poor heart broke, waiting for the ransom that might never be paid.

On a ruinous tower the silent stork lays her eggs and broods her young—a sacred bird, which makes every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca; and her nest, though left empty on a chimney, secures the owner of the house against fire and pestilence.

Spectral forms hover about these hoary turrets, and mysterious voices blend with the sounding sea as deep calleth unto deep. Here Persian armies in barbaric pomp marched over their pontoon bridge to invade Europe; here Crusaders crossed into Asia, and here, type of our higher civilization, the underlying cable joins the two continents, making the shortest route to India.

One poetic tradition softens the rugged front of the battlemented walls of the White Castle. It is of the son of Amurath, who first planted the Crescent on St. Sophia, and over the city of the Holy Trinity proclaimed the oneness of God. At the White Castle he met by accident and

loved at once, and with his whole heart, a Grecian princess of transcendent loveliness, a near kinswoman of the Emperor Constantine. When the city of Constantinople fell she was taken prisoner and kept in honor and safety till order was restored; then the Conqueror, Mohammed Second, sent for the fascinating Giaour, and thus runs the ancient chronicle: "He took in her Perfections such delight and contentment, as that in short time he had changed state with her, she being become the Mistress and Commander of him so great a Conqueror; and he in nothing more delighted than in doing her the greatest Honor and Service he could. All the day he spent with her in discourse; all time spent in her company seemed to him short, and without her nothing pleased; his fierce Nature was now by her well tamed, and his wonted care of Arms quite neglected. Mars slept in Venus' lap, and now the Soldiers might go play."

A reedy little stream called Sweet Waters of Asia empties into the Bosphorus; its margin is bordered with sycamores, chestnut, and oak trees, and overlooked by the exquisite kiosk of the mother of Sultan Abdul Medjid—a gentle, smiling landscape in a sunny atmosphere of peace. Yet it is never safe to go without shawls, for the land of citron and vine has its cold

shoulder, and, like a spoiled favorite, sometimes suddenly turns it on her lovers.

The sexes do not mingle in picnic. Carpets are spread on the grass, and women and children, in dresses gaudy as tulip beds, eat sweets and loll on cushions of down, in simple enjoyment of earth, sea, and sky. The ladies have their black guardsman, called bolt of the door, keeper of the lilies, watchman of the hyacinths, etc. The whip of hippopotamus hide in his hand is the sign of his office, and its lash is ready for him who gazes too curiously at the Paradise eyes, or tries to peer under the misty white veils.

Sellers of melons, fruit, cakes, move about crying their wares, and slaves are in waiting who are such only in name. They are part of the household, free at the end of seven years and eligible to any position. More than half the marriages in Turkey are with slaves.

The men, who are comparatively few, smoke, drowse, and take their pleasure solemnly. A tiny cup of coffee, sipped drop by drop, will last through hours. Here and there a solitary under the sad cypresses ponders the deep mysteries, murmurs the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah, and dreams of the rose-door of Paradise that shuts in the golden pleasure fields kept for the Faithful.

In some out-of-the-way place, under a planetree, may be seen a group, reverend as patriarchs, enjoying the story-teller. One tale consumes the whole day, the listeners sitting motionless in rapt attention. Orientals revel in accounts of buried treasure, and the poorer the reciter the richer the mine, the deeper the enchanted cavern where jars of inestimable jewels and bags of gold are locked under the spell of wizard or evil genii. Sindbad, Aladdin, the never-ending Arabian Night stories are familiar and charming to them.

One of the central figures in their legends is Solomon, wisest of prophets, who was learned in the language of beasts and birds, and heard secrets whenever he walked in his gardens of spices. He had three talismans: first, a signet-ring, at whose touch thrones crumbled and mighty spirits rose from the dead; on this stone was engraven the Nameless Name. The second, less potent, was a magic glass that revealed the movements of his enemies, and showed the laws of all things; and the third was the east-wind, which was the great king's horse.

An unskilled musician, with a reed, pipes a desert strain to the lean, swart Bedouin; and if you have the gift of tongues you may hear of many sorts of treasures—of a radiant glance which throws the sun and moon into shade—

when Leila lifts her white eyelids the stars grow pale; of flower-soft lips and voices sweeter than the bulbul's; and of a gallant steed; the wind lagged after him, and between his hoofs his master slept as in a safe tent.

The literature of the Turk is scant, and his poetry is borrowed mainly from the Arabic. Come near and you hear something like this little story from the Persian. I have seen it rendered into verse, but the literal translation gives best the fine essence of the original:

"One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold thee and me;' and the door was not opened. Then went the lover out into the Desert, where there is nothing but Allah, and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is thyself,' and the door was opened to him.'

Here is a favorite chant given with droning accompaniment on the tambours:

"Clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrimwise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

"Oh, not for them need angels pray! They stand in everlasting light; They walk in Allah's smile by day, And nestle in his heart at night."

And this is a part of the

Message from under the Cypress Tree in the Garden Green.

"I had gold robes, and greatness, and sweetness, I was queen of the land.

In my Palace shone pride of completeness; On my lips sate command.

But the heart of my Lord was my glory, Not the crown on my brows.

And my garden is green with Love's story, And my Tomb is Love's house."

The tranquil enjoyment lasts till twilight. All are sober, none noisy; laughing children now and then clap hands and make a little stir, but if there is anything like vivacity, be sure it is in a Greek or Armenian. There is no color line, and an Ethiop girl in tinseled slippers may sing to an enraptured audience the "Frantic Lay of the Night-black Lover," and with mad gesture shout, rather than hymn, the praises of love and wine.

Through the sunset sky we have a vanishing glimpse of the invisible and heavenly. Ten thousand voices thrill the air calling to prayer from ten thousand minarets. Then is the witching hour. As darkness deepens the flood calms; the unresting birds—a species of halcyon—hush their screams, and, in wing-worn flocks, seek their nests at the entrance of the Black Sea: a quickening breeze fans the cheek; voices of serenaders, not Moslem, are wafted through the perfumed dusk; innumerable wavelets, faint pulsations of the sea, unite in lulling monotone. Beneath you latticed balcony a flower drops on a dark upturned face. Romeo is breathing the eternal tale of which the world never tires, begun in Eden, new every morning and fresh every evening.

The words, in Greek or Italian, run on the same tender theme—the bliss of meeting, the pain of parting. The lovelorn watcher under the sentinel stars calls the bright powers of Heaven to hear his lament and witness his woe: "I weep not for the ship, I weep not for the sails, but I weep for the fair one, the lily-bud who is sailing far away."

In sweetness and grace our festal day is dying. Of the balmy eve softly following, I hardly trust myself to speak. Nine months in the year the

pleasure-lover may find it such as I have tried to describe—the indescribable. With a feeling of unreality we float between blue and blue, past gardens blossoming with jasmine, heliotrope, lavender, groves of pine with tall dark crowns, and hearken to the secrets in the nightingale's song. Of the myriad melodies of Nature it is the saddest, and, listening to the wondrous plaint, we cannot doubt that she is telling to her beloved rose how her breast is pierced with cruel thorns.

Like an uplifted mirage looming on high rise the towers and domes of old Stamboul; beyond them in a glad radiance, changeful as fire-opal, drift the Happy Isles of the Marmora. Night and day, truth and fable, are blent in absolute harmony, a perfect chord. It is all a witchery, a spell fleeting as some æolian strain enchanting us in sleep; it haunts our waking, but is doomed to remain forever unsung, and now is so dim and distant I sometimes wonder which was dream and which reality.

FEAST OF BAIRAM.

This is the holiest of Mohammedan festivals because it is the day the pilgrims perform the rite of sacrifice at Mecca. It begins when the priests on Mount Olympus (near Broussa, the ancient capital of Turkey) first see the new moon in the month of Shewal (August). Messengers are dispatched, signals given, and the slaying of sheep and other ceremonials remind one of the Feast of the Passover. Doubtless a large part of it has come down from the Jews. Mohammed commands only one fast day, but his reckoning was lost, and to make sure of the right one, devout Moslems keep the whole month of Ramazah.

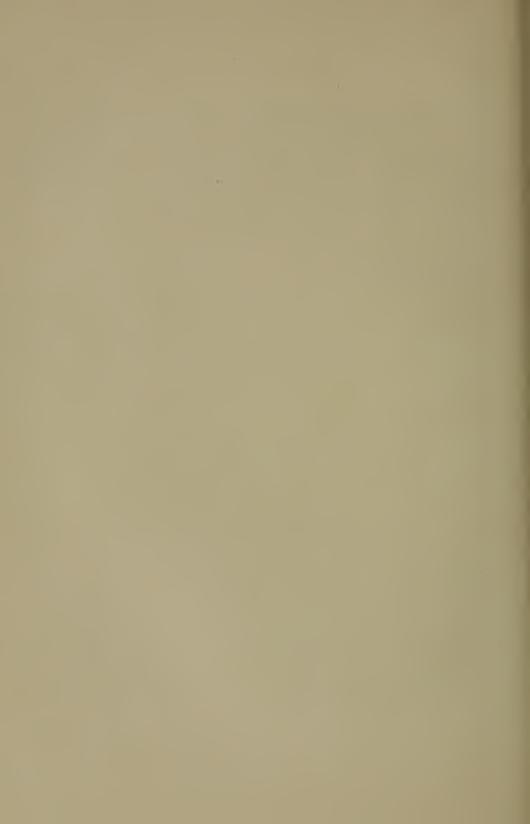
Thirty days from sunrise to sunset nearly one-fourth of the human race neither eat bread nor touch water, and pray with face toward Mecca, the holy city of the Prophet, five times a day. There is something heroic and terrible in this devotion to a religion for which believers are, at all times, ready to do and die. After the thirty days of self-denial come three days of feasting and revel.

Then the Sultan receives the homage of his high officials. Dohna Batchè is finest of the Imperial palaces standing on the water's edge of the Bosphorus, and in the throne room, that easily holds five thousand persons, the august ceremony is held, beginning at eight o'clock in the morning. August 3d, 1891, marks the twelve hundred and eleventh year of Islamism. The

Porte du Palais de Dolmabagtché.
PAGE 29.

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guns of the forts thunder, the royal bands play, and in the state carriage, gilded and lined with crimson velvet, the Sultan rides from Yildiz kiosk to the palace. The way is lined with soldiers, crowds are on the walks, all eager, expectant, well-bred. Where are the poor, the unhappy, the dissatisfied? Not here—not in sight to-day. It is the one morning of the year when the ladies of the Seraglio may appear in procession; they are closely veiled, and their beautiful children crowd the carriage windows. One more is added to the harem, in this high day; the annual new wife presented to the Sultan by his mother, who selects the girl fair enough to adorn palace rooms.

The Caliph enters the lofty portal of the palace and takes his seat on the throne, a small gold and crimson sofa without canopy, a like carpet is spread in front. The two princes, handsome boys of ten and twelve years, stand a little way off, each on his own rug.

Fastened to the arms of the throne is a long scarf of cloth of gold, with fringed ends; this represents the hem of the Padisha's garment. It is upheld by Osman Pasha, head of the army, hero of Plevna, and to kiss it, and touch it to the forehead, is the sign of loyalty. Anciently the ceremony was prettier, but one cannot, with any

grace, kiss the skirt of a modern French coat; only flowing robes can endure that obeisance.

The generals of the army and officers of the household in glittering uniforms, with flashing decorations and orders, come in. Following them are the holy men in various colored uniforms. There is a short prayer, then they march up in perfect order, one by one, salute the king of a hundred kings, kiss the sacred symbol and back down the room, exquisite precision in every movement. As a line files up another at the same instant moves away, taking position against the sides of the room where five regiments could be manœuvered.

The Sultan is both Pope and Emperor; below him all men are slaves, which accounts for the jet-black officials on an equal rank (the equality of slavery) with white men. A Nubian has no trouble. He may be Grand Vizier, chief counsellor, anything; his imperial master in turn styles himself the slave of God. All wear the red fez, the Sultan's like the rest, and among the uniforms of embroidery, gold, badges, medals, he was plainest, wearing only one superb diamond star and a modest sword. I suppose it was the sacred one of Othman, the Bone Breaker, with which he used to split a man at one blow. The proud Arabian boast, "our turbans are our

crowns, swords are our scepters," still holds good—at least in appearance. I regret that the Dispenser of Crowns, whose throne is the refuge of the world, whom the sun salutes before he rises, does not appear in the radiant costumes of earlier times, wearing one of the tremendous aigrettes hung up in the treasury. I could think only of Solomon in all his glory on his lion-guarded throne, every man before him bringing his present in token of allegiance.

Twice during the pageant there is silent prayer, all hands uplifted, and at intervals the shout like a war cry, "Long live the Padisha." When the priesthood appeared the Sultan stood; they marched past in wonderful robes, gray, purple, white, and turbans green, showing they had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Here the obeisances were equal, and reverence is what softens, elevates, refines the heart. There is so little left on our side of the Atlantic that it seemed good and very good to have this strong faith and earnest expression.

Two hours—wearisome they must have been—the coming and going lasted, and all the while the band played. There is a wild exultant ringin Turkish music, suggestive of battle and conquest, and it is better out doors than in. A short recess is given to tea, cake and syrup in an ad-

joining room. No wine nor any strong drink is offered. I saw but two drunken men in the East, both so-called Christians. At the state dinners wines are provided, but the Sultan's glass is always upside down.

A great deal has been written about the effete creatures of the tottering Empire. Nowhere have I seen such large men and such strength as among the Turks. The English officers commanding them say there are no other such soldiers for obedience and endurance. French regiments look like boys, cadets, compared with these giants. Arm them with the best guns, add the unchanging belief, deep as their heart's blood, that death in battle is the passport to Paradise, and you have an army heroic and undaunted.

To return to the most splendid spectacle I ever beheld. Much fine gold was there, but it is said there is a lamentable falling off these latter days. The brilliant equipment of the Janizareis has disappeared, and since last year the Circassian guard has been dismissed. Their pale blue and gold vestments were well suited to the wearers come of a race famed from the beginning for beauty; handsome and fearless as leopards, they are as tameless, too. The Albanians, in the most pic-

turesque of costumes, have vanished, yet much remains that is dazzling to Western eyes.

Formerly the galleries were filled with spectators, but the Porte grows more and more distrustful and jealous, and that day I am trying to describe, there were present only the four Ambassadors and their wives, our two selves, three Jews and Jewesses, wives of those who fill the imperial coffers. Well does the representation illustrate the ancient proverb, learning for the Frank, money for the Jew, pomp for the Osmanli. After the parade we were presented to the Sultan in a small ante-room. He spake courtly words to each one, in the grave, smooth, patient manner of the true Oriental. Very tired Abdul Hamid must have been that day, the more wearied because of distracting questions and because Egypt is written on his heart.

At night the mosques were illumined, and the tall slender minarets had rings of lamps encircling them, showing in the darkness like glittering crowns let down from Heaven, suspended in midair. The Bosphorus reflected trembling ribbons of flame from the palaces on its shores, guns fired, amid the feasting and rejoicing; but all was in decorous fashion. You may drive through old Stamboul, where beats the heart and plots the brain of Islam, in the midst of the

gala, and see not one unseemly sight, nor hear a loud word. The better the Moslem the better the man, say those who know them. It is death to embrace the faith of the gentle Nazarene, and the teachings of our missionaries have no more effect on Mohammed's followers than the winds of the desert have on Mount Sinai.

If, as wise sophomores insist, these be the last days of the crumbling Ottoman Empire, I must call the expiring flicker a brilliant upspringing flash. The sick man has outlived his physicians; and his strong neighbors, ready to see him die, are still waiting for the funeral and the division of his estate.

BUYING A DOG.

"Constantinople, Turkey, Feb. 14, 1885.

"My Dear Henry:—The Sultan is driven by business every hour of the day and a great part of the night * * * Harassed as he is it is a question in my mind if the sword of Othman, hanging on the walls of the mosque at Eyoub, would be worth the wearing. It brings the sovereign no peace, no rest; but that is not what I want to tell about.

"It is curious that I forgot to say anything of the dog which His Majesty asked me to get for him. Now to the report: "I spent four days in London doing nothing but looking at dogs. As you know, it is the greatest dog market in the world, just as England is the greatest horse, sheep and cattle market—I mean, of course, for specialties in the way of blooded stock. I'd like to know what kind of a dog I did not see in those four days. The dealers brought to the Langham every species I had ever heard of, and many more too. The specimens ranged from a King Charles spaniel, so small you could easily put him in your overcoat pocket, up to a boar-hound, big as a year-old burro.

"The prices asked were simply amazing—and in most instances they were the actual market prices, running as high as five hundred guineas, or three thousand dollars. The dog I sought was for no ordinary purpose; it was to take care of my royal friend, and to be his intimate, his guardian, his sentinel, his bodyguard. Consequently it must have the qualities of strength, faithfulness, good nature and courage. My first idea was St. Bernard. I found this species will not do for the climate of Constantinople; their long hair is against them; and when I came to see a pure blood, he was not so fine looking as I had imagined.

"I then thought to buy a boar-hound, such as

Prince Bismarck keeps to accompany him in his constitutionals, and is always photographed with him. It is an immense brute, in fact.

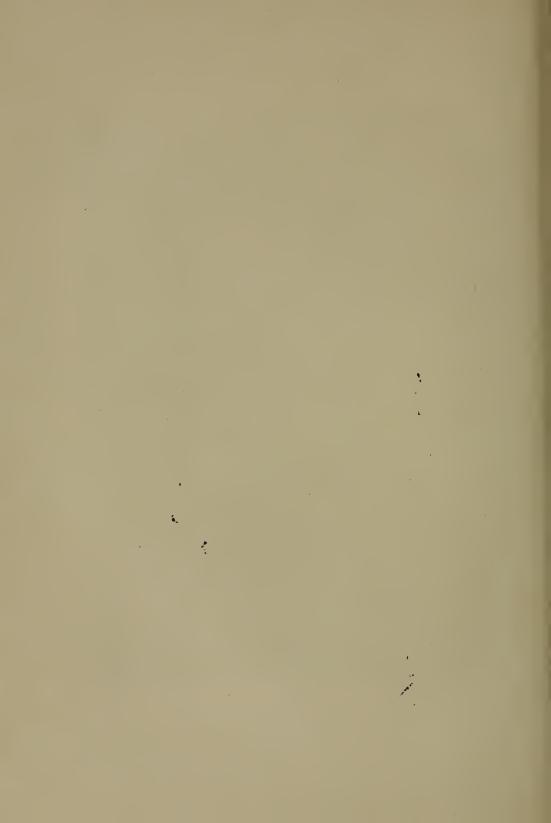
"When I examined one I shrank away; his face was treacherous and full of malice. He did not seem so much a dog as a dangerous beast of prey. I knew by my own feeling that the Sultan would be afraid of him. Then I examined the stag hounds, being started in that direction by recollection of Sir Walter Scott's friend and boon companion, Maida. They did not suit at all. They are merely hunting dogs, and not by any means handsome. They would not do for the beauty-lover of the East; so I gave them the go-by.

"Finally, at the suggestion of a friend who has attended the bench shows of the city for a couple of years past, I sent for English mastiffs. The first one brought me was about two years old, and he had the recommendation of having taken the first prize for the United Kingdom; and I must say he was the most magnificent creature of his kind I have ever seen. I wanted him at sight; but, how much? I asked. Only five hundred guineas! I shut my eyes and ordered him off.

"The dealer then said he had one of his sons, perhaps eight months old, which he would sell General Wallace.

PAGE 37.





for a much less sum. I had the pup brought, and closed the bargain at once. A finer dog I never saw. He has a head like a lion's, a body to correspond, is quite thirty-six inches high already, and measures, from point of tail to muzzle, over six feet. His color is exactly that of a lioness. His face below the eyes is black as ink, so is his mouth. A crowd gathered in the portico of the hotel to see him. One man climbed to a window on the outside, and looked in, suggesting a burglar or thief. The dog saw his head; his eyes reddened; all the hair on his back stood up straight, and I never heard a growl so basso profundo. It was a fine exhibition of nature. I took to him at once, paid the money, and had him sent express, by sea, to Constantinople.

"He came safely a few days after I landed and was taken immediately to the Sultan, who had already dispatched several messengers to ask about him. He is now in clover and his master is delighted with 'Victorio.' When Mehemet, the Kavass, took the dog to the palace, every one in the reception-room gave a glance and then ran. 'It is a lion,' they said. At last accounts he was playing with the little princes, and, it is said, the Sultan is getting acquainted with him.

"You think the price a large one to give for a

dog; and so it is. It would buy an excellent horse at home. But it was to be a present. I remembered the beautiful Order offered to me, the Arab horses—which the law forbids my acceptance—the jewels I may not receive. Better to forget His Imperial Majesty had asked for a dog than to bring him a second-rate animal.

"So much for the gift, which was a pleasant thing on both sides. With love to all,

"Your father, most affectionately,

"LEW WALLACE."

UNDER THE CYPRESSES.

Flowers fade, leaves wither,
But the constant cypress is green forever.
Greek Song.

When we are told that the largest cemeteries in the world are in Turkey the words give no suggestion of the immense spaces crowded by the bodies of those who have died in and about Constantinople. Four miles of continuous graves skirt the ancient walls; four miles of cypress forests point the resting place of unnumbered thousands. The trees are shaped like our Lombardy poplar—tall, slender, taper as a plume. In spring the foliage is almost black, contrasting with flowery terraces and gardens

glowing with color like a dreary fringe bordering some splendid garment. Thus they darkly shadow the Asian shore on the heights beyond the hospital where Florence Nightingale taught us how divine a spirit may wear mortal form and minister to men.

The piny smell of the evergreen and its resinous sap destroy the miasmas of graveyards, and the far reaching roots absorb poisons from decayed and decaying human bodies. Not only without the walls appear the graves; in nooks and corners of the venerable capital are dense clumps within fenced spaces protecting antique sepulchers. Among the gay villages, kiosks and palaces that sparkle on the banks of the Bosphorus, the mourning tree waves its funereal banner, teaching the old, old lesson: "In the midst of life we are in death." There ringdoves coo and murmur ever of love, and pigeons nest undisturbed by the Moslem, who never fails in pity for the "dumb peoples of the wing and hoof."

Turkish tombstones are narrowest at the base, and soon lean and topple. Many lie prostrate, making seats for the living who are free and fearless neighbors of the dead. Some of the cemeteries are used as pleasure grounds for the soldiery; the crumbling stones mend highways,

repair walls, and repeatedly I have seen a handsome slab stop a hole to keep the wind away or serve as doorstep to a tumble-down hut. Children play in the somber alleys, washwomen hang clothes and stretch lines on the headstones, and ladies with veils of snowdrift and mist, drawn close by henna-stained fingers, picnic and sprinkle sweet basil, for remembrance, above the beloved who have passed from sight. There is a soft air of resignation in their manner—the virtue which Mahomet taught is the key to all happiness—and they wear no mourning. Sinful it is to show sorrow for the loss of friends. believed that children of over-mourning parents are driven out of Paradise and doomed to wander through space in darkness and misery, weeping as their relatives do on earth.

Christians are mistaken in supposing Paradise denied to Oriental women. Their tombstones are carved with flowers, blazoned with texts from the Koran in blue and gold, and with such epitaphs as the one we copy from the grave of a young girl in Pera:

The chilling blast of Fate caused this nightingale to wing its course to heaven. It has there found merited felicity. Zababa wrote this inscription and offered up a humble prayer for Zeinab. But weep not for her; she has become a dweller in the fadeless gardens of Paradise. 1223.

Epitaphs commence with an invocation to Allah.

"He, the Immortal," or "Alone, the Eternal."

Upon a tomb near the Medina we find:

God, the Imperishable.

Pardon me, O Lord, by virtue of thy resplendent firmament and the Koran's light. Approach my happy bed of rest, write the date with a jewelled pen and breathe a prayer for my soul. Rivers of tears cannot efface the dear heart's image from the sight of a sorrowing husband. 1140.

A peculiar and unique inscription is to be read upon a plain stone by the Rose market. It may be translated:

He, the Immortal.

The hands of a cruel woman caused the death of the blessed and pardoned Hadje Mohammed, the engraver. Pray for him. 1120.

The story goes that the devout and sanctified sufferer did not come to his end by sickness or battle, famine or accident. He had a vixen wife who persecuted him day and night till she literally worried him to death. Feeling sure his hour was come, the engraver engraved his modest epitaph and resignedly gave up the ghost, doubtless consoled by thoughts of the

long revenge he had on the virago. The sweet mother, the fair daughter, the young wife, Gul Bahar, Rose of Spring, rest near. Their memories are forever dear to those who loved them. The gentle dust of White Violet, Tulip Cheek, Forget-Me-Not Eyes, was precious to their survivors. As we stroll among the moldering stones, written over with moss-grown records, we feel the human heart is the same in all ages, wistfully yearning for its kindred. And again we ask, where be the bad people buried? For none but the lovely lies here. Nearly all graves have a stone at the head and feet and upon them the dread angels, Nakir and Munkir, will fold their livid wings and stand when they descend to judge the world at the last day.

Beyond the Golden Horn is a vast Jewish cemetery, which is desolation itself. Bare of verdure, leaf or tree, the stones lie flat, as though pressing down the restless feet of the scattered, wandering and persecuted race that is even in the sepulcher denied the right of an upright memorial.

The grim nakedness of this necropolis is so forbidding we turn from its oppressive gloom to the cheerful burial grounds, where roses scatter bloom and perfume and the acacia reddens the footpath of the pious Osmanli, tell-

ing his rosary beads of amber and murmuring the ninety-nine names of Allah. When ten thousand voices call to prayer from ten thousand minarets and the green stillness echoes the thrilling chant he will slowly wend homeward.

What thinks he? Of cool pavilions under the palms in the golden pleasure fields kept for the faithful. Of soft arms and white hands beckoning to bowers of bliss, where he shall recline on green pillows and drink of the happy river, in the light of the great white throne. His faith knows no variableness, and among the sleepers he seems a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions. Should he enter Stamboul late and the watchman challenge he will rouse from quietude, give his name in answer, and reverently add, "There is no God but God." A creed which may be written on the finger nail; a dread battle cry and the confession of faith to nine thousand millions of worshipers since Kadijah knelt with the prophet in prayer and said: "I will be thy first believer."

On the gravestone of the laborer is traced some symbol of his craft. In the long lines of ruin and neglect we have signs of the work left unfinished. Here is the lancet, there the adze, an oar, an inkstand, a lance, and on each stone is a little hollowed space to hold water for the doves, whose brooding notes of peace are more stilling than silence. Even the unresting birds of the Bosphorus, *les ames damne*, seek shelter in the cypresses. When storms sweep from the Black Sea, they shrilly scream and flap their white wings, fleeing like frightened ghosts. Only on such tempestuous airs are shades of the lost allowed to revisit their buried bodies.

In summer eves sparks of fire rise and vanish among the boughs of the trees—phosphorus from decaying bones, popularly supposed to be spirits of the departed hovering about the scene of their earthly prison house, reluctant to leave it till the judgment day. Common tombstones are kept in mason's sheds. Better monuments are made to order and books of epitaphs are ready for the bereaved to choose the tender verse or holy text which expresses his feeling. In the death fields of the forgotten an imposing column is a reminder of the many who die to win a victory for one. A small plot inclosed by a railing, a pillar in the center surmounted by a large turban, around it lesser columns, represent a pasha, bey or high magnate lying in the midst of his family. Stately mausoleums guard the ashes of sultans, and members of the royal house repose in kingly magnificence. Chief among them is the temple of Mahmoud II., close to his mosque. The conqueror is alone in his palace of peace—

a splendid composite of Greek and Italian architecture, exquisite in proportion and detail, rich as a jewel case. The interior is brilliant with tiles of vivid color, blue and white arabesques, and the lettering of the Koran in gold. Priceless mosaics inlay the floor beneath rugs like brocaded silk. There is no earthly smell-no ghastly suggestion in the light and lovely chapel. raised bier points towards Mecca, and instead of a sable pall is draped with Persian shawls bright as feather work. Candles in great silver standards cheer the pleasant place, lusters depend from the ceiling and ostrich eggs swing from gilt ropes, emblems of death and life undying. In the long sleep Mahmoud is not stretched on the warrior's "steel couch," but lies as we fancy a princess might slumber, softly pillowed in her luxurious chamber, awaiting the call of the angel of the resurrection.

Across the Golden Horn, beyond Eyoub, rises a high plain, once a military camp, where the legions raised the new emperors on their shields. There many Turkish soldiers have memorials; they died for the faith and are martyrs whose cimeters have opened the rose-door of Paradise. Their prowess is celebrated in aerial traditions and ancient war songs, and in the moonlight their cenotaphs stand like sheeted specters. A

large proportion of the stones are broken at the top, the turbans carried away—a dishonor imposed on the Janissaries by Mahmoud, the reformer, after the massacre of 25,000 in revolt.

The view from this city of the silent is unspeakably beautiful; to attempt portrayal would be folly. Glittering white as snow on the sixth hill of Stamboul, is the airy minaret of the mosque of the Sun and Moon Sultana, built by her from the sale of the jewels set in one slipper. This was done in the long gone era when heroes with bodies of iron and nerves of steel wore the sword of Othman, the Bone-Breaker, and the winds of the Marmora and Euxine wafted wealth from two continents into the tideless harbor of Constantinople. At Eyoub is a mosque resplendent, mysterious, to which only the Moslem is admitted. Hallowed is the soil, envied the repose of him who goes to dust near the relics of the prophet, whose tomb at Medina is covered with the splendor of unceasing light.

In this holy of holies are the mantle of Mahomet and his green standard, woven when the man, who, beyond all men, has had the greatest influence on the human race, was a handsome boy in Arabia. Sleepless sentinels are on duty day and night, and once a year the flag is unlocked from its rosewood coffer, incrusted

with pearls and precious gems, and is removed from its forty silken coverings and exposed to the adoring gaze of the faithful. Under a lofty palm tree is the mausoleum of the standard-bearer himself, who fell with the first army before Byzantium. His body, found eight centuries later by the Conqueror, was placed in this august sanctuary dedicated to him. Five times a day did he prostrate himself in prayer, and the archangels stretched forth their arms to anoint him as he knelt. Coveted be the life he lived and the death he died. As the long shadows slant at evening a great silence possesses the illustrious shrine, whose sanctity is never profaned by the tread of Giaour or unbelieving Jew.

To the musing traveler the dim æolian soundings overhead are sweet as organ peal or funeral march, and when night winds blow across the fields of mortality the swaying cypresses vibrate to low, melancholy music the saddest requiem ear ever heard.

SERAGLIO POINT.

OCTOBER 25th.

Yesterday was made memorable by a visit to Seraglio Point. It was the Greek Acropolis be-

fore the Turkish conquest, and the beauty loving race chose their site for palaces and citadel with unerring judgment. I have written elsewhere that there is no beauty like the beauty of Italy; but the all beholding sun looks on no one scene of such supreme loveliness as this meeting of two continents and two seas. The court, the camp, the sanctuary of twenty-two Sultans. There are days when the voyageur nearing the Point sees an enchanted city float up out of the great deep. A silvery mist veils and wraps in mid air temples, cupolas, minarets, domes, towers, over-hanging terraced hills of green gardens and cypress groves. O, that my words were colors to paint a fadeless picture fresh to me, to-day, as when first it rose on my enraptured sight.

To the Western mind, the term Seraglio suggests merely the portion of the Imperial residence set apart for women. This is a sweep of walled territory four miles long and two miles wide, enclosing strange, irregular buildings mixed with fantastic pagodas, towers, kiosks, groups of antique palaces that might have been prisons or pleasure houses. One may wander there weeks, months, and yet not know it. The rose gardens are overgrown with weeds, the fountains silent, the nightingale has fled and the

Palais de Yildiz.





sepulchral gloom of cypresses is unrelieved by the singing of birds. Where once was chatter and laughter of children there now is deathlike solitude. Guards, soldiers, dwarfs, jesters, eunuchs, dancers and singers with lute and cymbal, have vanished with the court; removed to Yildiz about four miles away. Where the waters of the Marmora softly pulse in the unbroken stillness, there was formerly a ceaseless stir of humanity under the rule of one man to whom all other men were earthworms. There is still the half circular palace capable of accommodating five hundred women, with alcoves and attendants, baths, gardens, a gorgeous stronghold from which death was the only escape. But did the musky odalisques wish to leave this walled Eden? Who knows may tell. Oriental women are the only ones I have known who appear contented. There is a serenity in their faces, a repose in their manner pleasant to the pilgrim from the far country we love to call our own, the land of feverish unrest.

The true Oriental is secret as the grave; home life is not open even to the stranger within the gates, but there is a significant Moslem proverb, "a house with four wives is like a ship in a tempest." Our missionaries (on whom be peace!) hold that Christianity has tempered the faith

and practice of Islam, although converts are never made. Certainly women are more kindly treated now than they were two hundred years ago. When a Sultan of the seventeenth century died, the ladies of his harem were drowned, then brought to the serai, laid on shawls and sent to their mausoleum with the pomp of an Imperial funeral. Now they are merely held like state prisoners, never to be seen by mortal man though their widowhood lasts for years. So far as we know, the silken cord of the bowstring has circled no fair throat in the last fifty years. I once saw in a German history an engraving of this act of execution. The victim sat in a chair and two men at the back were drawing the crossed cord round the neck. A cruel thing but less barbarous than hanging is.

THRONE ROOM.

Among detached and scattered edifices is the deserted Throne Room—a low pavilion surrounded by a light colonnade. It is directly opposite the Gate of Felicity that admits to the Seraglio proper, and there the King of a hundred Kings used to sit cross-legged with the dumb fixedness of an idol to receive the homage of his

officials and foreign envoys. Whoever was graciously allowed to enter must kiss the threshold. In the vestibule are drums and the kettles of the Janissaries which, turned upside down, made Padishas tremble and turn pale, and terrified the deepest recesses of the harem.

The throne is shaped like an immense bedstead, the four posts of gilded copper inlaid with pearl and rough turquoises and rubies; placed before the Turk understood the art of cutting stones. They uphold a wonderful canopy, fringed and jeweled, and two turbans, symbols of power. On the Divan, eight coverings of gold and precious stones were spread, and through four centuries the guarded doors were closed against every Christian not a representative of a King or a nation. From this august height, Solyman the Magnificent wrote to the Shah of Persia, "The entire universe flows by before me."

And well might he style himself Lord of the Mighty whose voice could be heard in Paradise. Twenty different races inhabited the wide regions shadowed by his horsetail standards. The venerated cities of Bible and classic history, except Rome, Syracuse and Persepolis, were his tributaries.

The Mediterranean was his. "The sea of all

civilization, and almost all history, girdled by the fairest countries in the world." The muezzin's clear call to prayer floated across Mars Hill and the Carthaginian Bay, and from the Golden Horn to the Pyrenees shone the baleful light of the crescent on his incarnadine banners. And all this was subdued to the descendants of Ertogral within three centuries of the time that chief was a lawless adventurer with a following of not five hundred fighting men.

In the Chamber of Supplication, the Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth petitioned Murad Third for help against the gathering Armada of Philip Second, but the Giaour might not look in the face of the Brother of the Sun. Curtains veiled the splendor of the Destroyer of the enemies of the true faith, and one finger was thrust through the railing of mother-of-pearl for the envoy to kiss. A high contrast to the demeanor of the Prophet (he rests in glory!) who humbly declared he was but as other men, except as regarded his mission from on High.

Diplomacy is not what it was then. Hardly could the Ambassador see behind the network of gold the fateful Being who held the keys of Destiny; his eyeballs glittering like stars in dark shadow. An awesome sight for the despised Christian who ranked with dogs and Jews. In

those golden years the Sultan of Constantinople was rich enough to build fleets with silver anchors and silken cordage, and nine hundred horses of the serai were led to silver mangers, each by his Bulgarian groom. Moveless on his velvet cushion, perfumed with musk-rose and lavender, the Grand Seigneur received the keys of walled cities sent by tributary chiefs in token of submission; ponderous keys wrought like swords and damascened with d'or and argent laid beside jeweled turbans of dethroned rajahs. There, too, were deposited the keys of every shrine sacred and dear to Jew and Christian. Nor have all the Powers of Earth been able, though many have desired, to wrench them from the hands of the Commander of the Faithful, the descendant of Othman and the fair Malkatoon.

Anciently, when diplomatic relations were strained, the representatives of foreign Governments were thrown into the Seven Towers—grim and threatening fortifications of the old wall. The Castle is one of the bloodspots of the earth. Traditions of living sepulchers, torture chambers, prisoners beating out their brains in forgotten dungeons fill the air, but there is not time to hear them. When war was declared, Ambassadors languished in the Castle till peace came, and at their release they were allowed to

carve on the outer wall some memorial of their captivity. The inscriptions, crumbling and half effaced, are pitiful records of miseries, written in Latin, German, French, Italian; one in English dated 1699. The last Ambassador of France was confined in 1798, the time of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt.

And again we say we are living in better days. The old barbarities have passed away, the Seven Towers are a habitation for dragons and a court for owls, and the cypresses are not watered with life blood. Nor does the Bosphorus throw up corpses of victims executed in the preceding night to be drifted into the swift whirl of waters off Tophanè.

(I mention, en passant, that from the beginning this has been the feeding place of the fat lobsters of the Bosphorus.)

The Kafess—translated the Cage—is a royal prison of two stories, the lower without a window, and is said to be furnished luxuriously. It contains no tenant and we are forbidden to approach.

In the brave days of old, on the accession of a Sultan, the other members of the reigning dynasty were put to death, as the only way to prevent intrigue and rebellion. The Koran briefly commands, "When there are two Fountain of Tophane.
PAGE 54





Caliphs, kill one!" and the early sovereigns of Islam obeyed the holy mandate. Here Prince Mohammed's nineteen brothers were strangled in order to secure the repose of the world, and it was written, "Death by the hand of the Padisha, if calmly accepted, is the open door to eternal felicity. The Sultan is not accountable while he destroys, of his subjects, under the number of one thousand persons a day."

The cannon announcing the death of Amurath Third was the signal of doom to all his sons but one, and the man-slayers, mutes of the Seraglio, piled nineteen dead men at the feet of their brother on the Imperial throne.

From Seraglio Point is the best view of Galata Bridge, the famous pontoon spanning the Golden Horn. Over it, in ceaseless current, passes a multitude like the multitude John saw which no man could number; of all nations, and kindreds, and people and tongues. It is impossible to be conspicuous on that crowded highway. If clad in skins of wild beasts, or if stark naked, or creeping on all fours, the haughty Turk (most tolerant of men) would merely glance at such passer-by and say it is the custom of his people.

It must have been a stirring sight to the ladies of the harem when they were more closely kept; but the Celestial Abode hard by the Shrine of Shrines to the Turkish Conqueror is silent, damp, neglected; no longer the retreat of tender and delicate women dwelling in the inner chambers hung with rose colored satin, their unsunned loveliness guarded by the degraded class of men to whom jealous Princes entrust their living jewels.

In one of the lonesome, empty courtyards is a sycamore called the tree of groaning, where dead men have hung "like the black fruit of a tree in hell," whose heads were the perquisites of the hangman and were ransomed with a high price by kindred and friends of the criminals.

IMPERIAL TREASURY.

If my reader is not tired of seeing sights we will glance at the last and most dazzling: The Imperial Treasury. It is built of dingy marble, and four main rooms open upon one another; before the solemn ceremony of unlocking the doors, we rested in an ante-room and were served with conserve of roses and coffee in tiny cups set with diamonds; says the Moslem, "Coffee, to-bacco, opium and wine are the four cushions on the sofa of pleasure." There are wild legends of hidden treasure underlying what we see and a story of an ancient chest in this Treasure

House, in which, in 1680, was found a box holding a lesser box of solid gold. Within it was a skeleton hand, on which was written, "The Hand which baptised Jesus." A relic revered by the Greeks as the hand of John the Baptist that was once kept in the Monastery of St. John on the Golden Horn. Two hundred years after the fall of the city the casket was found in the Seraglio. Souleiman II. gave it, as something exceeding precious, to the Knights of Malta, and the golden box is now a sacred thing in one of the churches at St. Petersburg.

I tell the tale as it was told to me. There is more to be seen than we can ever see and it would tire the gentlest of readers to attempt anything like a full description. There is a cradle in which ten Sultans have been rocked; it is inlaid with pearls and precious gems, and little school bags ablaze with jewels hang near by. There are uncut gems in basins, emeralds large as a man's hand, scimiters blazing like the magic sword of King Arthur, diamonds, diamonds everywhere, thick as in Sindbad's valley and Aladdin's enchanted cavern. There is such profusion of precious things that after awhile one begins to feel they are imitations; surely such masses of inestimable value cannot belong to one man or even to one Empire.

Think of a prayer carpet of amber beads strung on silver cord and netted together. What worshiper, dead and forgotten ages ago, knelt there with face toward Mecca?

"Yet still about it dumbly clings
A subtle sense of holy things,
And woven in the meshes there
Are strands of vows and shreds of prayer."

Lying here and there are golden balls fringed with pearl and diamonds, made to be swung on the tops of tents; and amulets of occult power, and talismans brought by emissaries sent to far countries; and there are toys for the wives of despots who kissed away kingdoms and provinces, while their armies were unpaid and subjects starving. Imagine saddle cloths fringed with gold and embroidered with Orient pearls from Oman's deep water. Silver and turquoise are common among piles of resplendent things kept in dull, dark rooms where there is no order, catalogue or arrangement suggesting dates. The older the object the more costly and barbaric, especially the tribute from India, and the lavish profusion is really bewildering.

The strangest weapons were there, among them an ivory-handled battle axe, its white surface wrought in curious arabesques, finely contrasting with the blue and brilliant blade whose wavy lines proclaim the matchless skill of armorers in old Damascus; also a sword of secret power and unequaled temper, worn by some unnamed despot.

The Egyptian Throne kept under glass surpasses all else in the Imperial Treasury. It was sent to Constantinople after the conquest of Egypt, 1578, by Sultan Murad Third, contemporary of Charles Fifth and Henry Eighth. chain mail was gilded, and helmet roped with diamonds, his shield embossed with diamond stars, his gold stirrups crusted with jewels which captives kissed in sign of submission. I am indebted to Rev. Henry O. Dwight, our missionary at Stamboul, for the translation from Sufti Effendi of the account of Vizier, Ibraham Pacha's return from Egypt after its conquest by the "Lords of the Standards," and the spoils of war brought home to his Imperial Master, the Lord of the Universe.

There had been serious disturbances in Egypt during forty or fifty years. Officers sent to that region by Sultan Suleiman had brought to the capitol sums of money so large that the Sultan was afraid to accept them lest the gold had been collected by oppression!

He had finally overcome his scruples by advice

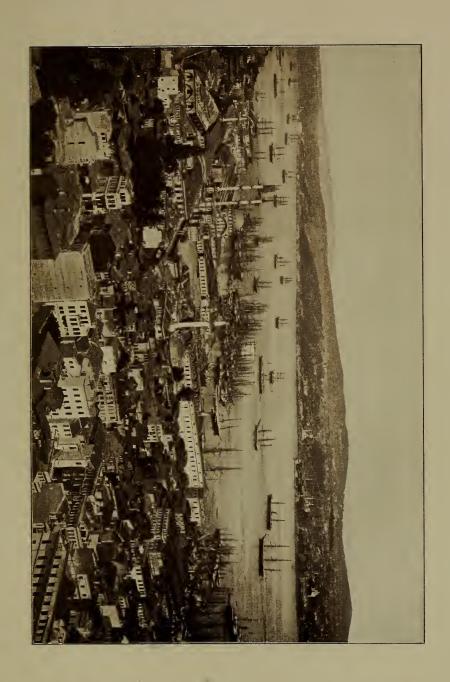
of the highest dignitaries of the religious hierarchy, and had taken the money as a trust to be applied to benevolent purposes. In 1578, Sultan Murad Third had found it necessary to send another force under command of Ibraham Pacha with instructions to reorganize and regulate the administration of Egypt. He returned in 1581.

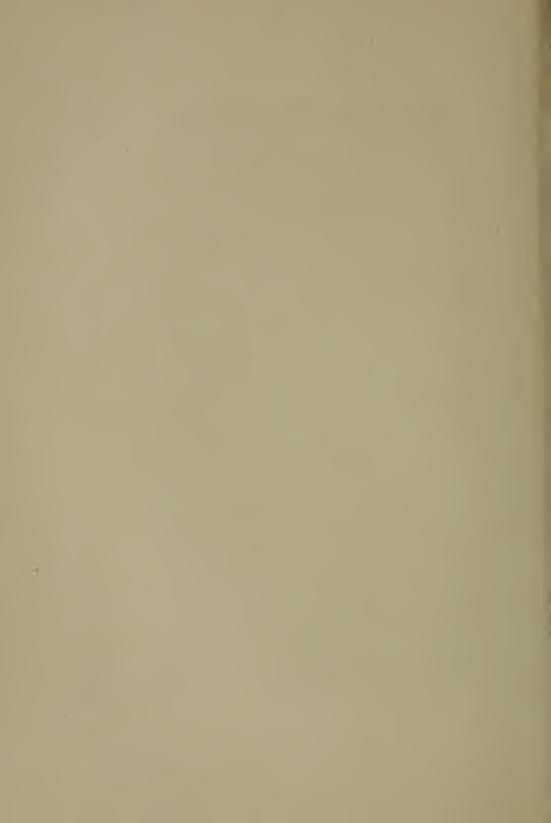
On the night of Kadir Gejessi in the month of Ramazan, in the year 993 of the Hegira, Sultan Murad went from the Seraglio, for the evening service of Divine worship, to the Mosque of Suleimainé. The next day he visited the private apartments, the luxurious bath and the reservoirs that had just been completed at the Seraglio; and on that day, before the court rose, word came that a favorable wind had brought to the city the Vizier-commanding, Ibraham Pasha, with the fleet of Admiral Keliz Ali:

"The fleet cast anchor off the Seven Towers and the Vizier repaired immediately to the Palace, and the next day Ibraham Pasha began to unload the offerings which he had brought to the Sovereign of the whole earth. First there was a throne of 240,000 pennyweights of beaten gold set with precious stones, in the most graceful and elegant manner, by the hand of the greatest masters. For instance, of common jewels like topaz and amethyst none had been used of

Vue Pano. Prise de la tour de Galata.

PAGE 60.





a size less than a pigeon's egg. Emeralds, and rubies to blind the eye, and choice stones of other precious sorts were set in the midst of chasing and hammered work so exquisite that the like has nowhere before been seen or described. The engravers and jewelers of the rulers of Egypt had, in a word, made this throne in the most perfect style of their art. The present writer was among those who were present on the arrival of this magnificent object, and when the officer, Mahmoud the Persian, undertook to estimate the value of this priceless throne of gold, I replied to him, "True genius should enable you to fix a value on the throne when the Caliph of the age and the Ruler of the World is seated upon it." It was then said that the throne of the Sultan is costly. It is not meet to set a value on it.

After leaving Egypt, Ibraham Pasha had gone to Syria, and there attacking the despicable race of beasts called Druzes, he had brought them under subjection to Islam, taking from them thousands of guns, bows and arrows, and spears. These, with this throne, and sixty-three loads of treasure, amounting to 173,000 pieces of gold, he laid at the feet of the Sultan.

After the solemn exercises of Bayram, Ibraham Pasha laid before the Sultan the treasure and the choice jewels and the indescribable riches of all sorts which he had brought from Egypt, forming altogether a gift of beauty and splendor which the pen of a writer is impotent to characterize. The immensity of the present can be judged by comparing it with others. The gifts brought from Arabia to Sultan Suleiman by Suleiman Pasha are celebrated, but have no comparison with the immense riches presented by Ibraham Pasha, not having the one hundredth part of the value of these riches. Again the gifts offered by Mahmoud Pasha to the same sovereign have been much in the mouths of the people, but they were not equal to the one thousandth part of this great present.

The articles presented by Ibraham Pasha were as follows:

Two magnificent manuscripts of the Koran; one rich curtain from the holy Kaaba; three jeweled scimiters; three swords jeweled with diamonds and rubies; three Persian daggers richly jeweled; three finely wrought and jeweled shields; three other shields handsomely jeweled; three wash basins and jars of pure beaten gold handsomely jeweled; three salvers of pure gold set with jewels; three cups of gold well jeweled; three other salvers jeweled; seventy-nine pieces of Damascus silk; thirty-nine pieces of Venetian

velvets of all colors; twenty-nine pieces of choice European satin; two loads of fine raw silk; one hundred and nineteen pieces of figured goods of many colors; seventeen head of eunuchs, ten black and seven white; seven stud of Arabian steeds (the first stud of nine horses had golden saddles with harness and trappings of gold studded with jewels, and had housings of crimson velvet worked with pearls and precious stones. The next stud was also of fine horses with saddles and trappings of gold set with emeralds and rubies. The third, fourth and fifth studs had silver saddles and trappings, silken reins and housings of yellow and white brocade, and two of the four stud were covered with satin horsecloths. The other two stud had jeweled headstalls and silken reins and horsecloths of red brocade); one small elephant with a housing of crimson broadcloth; one giraffe; twenty-five loads of guns and other arms and munitions of war taken from the Druzes.

According to the careful estimate of those qualified to judge, the value of the gifts presented by Ibraham Pasha was twenty times one hundred thousand pieces of gold without any manner of doubt; and it was said the homage paid by an humble and faithful servant to his master could not exceed this magnitude. Any

greater quantity is beyond the power of a fertile imagination.

And in the month of Jemadi ul Evvel in the same year Ibraham Pasha became the son-in-law of the Sultan. Among the profusions of the festivities of this marriage, South Effendi mentions that Ibraham Pasha distributed to his guests three thousand wedding garments.

This Padisha is well named the Bloody. After the surrender of Cairo he ordered the butchery of fifty thousand, the entire population of the city. His Viziers rarely held their high office more than a month and the chronicler fails to record how the victorious son-in-law fared. In addition to the list given by South Effendi, a thousand camels laden with gold and silver came to the capital by caravan.

The contents of the Treasury are sacred and we see the accumulations of centuries, where every Sultan has tried to outdo his predecessors. During the Crimean war basins of jewels were given in pledge for a loan, and kept a short time in the vaults of the Ottoman Bank, soon to be redeemed; so the Treasure House has aptly been compared to the Caspian Sea, into which vast rivers run, and from which nothing goes out. As I said, Friday is the Moslem Sunday, Saturday the Jew's, the first day of the week the

Christian's, and since neither regards the other's holy day, there seems to be none in this city of a million souls.

Returning to Therapia cold winds from the Black Sea chill us to the bone, though there is no frost. Leaves are dropping with ripeness and figs hang purple and look delicious.

We should like a stove on the steamer but the natives do not appear cold, living out of doors the year round. On the sunny side of a ruined wall, the little Hunchback was telling his tale as we passed, old Sindbad was giving his adventures to an audience of fishermen who mended their nets, the barber was shaving and hair cutting in his place of business, i. e., the sidewalk—the tailor sat cross-legged on his bench under a balcony and the lazy Aladdin played with other idle boys in the street. Arabian Nights all over. Zobeide and Fatima looked through their lattices with starry eyes. It is well they are shut in, for one of them if seen in the unveiled splendor of her charms would make all mankind die of love. So says Mustapha.

The crowning unreality of a day like the stuff that dreams are made of was a visit to a Princess, the Pearl of two Seas. Her palace stands in a Lalla Rookh garden with walls about twenty feet high, the airs delicious with the faint smell of the jasmine. Servants in waiting at the gates were dazzling in gold lace, rainbow sashes, swords and pistols. She is well guarded by night and by day, by land and sea. Two eunuchs, tall, jet black fellows in Paris suits, each with whip of rhinoceros hide in hand, held the door of the reception hall. We were beckoned by them to the screened boudoir of the lady fair. It was hung with Broussa silk, the floor of blue and white mosaic was softened with velvety rugs of Bokhara and Korassan. Nested among pillows of silk and lace was the lady we sought, soft in her movements and dimpled as a baby of four months. If you can fancy a child thirty years old you have her face. In her teens she must have been beautiful exceedingly—and her eyes —O, those Paradise eyes! Black as death, bright as stars of midnight. Her skin exquisitely fair, a throat of statuary marble, hands that would delight a sculptor to model. But the artist will never behold her. In that gilded cage the bulbul sees no man but her husband and the black slaves. She seemed glad to meet us, kissed us; and I smiled with warmth and she smiled back again. My friend who interpreted did her best to throw some life into the visit. When told of the great things the women of England and America do in church and State, the Princess

Along the Bosphorus.
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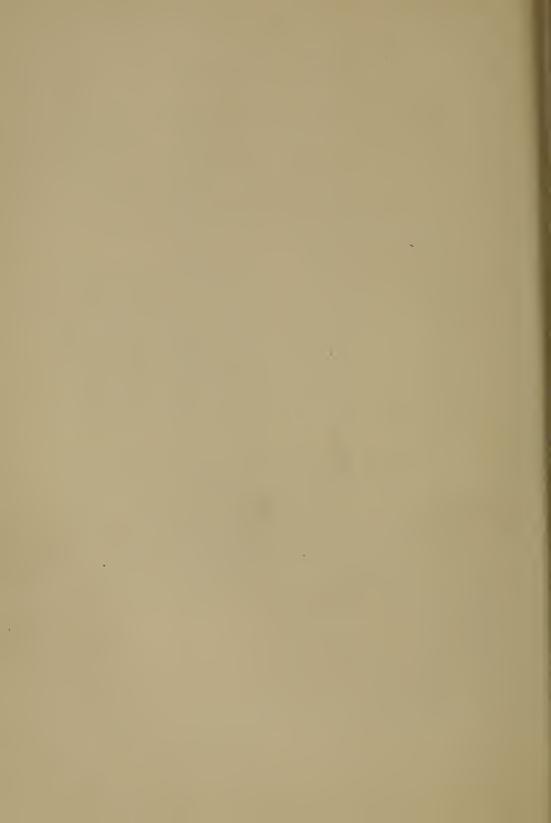




Badoura lifted her pretty eyebrows in a surprised way and said, "Why you are slaves!" And there was one of the party who thought the Princess was not greatly mistaken. How dovelike she was, as she kissed us again, under an acacia tree in the garden bower, and hoped we were not afraid of the water!

Count C—— says he remembers when this peerless Circassian was bought. Nearly three thousand dollars was the first price, but the buyer beat the father down to twenty-five hundred. The Prince—a real Prince Charming—is very fond of his Janilla (Pink Tulip) as well he may be, and she changed eyes with him childishly as though there was no such thing as art in the world.

The slave trade is abolished by law but we are told that thousands are brought yearly from Georgia, Circassia, the ancient Colchis, and Arabia, as this Lily of Paradise was bought and planted in the Garden of Perfection—lifted from poverty unspeakable to silken luxury in palace rooms lined with alabaster, and cushioned with eider-down and layender.



LEPERS AND LEPROSY IN THE EAST.

Not many years ago, one mild afternoon of November, we neared Ramleh, the resting-place between the Mediterranean and Jerusalem, and glad were we to descry the lofty white tower from whose height is seen the loveliest landscape in Palestine. We had left behind the orangeorchards of Taffa, with golden fruitage guarded by cactus hedges, had crossed the Plain of Sharon, almost a solitude, capable yet of maintaining a population dense as when the herds of Solomon grazed the rich pastures stretching far away to the North. Picture-like villages clung to the hillsides. Eastward lay the purple mountains of Samaria. Westward a line of dying color marked the halcyon sea which sparkles under the sea-blue sky, close beside the excellency of Carmel. Even in mourning, lamentation, and woe we see the Land of Promise was once the glory of all lands, the joy of the whole earth.

Every step of our way had been trodden by the feet of renowned warriors, heroes, prophets,

kings; has rung with the clash of steel, and glittered with the curved cimeters, in whose shadow Paradise is prefigured to the faithful. Ramleh (ancient Arimathea) was headquarters for the armies of crusaders,—not a great way from the spot where the Lion-hearted Richard caught sight of Mount Moriah, and, covering his face with his hands, refused to gaze on the city of the crucifixion, desecrated as it was by the infidel, crying, "Ah, Lord God, I pray that I may never see the Holy City, if I may not rescue it from the hands of thine enemies!"

While we recalled these delightful memories, —phantoms of all time,—and debated what the rose of Sharon really was, we heard hoarse cries like the screams of enraged wild beasts. At the same moment apparitions, weird, spectral, with wiry matted hair, sprang from the hedges, and held out hands from which joints had rotted off. lifted up arms without hands, showing stumps healed over. Their eyelids were thickened and drawn back, exposing sightless swollen balls. Each one was draped in a garment of faded blue cotton; and for an instant the feeling was that creatures, neither man nor woman, neither brute nor human, had burst out of their graves, and, with bodies decayed and decaying, besought rescue from the horrors of their foul prisonhouse. To restore the mangled shapes to health and comeliness would appear a greater miracle than to breathe again the breath of life into an uncorrupted body from which the spirit has fled.

They were, indeed, of those whom the ancient Jew numbered with the dead. "These four are counted as dead," says the Talmud: "the blind and the leper, the poor and the childless." The carriage stopped. "Lepers!" shouted our guide; they did not venture to come nearer. We flung the expected coin, and hastened through the gateway which those outcasts might never enter.

And thus, again, the next day, when we approached the Holy City. The Damascus Gate of Jerusalem is the chief entrance for pomp and honor, as the Joppa Gate is in the main thoroughfare for trade and pilgrimage. Outside of it is the leper hospital; but the patients have a precinct within and against the wall, huddled in sheds of wretchedness and filth unspeakable. Some are eyeless, having merely sunken holes in empty sockets; many are without nose or ears; all are maimed and distorted, hideous past telling. They dare not touch the stranger, and rise ghost-like, as fabled ghouls, from the ground, and, without advancing, lift up their voices afar off, as the ten described by Luke (Luke 17: 12, 13). They live in a community under a sheik, also a leper, and, having human fellowship, are amazingly cheerful over their tin platters of copper coin.

There for ages on ages, by the old Fish Gate, have they been permitted to dwell, to marry within the forbidden degrees, perpetuate their horrible selves, and from this center radiate the awful pestilence, in the time of the Apostles considered a direct "stroke of God," incurable by human means; a punishment for sins of special magnitude. A poor bundle of dirty rags lies on the paving-stones. That is a baby leper. If you dare, lift the coverlet. Oh, the horror of the spectacle! You see a loathsome mass of rot, livid, revolting. It should be buried out of sight; but it moves, and pipes a shrill cry. The sinless soul has not left its horrid tenement, and may have weary years of struggle before it can escape.

Often baby comes into the world fair as your first-born, young mother, without spot or blemish. The stricken father plays gently with the sticks and straws which amuse the little one; and the mother kisses it with cancerous kisses, as they march, at morning, to the wayside beyond the walls, the better to catch the passing traveler, and ask an alms,—sometimes in heart-rending wails or meaningless gibberish, for their palates are gone. No skill can remove the taint from the fair child. It is not reached by medical

knowledge, or tempered by foresight or sanitary measures, is without arrest or palliation,—a doom hopeless, inevitable as death. At maturity, if not earlier, the plague begins, and, strangely enough, is attended by slight pain. Discolored, inflamed splotches appear on the skin; lumps rise under it, and change to festering sores and putrid ulcers. The face swells; the muscles of the mouth contract and lay bare the ghastly grinning teeth; the eyeballs are shapeless and broken "like bursted grapes,"—let me spare the reader the sickening detail. Microbes are eating through the tissues and into the very marrow of the sufferer,—or do they batten on each other?

Moses writes of the whiteness of leprosy, "white as snow" (Exod. 4: 6; Num. 12: 10; 2 Kings 5: 27). He refers to a grisly mould or mildew, shining like scales, which sometimes forms on the surface. The different varieties are described by the Hebrew with minute exactness, and it was dreaded as the most terrible calamity possible to man. The victim was dead to the law, to civil life, to the temple service. In caves of the wilderness, in dens, and among rocky tombs he sought shelter, in a sort of death-in-life, rotting piecemeal; and, so long face to face with the destroyer, we can imagine he would welcome the pang which at last released him.

Physiologists assert that Syria is one of the most favorable regions for the perfect development of the physical and mental powers of the human race, and insist that under stringent regulations leprosy would disappear, as it has from Britain and France. Here it has been from earliest historic times. In the days of Elisha there were many lepers in Damascus, and under a hot sun, in reeking noisome huts, with poverty of blood and lowered system following exposure and insufficient food, the colony at the Jaffa Gate has small chance of "cleansing." They are, in the expressive words of Luke, full of leprosy, and, like Job, clothed with worms and clods of dust. "My breath is corrupt, my skin is broken and become loathsome."*

We are told the ancient type no longer exists; it is now communicable only by close contact. Of old it was more violent, and who entertained a leper became himself polluted, and subject to the same laws, one of which was forty stripes if he entered a town. The walls of his house, clothing utensils, the very stones, were pronounced accursed, and dangerous sources of contagion. This makes more noticeable the last Sabbath of Christ upon the earth. He, with His disciples, dined at the house of Simon the leper; "an act

^{*} It is believed in the East that Job was a leper.

sternly forbidden by the ceremonial law which He had come to fulfil and supersede." In the village of the poor, with the outcast, in the home of extremest suffering, the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, was broken, and our Savior was anointed for the sepulcher.

The disease was probably an outgrowth of many miseries in the hard bondage of Israel in Egypt. At the beginning of the exodus, Moses ordered all lepers without the camp, in laws merciless and sweeping, isolation without appeal or exception. In Egypt, the segregation reached even to animals; for it was believed swine were liable to leprosy, and for that cause forbidden as food. To the Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians (Copts), pork is an abomination. They will not touch the unclean thing.

History records that the two hundred years of the Crusades scattered the seeds of leprosy throughout Europe. In the medieval years it swept, an epidemic, across three continents. High-born delicate women, men in the bloom and flower of youth, the king on his throne, the starveling on the ash-heap, were alike smitten. Henry of Lancaster died of leprosy at Westminster in 1413; Robert the Bruce was leprous; and Baldwin IV., illustrious King of Jerusalem, died at the age of twenty-three, a leper.

No latitude is exempt from its influence, and all climates are friendly to the growth of the evil I am trying to describe. It spreads in temperate zones, in Iceland and the Polar Circle, in arid deserts of Africa and the wet districts of Batavia, in Asia Minor,—one of the fairest portions of the globe,—and penetrates frigid, ice-bound Russia. It follows the track of the Chinese Cooly on sea-coasts, thrives thousands of feet above the level of the sea in healthful plateaus of old Mexico, and finds congenial home in the pure salt air of the islands of the South Seas. Doubtless superstition and fear have magnified its power in our times, and even after death the poor leper is still outlawed and avoided. To this day, the Spanish peasant believes that a leprous corpse contaminates the earth, imparts its contagion, and defiles bodies buried around it in the churchvard.

In certain old cathedrals of France, at the back of the choir, half-way up in the crypt, the tourist may see an empty stone cell made for the leper in the sanctuary. There he might pray, lost amid shadows and reprobation, in the midst of multitudes, yet lone as the corpse under the coffin-lid. From the depths of his dreary cage the bloated savage face, pressed against the openings of the wall, must have appeared like

some terrible mysterious animal, confined by strong bars to prevent outrage.

In his desolation, the prisoner, innocent of crime, might listen to the roll of organ music, the responsive singers (so sweet, so sweet, I hear them yet!), might scent the incense and hearken to the intoning. But he was a blot among the adornings of the sacred place. He could not claim kinship with any one of the crowd that came and went all day; he was nothing, could never be anything, but an alien from humanity, and, for no fault of his own, abhorred, a thing to shrink from and shudder at. Not for him the smile of woman, the hand of man, the prattle of children. In the soft gloom over the altar he could see (if sight were spared) the great still Christ, wounded in hands and feet and side. With what rapture the man broken in heart and body must have worshiped the unseen One that pathetic image represented; and how he must have rejoiced in the gracious message to the heavy laden, written above the bleeding forehead: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!"



III.

A TRIP TO HEBRON.

By Mrs. Henry S. Lane.

No fairer morning ever dawned over the Holy City than on November 14, 1882, when General Wallace (then Minister to Turkey) met his friends, in front of the Mediterranean Hotel, to ride through the country to Hebron. The accomplished Governor of Jerusalem, with an escort of troops, Consul Selah Merrill and wife, Mr. Cook, of London, and others, formed the party.

We passed out the old historic Jaffa Gate, where idle Turks were smoking, and buyers and sellers chattering in unknown tongues over their wares. Camels moaned their sad moan, children chickens and donkeys covered with the dust of the road all mingled together, making a motley assemblage daily seen in the open court under David's Tower. The horrible sights and sounds from the lepers' quarter are past describing. Down through the Valley of Gihon to the Valley of Giant, leaving the traditional tree on which

Judas hanged himself, we cross the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin, where the Philistines were defeated by David, pass the well of the Magi, where the wise men saw the star reflected in its depths. Eastward were the glorious heights of Olivet, with its sacred associations, and the sweet garden of Gethsemane, owned now by Russians, under the care of a young monk—where the fragrance of lavender filled the air, and flowers bloomed beneath the pale-green olive trees, poetically believed to have been there in that night of sorrow, when Jesus wept and prayed, and His pure soul suffered the bitterness of betrayal.

From a high ridge, one long, lingering look back gave us the view of the city, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth; the gilded domes, graceful minarets, sparkling fountains, touched with the splendor of sunlight, over embattled gates and walls—made a picture, once seen, remembered forever.

An hour's ride brought us to the tomb of Rachel the wife beloved of Jacob, for whom he served so many years; but love lightened his labor and it seemed to him but a few days. He set a pillar over her grave. The modern monument marks the burial place near Ephrath (Bethlehem). Never has it been doubted or disturbed

in all these centuries, but is revered to-day by both Jews and Gentiles. Once a year the Rabbi comes from Jerusalem, with a procession of men and women, to recite a long form of prayer, and wail over the departed glories of their race. The famous "Sheik of the Jordan," was our guide, philosopher and friend. He was dark but comely, with great melancholy eyes, and an expression of conscious strength and power indicative of the man, was most fantastically dressed in loose flowing drapery of bright colored stuffs, over Turkish trousers, with a broad belt bristling with knives, daggers and pistols of the finest quality, presented to him by General Grant and other distinguished travelers, whom he had protected from the wild Bedouins in their excursions through the Wilderness. An immense ring adorned his massive right hand; on his majestic breast shone star-like decorations, richly jeweled, of various orders, bestowed by the Sultan, and gorgeous as in the days of Haroun Al-Raschid. A yellow silk Kufiyeh, woven in threads of gold, from the looms of Damascus, was wound, turban fashion, around his royal head.

His handsome gray Arab, shod, not like Pizarro's, with silver, but with rough iron nails for climbing, was gaily caparisoned with beads, fringes and tassels. His greatest delight was in

performing remarkable feats of horsemanship for our amusement. Evidently, he held the barb dearer than any or all his wives. The graceful animal was worthy the affection lavished on him by the master he so faithfully served. The rest of us had to be contented with "Cook's best."

The aspect of the Judean Hill country is most mournful. The spell of the curse has fallen heavily upon it, withering its fields, leaving it sad, silent, and forlorn—treeless and barren, desolate as death, gloomy as the grave.

On the coins of the Roman Empire, Judea is well represented as "a widow, seated under a palm tree, captive and weeping."

Such a weary, weary, heart-breaking land.

It is almost impossible to believe the many millions who formerly inhabited this country could have been supported without the daily miracle of the loaves and fishes. But the soil, once so productive, has been washed from the terraced hills, into the valleys below, where men were patiently plowing with the same crooked stick used in the time of Moses. Seemingly contented with their slow way of working, their simple pastoral condition, they have no desire for change, or thirst for improvement.

Restless Americans would call them conserva-

Coffee and Pipe.
PAGE 83.

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tives, if not benighted idiots. But a true Oriental never hurries or worries over anything.

His ideal life is having plenty to eat, little to wear, and nothing to do. Without any sense of responsibility he seems to feel—

"The God who made me,
Knows why he made me what I am."

The fatalism of the East is found everywhere—their only response to misfortune is "Kismet," "Fate."

The midday luncheon was spread under a tent by the servants, near the pool of Solomon—three open, square cisterns of broad stones laid in solid, well-preserved masonry. These were built by the wise man who, in the gladness of his heart, wrote his cheerful songs about watering the world that bringeth forth trees, pleasant fruits, myrrh, olives, spices, a fountain of gardens, and wells of living water.

Under a low stone doorway, down a flight of slimy steps, into a dark arched grotto, we drank from "The Sealed Fountain," an unfailing spring, which formerly supplied Jerusalem with an abundance of pure water, and with new aqueducts could furnish what the city most needs today, where water is not to be had for the asking, and the Arab saying holds good, "that the

water provider will be always blest," for he is daily remembered by the faithful in their hour of prayer.

Only by traveling through Palestine can one fully understand the significance of Christ's illustrations about "living water." Here it means literally life; the well is of greater value than the land; it belongs to the man who makes it, and his family and tribe forever!

The sweetest associations of Syrian life cluster around the well.

Further in, we pass some ancient ruins, supposed to be the burial place of the Prophet Jonah, and several guard houses, where Arab soldiers are stationed to protect solitary pilgrims from thieving Bedouins, who infest these desolate roads, robbing with impunity, unless the avenging sword is in sight. They are a law unto themselves, and acknowledge no other ruler.

We caught a glimpse of a picturesque little village, in the lovely Valley of Urtas, where a European colony made the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. The tender green of growing gardens relieved the dull uniformity of the landscape.

I marveled at the taste of the Syrian girl, who, while visiting in America, soon wanted to return

to her own gray sands, "She was so tired of the everlasting green over there."

On the sunny slopes of distant hills we occasionally saw a young shepherd, with his crook, tending scattered flocks of black goats, climbing where nothing else could, and eating what nothing else would.

A few straggling Arab traders walked beside their patient, long-suffering camels, bending beneath their load of Eastern merchandise. Very carefully our horses picked their way among the rocks of this rough, narrow, and almost impassable road, supposed to be the oldest in the world. The Roman legions tramped it, the gay Knight Templars traveled it, and Abraham passed on that journey of faith to sacrifice his son Isaac on Mount Moriah. Here David led his armies to battle and to victory. Here Jacob and Solomon walked. And Joseph, with Mary bearing the young Christ in her arms, in their "Flight into Egypt," may have rested and played with her cherished child, as other loving mothers would on the long, wearisome way.

The once beautiful Valley of Eschol, remembered for the wonderful grapes, which the spies bore on their shoulders on their return from the promised land, can produce no such mammoth specimens now. An oval-faced, brown-eyed

daughter of Ishmael, clad in a loose blue bournous, fastened at the throat, stood at the roadside of a neglected looking vineyard, asking backsheesh, and offering some sickly-looking white grapes for sale. We bought and ate, finding them sweet and refreshing. Neither figs nor pomegranates could be found.

This child of nature, as graceful as unconscious, smilingly bowed her thanks for the centimes, and with her strong, muscular arms, accustomed to burden bearing, tossed the great basket of fruit to her head, lifted the pretty brown baby to her shoulder, walked away with the dignity of one born in the free air of the desert,

"Happy that she knows no more."

The day was hot, the air still and lifeless; exhausted with the long, hard ride, it was a delightful surprise to distinguish, in the purple twilight of parting day, American flags floating from the group of white tents the advance guard had picturesquely arranged under the shadow of the mountains round about Mohammedan Hebron.

The Governor who honored the party with his presence insisted on stopping at the "khan" in the city, but our wise, experienced dragoman (when the decision was left to the ladies) whispered us to take to the tents, where we would escape the creeping things which live and thrive in these rickety old houses; and much to the disappointment of the Jewish keeper we turned from his enclosure and alighted at our tent door. After an excellent dinner, served with many courses, in good style, we closed "tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

But the braying of mules, barking of dogs, whistling of the night watch, and the summer sounds of insect life, together with the novelty of the situation, banished all but waking dreams from my mind.

The dear home stars hung heavenly lights above the glorious banner which crowned our tent, and the God of Abraham watched with me, at his tomb.

I rejoiced that morning light would give us the sight so long waited for, of the venerated Mosque in this quaint old stone built city. After a cup of stimulating Turkish coffee (my only dissipation), the horses were brought out, and we rode through the narrow, filthy places, miscalled streets, where the population, thought to number ten or twelve thousand, are the lowest, poorest, most degraded looking creatures I ever beheld.

"Terrible as an army with banners" this strange procession, with thirty armed men, looked to these isolated, ignorant Moslems.

The city was built seven years before Zoan, in Egypt, by David, the sweet singer of Israel, who made it his capital before Jerusalem, and held his court here many years. It was first called "Kirjath Arba," later, "El-Khalil," "The Friend." It is one of the most authentic of the ancient places in the Holy Land. Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem are the only cities dearer to the Moslem heart. All rich in associations. though poor in everything else, no evidence of industry or thrift is visible; their only manufacture was an inferior quality of glass, made into various forms. We bought "ropes" of beads and bracelets as souvenirs for friends, wishing the liras given in return might be miraculously multiplied to relieve the wants of the suffering people.

When the struggle for bread, which underlies most men's lives, becomes a controlling force, then life grows bitter and hard to bear—such it looked to be in Hebron.

Here Absalom was born, and in all Israel there was none so much praised for his beauty, "from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, there was no blemish on him." Joseph went out from

here to seek his brethren in Shechem, and they returned with only his bloody coat. Abner was treacherously murdered by Joab, and buried here. King David lifted up his voice and wept, saying, "know ye not a prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel?" Joshua went up from Eglem and all his armies fought against it, destroyed it utterly, and all the souls that were therein. Afterwards it was given to Caleb as an inheritance because he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.

The strongest claim to distinction which the historic city possesses, is its time-stained mosque, built ages on ages back, over the cave of Machpelah, meaning, "double cave."

The purchase of this field by Abraham is the first legal contract recorded in history. The first known interment of the dead. The first assignment of property to the Hebrew people in the Holy Land. Abraham mourned and wept over his beloved Sarah, asked for a place to bury her out of his sight. He refused to receive it as a gift from Ephron, insisted on weighing out the four hundred shekels of silver (current money with the merchant), in payment.

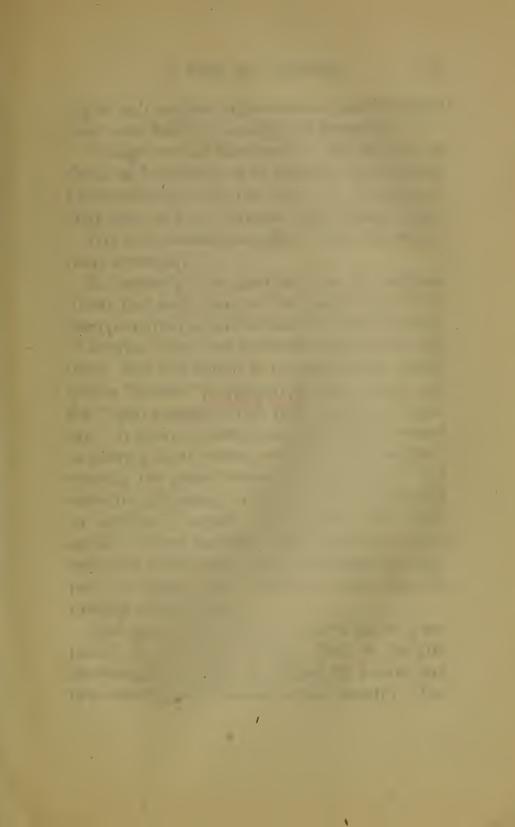
With true Oriental courtesy and exchange of compliments between the old patriarch and the sons of Heth, the contract was completed. All was made sure unto him for a burial place forever.

Many centuries have passed since that memorable day, many wars have swept over the country, many rulers have lived and died, but this consecrated ground has at all times, by all people, been most reverently and religiously guarded.

The outer haram walls existed in the fourth century. The longest stone measures twentyfour feet, eight inches in length, by three feet, eight and one-half inches in height; the average measurement of the ancient wall from base to cornice is forty feet. The period is represented in work similar to that in the Jerusalem haram, proving it was constructed near the same period. Theoriginal church occupies the southern part of the inclosure. Three of its outer walls are formed by the old ramparts, showing traces of the Byzantine era, when the gallant crusaders, carrying the banner of the Holy Cross, under the leadership of Cœur de Lion and Godfrey de Bouillon, whose heroic deeds have been sung in song and told in story, pitched their tents on those hills and captured and held the church nearly a hundred years. In 1187, Saladin, fighting under the green banner of the prophet, drove out the Christians, changing it to a mosque, enlarging and beautify-







Ste. Sophia.
PAGE 91.

ing it with modern improvements, and Moslems have since held it in undisputed possession.

Though not as handsome as the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, or as grand as St. Sophia in Constantinople, it is the only spot on earth sacred alike to Jew, Christian and Mohammedan.

Will they worship together, when the millennium comes in?

So jealously is it guarded now by fanatical Turks that only three or four parties have ever been permitted to see the interior of the Mosque, "Christian dogs" are generally stoned from the door. But the Sultan in Constantinople kindly gave a "firman" to General Wallace, which was the "open sesame" to all their shrines in Palestine. A grave, venerable-looking Sheik, dressed in flowing cloth robes, royal as "the purple," wearing the green turban proving that he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and was entitled to additional respect, after kissing the black stone, received us with much ceremony in the vestibule, where shoes were exchanged for slippers, as silence and cleanliness enter into the worship of the Orient.

With great solemnity the historic house is entered. It measures seventy feet in length, ninety-eight in width, is divided by a nave and two aisles of approximately equal breadth. The

arched roof, covered with lead, is supported by heavy columns, and adorned with leaves and small volutes of mediæval character. The nave is lighted by a clerestory, with three windows in each side; all the six windows are "pointed with low point" and heavy external buttresses occur between the side windows. A casing of fine marble lines the walls to the height of six feet, where an Arabic inscription, probably as late as the twelfth century, is graven above it.

The "Mihrab" or prayer recess in the end wall nearest to Mecca resembles that in the dome of the rock at Jerusalem.

It is flanked with slender pillars with richlycarved capitals of Gothic design, and by two wax torches.

Above the Mihrab is a window of stained glass of richly-colored designs, throwing "a dim, religious light" over the interior.

In the left aisle, a Greek inscription is built in the wall; it was painted red and contains an invocation to Abraham to bless certain individuals at whose expense it was erected. It dates about the time of Justinian.

The "Mimbar" or pulpit is exquisitely carved of cedar wood from Damascus, like that in the Aksah Mosque at Jerusalem, and was presented by Saladin in 1187, after the capture of Askalon.

The artistic taste of the cultivated crusaders is seen in this curious work.

A small platform called the "Merhala," near the center of the building, is intended for the public reading of the Koran to the devout worshipers here.

Above this, the walls are whitewashed and the name of God, and the names of Mohammed, Ali, and other heroes of Islam, are painted in black on medallions attached to the walls.

The capitals on pillars are, many of them, yellow, and the remains of fine mosaic with mother-of-pearl inlet, are visible on portions of the building.

No graven image is allowed in Moslem worship,—the music, the incense, the chanting, which lift the thoughts heavenward in other churches are wanting in this.

The chief interest centers around the cenotaphs of colored marble built above the supposed graves of Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who, with their wives, Sarah, Rebecca and Leah, are buried beneath the floor in the dark, mysterious cave of Machpelah.

Each has a separate alcove, entered through an iron-grated door, plated with silver and hung with the pretty brass crescents from Turkey. No woman's foot ever before crossed the threshold to this Holy of Holies. The first on the right was dedicated to Abraham, "The Friend of God." The cenotaph was eight feet long, quite as high, and half as broad, and was covered with green and white silk from the looms of Damascus, embroidered in gold, with Arabic texts wrought in black velvet. Two green banners (sacred color to the Osmanlis), lettered in gold, lean against the wall.

The floor is made soft and warm with fine Persian rugs, and the unspeakable Turk sits crosslegged before the low, wooden rest, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and studies his beloved Koran.

"This is the sepulcher of our Father Abraham upon whom be peace." "God is God" was inscribed above the door. Around the shrine were hung curiously carved, antique silver lamps, alternating with ostrich eggs, which to these superstitious people as well as the Egyptians, represent the principle of life, or resurrection.

Their strict adherence to ancient creeds, their belief in the immortality of the soul, their sincere religious enthusiasm, must command the respect of all worshipers of the true God.

Across the open hall was the shrine of Sarah, "My Princess," the fairest of women, whose loveliness won the hearts of her people, whose strength of character was shown in her absolute

command over her husband, who yielded implicit obedience to her wishes, even to the cruel casting out of Hagar and her boy: "Though the thing was grievous in Abraham's sight."

She is the first and finest type of the "strong-minded woman" on record; peace to her ashes, which rest under a cenotaph similar to Abraham's, with crimson satin, embroidered and gold inscriptions in black velvet squares let in the silk.

We pass on to Isaac; the gentle herdsman and child of promise, and the beautiful Rebecca, whose love and sweetness comforted him after his mother's death.

Each in separate alcoves, beneath the silken canopies, are honored members of this august society.

Josephus wrote "the fashion of these monuments are of most excellent marble, wrought after the most elegant manner."

Holding high converse with the mighty dead, we stand before the tomb of that grand old Patriarch, Jacob, who talked face to face with God, and in obedience to the Divine voice commanding him to fear not went down into Egypt.

After many prosperous years spent there, when his strength failed, and his eyes grew dim with age, his thoughts turned to the vine-clad

hills or the old home, with the intense yearning of true and tender hearts in foreign lands to sleep among their kindred.

He commanded Joseph to carry him back and bury him in the cave of Machpelah. He was embalmed after the manner of the Egyptians, and was mourned for three score and ten days. Then Joseph, with the elders of his house, the servants of Pharaoh, the chariots and horsemen, with pomp and ceremony befitting the occasion, made a magnificent funeral pageant, not excelled in ancient or modern times. The stillness of the valley was broken by the advancing army, and the heavy notes of mournful music.

Again the portals of the cave opened to receive the body of the founder of a race of kings who owned Canaan a thousand years.

Once more the stone was rolled away for the last sleeper, and the stately and devoted wife, Leah, joined the silent assemblage. Her tomb in the Mosque is decorated with rich, heavy tapestry, like the others. As often as these become tarnished by time, new embroideries are sent by the Sultan from Constantinople.

A generous gift to the *manes* of the illustrious dead, worthy Christian imitation.

Tradition says the graves of the three women were originally in the outer court; but in later

years, with increasing admiration, they have been considered deserving of a place within the sacred walls.

Neither the past nor present custodians of the building have ever penetrated the shadowy realm below. No visitor is allowed to enter the dark, dismal vault; but, with almost idolatrous reverence, a guard stood round the small circular opening (less than two feet across), in the floor of the Mosque, when a burning lamp was lowered and one by one we were graciously permitted to bend down and strain our eyes through the gloom to catch a glimpse of the live rock, visible only from one side—Nature's sarcophagus! holding in eternal silence the ashes dear to the hearts of the readers and believers in the Old Testament.

There is no historical account of the building of the great quadrangle surrounding the cave, and no reason to suppose it was erected before the Captivity. Many mediæval writers mention this cave, in which Adam and Eve were supposed to live. The latest recorded visit was made by Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, in 1163, who entered the Holy of Holies, through an outer chamber, down a flight of steps no longer to be found. No outside entrance remains.

He read inscriptions, "This is the tomb of

Abraham, our father; upon him be peace," and similar ones upon the tombs of Isaac and Jacob. At that time a lamp was burning day and night, and he saw great tubs or arks, described in the Talmud, filled with the bones of the Israelites, brought here according to the customs of their fathers, where they would remain forever undisturbed.

Like the ancient Egyptians, they desired tombs which should be "eternal dwelling places." No kingly sepulcher or costly mausoleum of prince or potentate will endure as the immovable foundations of this everlasting rock, whose builder and maker was God!

If any wandering Jew approaches these jealously-guarded precincts, he is permitted to slip a paper prayer through a rent in the outer wall, which, like the great beveled stones of "the wailing place," in Jerusalem, are worn smooth with the reverent touch of lips and hands.

On the faces of these persecuted pilgrims is stamped a pathetic expression, from patient waiting for the coming of Christ to restore them their own again.

The place assigned to Joseph in the Mosque, is not as positively substantiated as the others.

He died in Egypt, was brought up and laid in

consecrated ground, in Shechem, and there is no record of his removal.

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, in 1862, he explored the passage leading to the cenotaph of Joseph, and made drawings of the same.

Further down the aisle two apocryphal shrines are shown as Adam's and Eve's, but were not sufficiently authentic to "weep over," on the spot, where it is said lies the head of Esau, while his body was buried in the little village of Siain, in the same valley, which is greatly venerated. Here is the stone, brought six hundred years ago from Mecca, with an impression shown as the foot-prints of Adam.

Though of great faith, these legends could not be accepted unquestioned.

A solitary palm stands in stately beauty by the door of the Mosque. Beneath its shade sat the ubiquitous blind beggar of Syria, asking alms, which were freely given.

So ignorant and lazy are these natives, it will remain always a solemn mystery how they manage to keep soul and body together.

The unchanging habits of the Orientals are shown in their adherence to ancient customs and laws. Polygamy is part of their religion now, and the Bedouin chief who came from Chaldea, nearly four thousand years ago, is the same chief, ruling still the nomadic tribes of the desert.

"The ancestral burying place is the one fixed element in the unstable life of a nomadic race." This Hebron furnished the Patriarch.

A half-hour's ride from the city brought us to the old, old oak (Terebinth tree), of Mamre, which measured thirty-three feet around, with wide-spreading branches, and roots walled about with stone, to protect it from the desecrating touch of the spoiler. The ground under it was bright with the pale, purple crocus, bravely blooming in the barren soil.

A branch, bearing acorns from this famous tree, is framed under glass, in my library, an ever-present memento of Mamre.

Here Abraham builded an altar to the Lord, who appeared unto him as he sat in the doorway of his tent, in the noonday heat.

The prophetic soul of the venerable Patriarch, looking down successive ages, saw the fulfillment of the Lord's promise, that through him should all the nations of the earth be blessed.

The three angels came to them, and Sarah made ready the cakes of meal upon the hearth, and ministered to the Heavenly visitors. In following her precedent of loving hospitality, many

of her descendants have thereby entertained "angels unawares."

Here was confirmation strong of the truth of the Bible narrative of these localities. Any but the most skeptical traveler must reach his highest mood, and find his heart deeply touched with these sacred surroundings and associations, where—

"The memory sees more than the eye."

Another day will tell of our return to Bethlehem, where we dined with the Greek Patriarch, in the Church of the Nativity; camped near Mar Saba, where banished monks will not allow women to enter their convent; tasted the water, bitter as death, of the Dead Sea; cooled our burning heads in the rushing waters of the Jordan; tented at Jericho, near the Fountain of Elisha, and, after five days in the saddle, revisited the Holy City.



IV.

GYPSIES I HAVE SEEN.

When I was a child, tales of gypsies had a peculiar charm for me, the fascination of the unknown and fearful; something like the blood-curdling delight of ghost and robber stories.

Those I heard were usually of an old, old woman, in a red cloak, who had the gift of the evil eye; that is, she could, by a certain glance, cast such a spell that the person on whom it fell would have nothing but bad fortune forever afterward. She could tell fortunes by looking at the palm of your hand, and loved nothing so well as stealing little boys and girls.

Poetry and music, romance and fancy united have pictured a many-colored halo round the head of the Gypsy Queen, the wild Bohemian of song. How it vanishes at the first glance at reality! Never were truth and fiction further apart than in the portraiture of this race.

The summer of 1881 we spent on the upper, Bosphorus, where the opening toward the Black Sea stretches away like a wide, shoreless eternity.

One soft, bright afternoon we walked beside the blue waters to a broad green field in the plain of Buyukdere, where, centuries ago, Godfrey of Bouillon encamped on his way to Palestine. Of the plane trees which sheltered the old crusader and his host seven giants remain, called the Seven Brothers. They are knotty and gnarled, tremendous sycamores, and appear ancient, as though they might have borne the weight of the flood.

I seated myself on one of the twisted roots, upheaved through the soil, and looking toward the road which runs to Constantinople, counted thirteen tents.

In this country of soldiers a camp is the most common sight, and I had not noticed it but for the swarms of children about. They were ragged, dirty little imps, in one garment, or half a garment, bare-footed and bare-headed, uproarious in their laughter as they played, holding hands in a ring much as our children do in "ring around the rosy." They did not look at the strangers till we came near, when they broke and fled like startled quails, and sought shelter within the tents.

What forlorn old tents they were! patched with scraps of quilts that once were gay, pieces of old sacks and bits of carpet. Mangy and wolf-

ish dogs (of the big "yaller dorg" species) looked from the tent doors, and when the children disappeared, out came the mothers, wrinkled, weather-beaten hags, looking old as the hills, who eyed us with sharp, suspicious glances.

A few men lazily smoked in the shade of the tent. "What manner of men are these?" I asked. "Soldiers, without arms or uniform."

"This is a gypsy camp," said the guide, with professional brevity. And was that the Queen of the band, tira-la-la-a-ing to a wheezy, rickety guitar; that withered witch, with sore eyes and skinny hands, her hair, in long, matted locks, straggling down to her waist below a dingy, purple hood; was that the note of the troubadour strings? And that the gypsy chief, in filthy rags, sprawling on the ground, smoking a cigarette? Where were my visions and dreams?

Nothing of aught imagined was there, except the traditional black kettle; not as it should be, simmering over the fire, and sending up a fragrant and savory steam, inviting to the traveler, but a greasy abomination upset, where a gaunt and famished dog was licking the earth for the little moisture its contents had left.

The gypsies of the Kingdom of Turkey number about two hundred thousand souls.

Nominally Moslems, they are outlawed by the

faithful, excluded by them from the mosques, and denied a burial-place in their cemeteries. But they have certain rites and heathen superstitions, handed down from remote antiquity, without written creeds or books. It is not likely that many gypsies in the whole world can either read or write. The gypsy has no wish to learn, or to do anything but steal enough to keep soul and body together; for if he accumulated property, it would be a hindrance to his roving. These people are identical in manners and habits wherever seen; as has been well written, they are a curious mixture of the human and the animal, having the scent of the dog, the cunning of the monkey, and the form and vices, but none of the virtues, of mankind.

Many suppose they come from the lowest castes of East India, as is shown by their unspeakable filth and fondness for carrion, and were driven out at the great invasion of Timour Bey. Others maintain they are of Egyptian descent, whence the name. They have the tricks and jugglery of the farthest East, are skilled in the mystery of snake-charming, handling serpents with perfect safety, and seem to have a sort of liking for them, which they never kill or hurt. It is said they have secret herbs gathered at a certain time of the moon on the hills of the Bosphorus,

from which they distill a draught which is a sure charm against snake-bite.

The ancients of the tribe mix and prepare it with great solemnity, the secret is handed down from father to son, and none of them are known to suffer from the deadliest reptiles. They certainly have a Malay look, with that peculiar yellow hue familiar to us in the Chinaman, the blackest eyes, small and piercing like the eyes of mice; their hair is a wiry mane; their gait a shuffle without any sort of grace. These powerful-looking vagabonds have no uniformity of clothing in Turkey, except the red fez cap; any sort of greasy, ragged, cast-off stuff is enough for their ambition. A scrap of gay color on the head or a fragment of variegated sash round the waist, baggy pantaloons, and wooden sandals suffice for the happiness of the Chenguin, be he chief or follower of the gang.

When you hear a specially crazy hand-organ, and the cry of a doleful and abused monkey in the streets of Constantinople, you may be pretty sure it belongs to a gypsy. Sometimes a division of labor is secured by one stalwart lazybones carrying the machine, while his partner-drone moves his muscles a little by doing the grinding.

I have seen very many, but have never been able to detect the scar above the jet-black eye-

brow, nor yet the strawberry-mark on the left arm.

During the late war they were pressed into military service, but went at the point of the bayonet, some pretending sickness, some insanity, and those who actually reached the seat of operations proved such cowards that it is said the officers were relieved when they deserted. In many traits they are like the Apaches, the incurably wild Indians of the Rocky Mountains, but they lack the fire and love of war of the red race, which gains in contrast with those worthless nomads of the Orient.

I came to know them at a glance in the streets of Stamboul. The women go in a slow, aimless wandering about the city, as you see Pamba in the picture. Their dress has no uniformity except in dirt, and I have not seen one red cloak among them. On their flat sprawling feet are clumsy leather shoes, a long, reddish skirt, a yellow, ragged sacque tied round the waist with a sash made of a strip of "Turkey-red" cotton, a loose gray woolen hood with ends crossed under the chin, and thrown back over the shoulders. Over all, a long cotton cloak like an ulster, of no particular color and no sort of fit. You know them afar off by the basket—not the scar on their arm—and gridiron and shovel carried on the

shoulder. Pamba has no guitar, no castanets, no flying feet and tambourine, no memories of marble halls and better days. Sometimes she engages in a graceless dance under the chestnut trees in the Turkish villages, where men smoke and stare, and the hurdy-gurdy grinds its dreary rounds; and when very young there is a dash of beauty in the bright eyes and white teeth. She is a woman at fourteen, at thirty wrinkled and shapeless, at forty a withered hag.

The elders of the camp are old witches in appearance; stripped of the fairy myths surrounding them, they are hideous and repulsive to the last degree. Those who have statistics regarding gypsies say their life of exposure, meager diet, and scant comforts tells on them, even in this mild climate, with such effect that none, absolutely none, lives to old age.

They make capital of their witch-like appearance, and pretend to cast spells over the passerby, which will be broken only by laying a piece of silver in the extended palm; and the credulity of some of the victims of this superstition is amazing. I have seen some women who looked old as the Pyramids, and ugly as the obscene Harpies among whose ancient haunts they rove.

Treacherous, cowardly, impossible to influence, as was proved by Sultan Murad IV., who

ordered them driven to the Balkans and forced to live a regular life. But they broke through the imperial decree, and scattered in every direction, regardless of the authority they have defied from the beginning; no more to them than the wind which blows their tattered tents. If they are despised and outcast from one end to the other of the earth, it is the just desert of the lowest of fallen human creatures, on whom all efforts at uplifting are but as wine that is poured on the ground.

I inquired about the baby-stealing, feeling assured that a legend so widespread must have some grains of truth in it, and was told that gypsy women steal them to beg with, as they are too careful of their own children to expose them as they do those of strangers. They smear the stolen ones with walnut-juice, as a disguise, and along the streets of Constantinople the poor babies lie on the stones, half-naked, moaning and wailing in a weak way that is heart-breaking to hear. The snow and the rain fall on their ghastly faces; the hot sun burns them, freezing winds from the sea chill them like frost, and the pretended mother stretches out her hand, dyed with henna to a reddish-brown tint, and takes the piastres which the child's wretched wailing extorts.

A lady from Thrace told me of a peasant, a gardener's wife, who went out one day to gather lavender for the market. She left her little girl, eight months old, playing with a box of bright stones on the floor of the hut. Returning from the garden with the sweet herbs, she found the house empty; the poor playthings were scattered in the center of the room, but the little Tanina, who was the light and life of her life, was missing. She knew instantly what it meant, and the tiger-blood in every mother robbed of her child was up. She could run and not be weary, she could walk and not faint, she would find her darling. Night was coming fast, no human habitation or help of man was in sight, and only a few miles away was the great Servian forest.

That awful forest, from the forgotten ages the haunt of brigands and gypsies, where the tall oaks make dusk at noonday and twilight is black as midnight. In its depths every crime is hidden, and outrage and murder are the sentinels on guard at its entrance, keeping the world at bay. Like a revelation the idea came that whoever had carried off the child would make for the forest. Once within its black shadows, good-by to baby; hope never enters there.

Along the bare, stony road she ran with bruised feet, past a clump of holly trees growing

in a little thicket, on, on, with the courage of love and faith, when behind her she heard a singular cry, like, yet unlike, her own Janina's prattle. Her listening heart stood still, and again it came from the holly bushes,—a choking sound. It must be, it was her lost one. She turned back, left the road and stumbled over a familiar gypsy basket half full of crusts and refuse vegetables. A minute more, and, guided by the sound, she was within the center of the leafy copse, where a piece of black tent-cloth was fashioned into a rude shelter.

There was a woman seated on the ground, holding Baby Janina across her lap and tickling its feet,—the dimpled feet which she had kissed a thousand times. That is the gypsy trick to make the stolen child's voice unnatural if it tries to cry. The mother sprang upon her; the gypsy saw she was beaten; silent and dogged she handed up the baby, and the mother sped home through the darkness, the little dove cooing in her bosom.

There was no pursuit or attempt at punishment, not even an inquiry about the child-stealer. Every one knew it was only a gypsy, and "that's a way they have."

HOUSEKEEPING IN TURKEY.

The people of Turkey comprise so many races quite unlike each other that housekeeping is unequal and varied according to means and nationality. But all is there—the splendor of the Padisha, the squalor of the hamal whose hut has only earth for rest and rafters open to the sky for shelter.

The houses of the well-to-do are built on the same general plan—spacious, rambling, with much waste room. A middle hall divides the haramlik, or apartments for women, from the salamlik, or rooms for men. The former is the larger and better arranged portion.

In some old buildings is still to be seen carved woodwork of arabesque patterns on ceiling and side walls, which has now passed out of fashion, possibly because it affords secure harbors for vermin.

The wooden floors are overlaid with rugs, and the furnishing is scant and meager to Western eyes. Multiplied windows are prettily hung with gauzy curtains that hide dreary iron lattices through which eyes, outside or in, must not peer.

A wide, low divan, made gay with Broussa silk or French chintz, runs round every room against the wall; and as bedsteads are unknown, it is spread with mattresses and quilts at night, making a comfortable bed. All bedding is rolled up and kept in presses through the day. Square cushions are tossed about and piled away in corners; and on a sofa the hanoum, or wife,—few Turks have more than one,—sits in the place of honor among draperies and soft cushions.

Small tables of cedar and pearl stand here and there, holding perhaps an ash tray, a few cups or a bunch of flowers; but there are no pretty trifles to adorn the rooms—no vases, no pictures on the walls. These lead to idolatry, and are forbidden by the prophet. And though the Mohammedans possess curios that would delight an American heart,—china, tapestries, armor, etc.,—they are kept packed away in boxes and rarely exhibited. I never understood the reason why.

There is no one place for eating, and dinner may be served wherever caprice or convenience orders it; sometimes overlooking the street or in the walled garden. The party sit cross-legged on cushions round one of the low tables, to which dishes in courses are brought on copper trays.

First, servants pour water over the ready hands, hold basins to catch it, and napkins for drying them and for use during the meal.

Thick soup begins the feast. The lady of highest rank dips her spoon in it, and invites the next below her to follow. The pièce de résistance is pilaf, a mixture of stewed rice and game. Bits of meat, cut in the kitchen and boiled with vegetables, come on in succession.

The stranger finds it impossible to reach the deft and skillful neatness with which the Oriental manages a repast without knife or fork.

Wine is never seen. Sweets come between the courses and after dinner; in fact these, with cigarettes, are two luxuries always in order, at once food and recreation.

Nor is there any special place for making a toilet. A maid brings a round hand-mirror, and holds it while a second one arranges my lady's hair, brushing it well and plaiting it in many strands. If a grande toilette is contemplated, she pencils brows and eyelids, and thickly lays on white and pink "face painting" before the silken robe is unfolded and Cinderella slippers adjusted to the small feet.

The harem is the center of the world to the home-keeping Turk, who never emigrates nor wishes to travel beyond hearing of the muezzin's call to prayer. Eastern women do not care for privacy, and all of one household gather there with the children. In patriarchal fashion, several generations abide under one roof.

Except in early youth the sexes do not mingle; and one man only enters the "abode of felicity." To please him is the study and pleasure of the inmates of the harem; and if there is truth in appearance, peace and content reign there supreme.

When slippers before the door proclaim a visitor within, even the master of the house may not enter his wife's room.

It is the law or custom, rigid and binding as any law, that men must work and women must not. The slave girl seems to do little but embroider, and hold herself ready for the trifling service of her mistress. Abundant space, sunshine and lolling ease are the requirements of the harem.

The bath is a suite of three rooms. The first one is made of marble or other stone, lighted from above, and very warm with furnace heat. Hot and cold water at pleasure are turned into reservoirs, where rubbing and soaking are prolonged indefinitely.

The second apartment contains lounges and sofas for rest in the fatigues of the bath.

In the third or outer chamber are soft couches and downy wraps, where there is long repose; where preserves and sherbet may be served, and much time is spent.

Even the poorest houses have some sort of bath-room, where the women of the household gossip and smoke away their mornings, undisturbed by letter-writing or newspapers, secure from the world's turmoils, as though grief and care were far dwellers in remote regions beyond the seas.

The house itself is of minor importance in the land of the fig-tree, where nine months of the year one may live in rose-gardens or sun-bright kiosks made of lattices and trailing vines. And as in all hot countries building is for the summer, and winter is ignored; the houses are poorly heated, and when fountains are rimmed with ice, and racking winds blow, it is vain to attempt to keep warm over a handful of coals or by huddling in a fur blanket.

When cold days come, in rooms where there is much luxury there is little comfort; and in

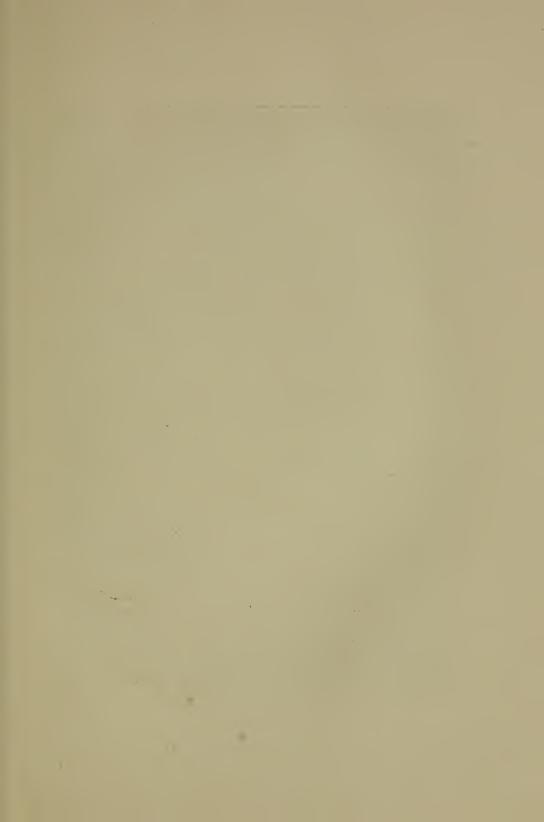
palaces with lofty ceilings and mosaic floors one sighs and shivers, remembering warm old baseburners and open grates glowing with anthracite. A large mangal or brazier of burnished metal—often an elegant ornament—is in general use as a heater. Partly filled with wood ashes and burning charcoal, it still is a scant contrivance in a frosty day.

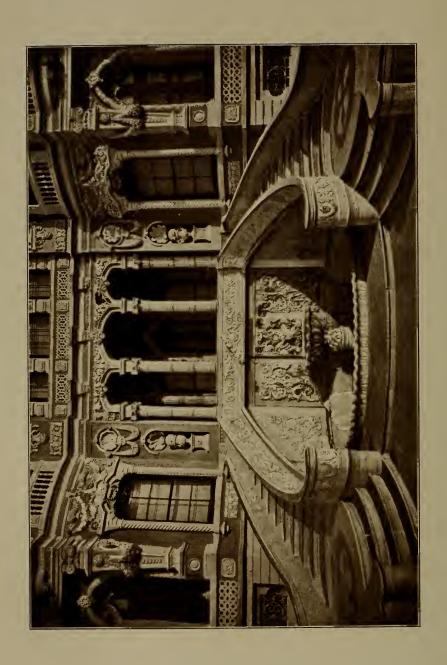
There is a story told of a diplomat who, after presentation to the Sultan, while gracefully retiring from the august presence, backed into a brazier of red-hot coals, and losing his balance and self-possession together, sat down in it.

The upsetting of mangals is a cause of frequent fires in Stamboul, where buildings are mainly of wood, and cheaply constructed. Everyone expects to be burnt out at least once in a lifetime.

For supplying the table there is a monthly allowance made to a steward, who goes to market, attends to details and usually is honest and capable.

The kitchen is a roomy building detached from the mansion, and is of stone, including the floors. A range, heated by charcoal, has grates on the top, where roasts are laid and boiling and stewing go on.





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Entrée du Palais de Gueuk-Sou.

PAGE 118.

There are few utensils compared with ours, but plenty of hand-work instead of patent machines; copper and brass platters and boilers are shining bright, and cleanliness without order prevails.

Nothing is wasted. If the cook is a female, supplies are passed through a revolving door by the purveyor, so that her face, usually old and ugly, often jet black, may not be seen by mortal man.

Do not attempt housekeeping unless you have the gift of tongues. Your cook may come from any country between the White Nile and the Danube. Your maid may be Armenian, Bulgarian, Maltese; your porter from Herzegovina; and the various dealers of curious things, native Turks or peddlers, from regions beyond the Caucasus. How are you to treat with them except in pantomime?

It is amazing to see the quickness with which they catch, without a word spoken, your meaning, especially when you are paying four times the actual worth of the article offered for sale. Poultry and vegetables are cheap, fruit abundant, strawberries delicious—ah, those strawberries! I taste them yet. But do not look for good butter in Constantinople, nor sigh for Jersey cream. They are not to be had.

Instead of these daily comforts, be satisfied with grapes like those of Eshcol, long, yellow melons equal to our best cantaloupes, and nutmegs and a drink made of pomegranate-juice cooled with snow from the mountains overlooking the Marmora.

There seems none so poor but he may have a servant. Apropos, a story is told by one of our missionaries of a traveler to Stamboul among the one hundred thousand daily crossing Galata Bridge. It is the place where beggars most do congregate, and the stranger dropped a gold piece into the hand of a wretched mendicant, instead of the small copper coin he intended for alms.

The gentleman soon discovered his mistake, and after business hours were ended—begging is a genteel profession in the East—he inquired the way, and with the help of a native found the dreary lodging of the wretched man in tatters.

A knock at the door brought a servant to open it. After a few moments the polite Oriental appeared, shorn of his rags, in loose, flowing gown and slippers. The blunder was explained, the suave pauper accepted the copper piece, returned the gold lira and, apparently satisfied, courteously salaamed his visitor away.

To return to the harem. In the middle hall, before the forbidden door, is a servant ready to make coffee for the visitor.

Turkish coffee is considered the finest in the world. The fragrant berry is roasted golden brown, and pounded in a mortar till fine as snuff, a powder without grain. A large table-spoonful, and several lumps of sugar, with a pint cup full of cold water are placed in a brass pot with a long handle. Set on burning charcoal, it is allowed to boil to the top three times, removed and left to stand a few moments. Then it is poured into tiny cups resting in filigree stands, which at the palace are encrusted with diamonds.

Hotels are usually kept by Greeks. In almost any of the large cities you may order an English, French or Turkish dinner, and each will be excellent in its own way.

The old names that can never die come to base uses here. Demosthenes silently blacks your boots; Themistocles stands behind your chair at table; and Leonidas holds the narrow pass between the kitchen and dining-room. Worse than this, Euphrosyne, with her bang in little tins, brings your brass pitcher of hot water, and Aglaia and Thalia impose their cheap broideries and counterfeit coins on the unsuspecting tourist.

Among them sometimes appear pure Attic features—faces like those sculptors must see in their dreams.

The young girls go bareheaded, and their knotted hair and fillet of shining cord give the final suggestion of the models sought for the ancient marbles. Such picturesque heads I have never seen where there is no Greek blood.

A Greek Girl.
PAGE 122.

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Anna Francis



VI.

AT BETHLEHEM.

The long, gray hill up which Joseph and Mary toiled because there was no room for them in the inn, is bare and burnt now, and the rocky road is white with chalky dust. That first Christmas eve when the Virgin Mother looked back at the Holy City, she saw no Moslem flag floating over Moriah, but the glory of the Temple, a mass of glittering terraces, shining like silver, its roof planted with spear heads of solid gold.

Leaving the Joppa Gate, she passed the tomb of Rachel, the first love for whom Jacob served seven years, and they seemed to him but a few days for the love he had to her. Instead of the curse of barrenness and desolation she could, from the old House of Bread, look on smiling vineyards and barley fields in the valley where Ruth came gleaning in the early days of Israel. The waters of a pretty brook go softly through it yet—a scene fair to the eye, pleasant to memory. It is the field of the Shepherds, where angel songs were heard but once on earth. She

saw, as we did, the purple wall of Moab, and the peak where the greatest of Prophets went up to die, and the shining, steel-blue sea which forever buries the dead cities of the plain. Probably the wavfarers drank of the spring of the Magi, soon to mirror a miraculous star—the spring for which her ancestor David longed. "O that one would give me to drink of the well that is at Bethlehem by the gate." Perhaps in prophetic vision she saw herself on this road fleeing by night in obedience to the heavenly warning, and bearing in her bosom the Light of the World, the future Judge of the quick and the dead. More than a thousand years the Kahn, most noted in Judea, was on the rocky ridge that has never changed its name. It was the first camp after leaving Mt. Zion and first on the route to Egypt.

No scoffer doubts that the Church of the Nativity, a noble basilica built by the Empress Helena, and the most ancient pile of the Christian world, is the same one now covering the sacred grotto. Surrounded by three convents—Greek, Latin and Armenian—it stands above a cave hewn from the living rock; remove the roof and marble front and there remains one of the innumerable caves of Palestine. These are transient dwelling places for travelers and refugees,

often sheltering lunatics and lepers, and affording rendezvous for outlaws, as when David fled from the wrath of Saul.

Follow your guide through filthy, narrow streets swarming with beggars; by massive walls, seemingly old as the world; through dark aisles and long galleries, taper in hand. At last enter a cavern, hung with velvet and embroideries and lighted by everburning lanterns of silver and gold, the gifts of Emperors and Kings. Pause before an altar loaded with precious offerings. Beside it is a granite slab covering a bench left in the first excavation and hollowed like a trough—the familiar manger of Syria, often used as a baby's bed, softened only with a blanket of sheepskins or shawls.

This is defended by a marble slab renewed several times, being kissed away by reverent pilgrims constantly coming and going—men and women who for one moment still their restless hearts to quiet beating, and in the calm starlight of Bethlehem forget the fever and fret we call living.

A few feet this way or that make no difference, and somewhere very near us, the Wise Men—never so wisely as then—knelt in adoration. The shadowy silence, the subdued lights, the smell of incense, start deep and singular feeling,

bringing a sense of unreality. We were as they who dream while standing beside the silver star that marks the place where the Savior lay. Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell.

It would hardly have been a surprise had cherub faces illumined the gloom and the rustling of wings mingled with murmurs of worshipers gliding to and fro like mystic spirits.

So long as the earth remains the hills of Judea cannot be removed, and after two thousand years Bethlehem is much the same as when the Messiah came and the centuries began.

Around this center illustrious warriors have fought—Saul and Gideon, Tancred and Saladin, kings of Persia, Egypt, Rome. Every step has been trodden by chiefs, prophets, heroes, and rung with the clash of steel and glistened with flaming banners. None who went before or came after was like the Son of Mary, long foretold and then, in some vague, indefinite way, expected by every race and in every nation.

While the Roman world was all at peace, and shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night, Heaven bent low and the Great Love came to His own. Not in anguish but in rapture did Holy Mary bring us the promised Redemption. She saw the mystical radiance, an out-glancing

of the All-Seeing Eye, the light beyond every light; and the voice which made the shepherds sore afraid made her soul leap for joy. The chanting of the multitude of the heavenly host did not startle her. Eager watchers who live in the air and neither slumber nor sleep ministered to her, and in the stable, warm with fragrant hay and breath of kine, she laid the sweet Baby down. No seraph half so fair. He was from the beginning the One altogether lovely. Beautiful in the arms of His mother, beautiful in the Temple, beautiful on the cross, and beautiful in the sepulcher.



The Little Princes.
PAGE 129.





VII.

IN THE TOWER OF MANY STORIES.

THE LITTLE PRINCES.

London Tower is the name given to an immense mass of buildings on the Thames, east of the city, and made strong enough to last ages on ages. Ceilings, walls, floors are of stone and its mighty foundations, said to have been laid by Julius Cæsar, look as though they would stand as long as the world endures.

Any attempted description would be disappointing; the record of captives held there in the last eight hundred years would fill many volumes. Under the rule of despots, high-minded women, patriots, Jews, heroes, exiled nobles, Christians condemned for heresy, have there languished in rooms foul and damp as neglected cellars. It has underground dungeons and gloomy cells scratched with names of poor prisoners on walls that have heard, when nothing else could hear, their groans and sighs. There are torture rooms with thumbscrews and the rack, axes which have been wet with brave

men's blood, and the block of wood where fair young heads have lain to be chopped off because they were in the way of some other head that wore a crown. The keepers show horrible tools made to grind and twist men's bones, to burn their eyes out and tear their ears to pieces. Under the floor of the Chapel moulder the bodies of the murdered, and we can almost believe it true that strange voices are yet heard from something out of sight and a long way off, whispering in the language of the dead.

There was no breath to stir the old shadows, no voice nor hearing, only a stillness, solemn past telling, as we trod the pavement of the great historic prison.

In this scene of blackest crimes nothing remembered is half so sorrowful as the murder of the two Princes who were sent to the Tower by their uncle, Richard III., King of England. You have heard it, for it is an old tale and often told. He is usually called the Hunchback; some say he was not deformed, except in having a very short neck and one shoulder higher than the other. He was lame, but this defect was soon forgotten in the beauty of his face. He had pale olive skin, delicate features, smooth forehead, and proud lips quick to express the feeling which shone in his deep black eyes. His

will was law, and he sprang on his enemies like the tiger on its prey if they were between him and his aims.

In the first year of his reign he cleared away all who were suspected of plots, till no heirs to the throne were left except his two nephews, sons of Edward IV. The wicked heart of the Hunchback was moved to one more crime; then, he believed, the crown of England would be secured. They were graceful boys of eight and twelve years, with clear bright eyes, rosy cheeks, long flowing hair like threads of gold, and the courteous manner early taught to those who expect to rule a great nation.

Edward, Prince of Wales, was stolen while on a journey; he was the elder; and Richard, Duke of York, the second son of the late King, was demanded of his mother, the widowed Queen of Edward IV. She was a high-born lady, famous for beauty when chosen from among the many who longed to sit on the throne. She was without power to resist, and how she begged the brutal Richard to be allowed to keep her youngest darling let other mothers tell.

The little fellows were lodged in the Garden Tower, so called from its opening into pleasuregrounds with a terraced walk, which in sunny days gave to view the river and bridge. It was the cheerfulest room in the doleful pile, and was lighted on both sides, so the captives could watch what stir there was in the inner wards, and the shipping along the wharf and on the Thames. It had a separate entrance to the promenade, where in fine weather they had leave to run and play, chasing each other into forgetfulness, if they knew, that they were doomed never to leave their prison-house alive.

But Richard could not feel at ease while his nephews lived. So one day Sir James Tyrrel, Master of Horse, "a trusty knight," brought an order under the royal seal that Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, should for one night give up the keys and absent himself from his office. Brackenbury had already refused to make away with the Princes. The tale runs that Tyrrel was much agitated in mind while riding out with two men-professional murderers-by name John Dighton and Miles Forrest. They, thought their master, are not weak like Brackenbury, and will not mind getting these brats out of the way any more than wringing the necks of a couple of house sparrows; they will never blench nor quiver even at sight of the blood of the Lord's anointed.

The keeper of the keys feared and hated the King, but dared not disobey him. He gave up his place and trust for the time ordered.

The butchers rode across the country, pleasant in the rich fulness of summer, with its avenues of trees, scents of flowers and songs of birds under the free blue sky. England is the land of stately homes and many dear delights; not the least of them is liberty. When night fell after the long twilight, they crept around the winding stairs and through black corridors lighted only by the lanterns they carried. The floors gave back no sound while the keys harshly grated in the rusty locks. It was a hot night in August, 1483. The moon shone through the barred windows, making a checkered light on the floor, and when the death men entered the chamber they paused awhile before the living picture there, the fairest under all the wide curtains of darkness.

Youth seems younger and loveliness lovelier in the helpless hours of sleep. The Princes lay in the sweet slumber of healthful childhood, sinless and confiding, nestled close in each other's arms. To kill them was like sending spirits ready for Heaven home too soon. Some pretty belongings, toys and playthings given by their mother, were scattered about, and a book of prayers, open on a table at the bed's head, almost changed the mind of the guilty wretches.

But they did not linger; the sleepers made swift passage to the dreamless sleep which has no waking, smothered with the pillows of their own bed. If there was moan or outcry the Tower walls were thick, and in the midnight hush only the listening angels on airy wings might hear.

Singers have sung the woful story, and artists The great have painted the piteous scene. poet's touch brings it before our eves. The hardened villains melted into tenderness and mild compassion when they reported to their master:

"'O thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.' 'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another Within their alabaster, innocent arms: Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. Which in their summer beauty, kissed each other."

By a private stairway the trusty Tyrrel slipped in from the gate, where he waited impatiently, felt their pulses to be certain there was no life left, and sought the Tower priest to make him help in hiding the devilish deed. They carried the warm bodies down. Oh, what a sight it was! the soft limbs not yet stiffened for the grave, the delicate hands dragging the steps. Without coffin, shroud, or winding-sheet, with neither hymn nor prayer, they were thrown into a hole dug by the wall. Rapidly the grave was filled with loose soil and stones from scattered

building-material left lying in heaps some months before; then the pit was smoothed till there was no sign of disturbance or violence, silence settled over all, and the tragedy seemed ended forever.

"Trusty" Tyrrel mounted his horse and rode in the dewy daybreak along green lanes and blossoming hedges to the palace. He was cruel as a blood-hound, yet tears ran down his face like rain when he described to the satisfied monarch how the "gentle babes," his brother's sons, would trouble the kingdom no more.

Richard had been crowned with great pomp, feasting, and shouting. He sat on a marble seat in Westminster Hall, with a nobleman on each side, and told the crowd assembled there he meant to be just and maintain the laws and respect the rights of his people. But this was mere talk. The reign begun in murder continued the same way. His spies learned that titled subjects drank healths in private to the Princes in the Tower, and he thought best to announce the truth, though he had intended to keep their fate a secret. Besides, Uncle Richard's sleep was broken by bad dreams come of the hideous sin. The crown of his nephew did not rest easy on his head, bloody fingers pulled at it; the lights burned blue at midnight; strange calls, as from

desolate shores, answered each other across his bed; he heard muffled groans, and ghosts that would not down sat heavy on his soul. Eyes starting from their sockets glared at him; visions of baby throats purple with strangling and pale faces bedabbled with blood haunted the pillow of the last Plantagenet.

He woke in a cold sweat of terror from dreams of a tomb which opened of itself; where the earth cracked with a hollow noise and showed a coffin wide and short, and hair living and golden streaming out under the lid.

Were the boys indeed buried? And why should their white souls ride the winds on crimson clouds in the dead hours of the night?

To banish the specters and quiet the shrieks in his ears he commanded the Tower chaplain to unearth the corpses and have them better placed, under the marble floor of some shrine or safe in a corner of the court-yard of the Tower. It was done. None ever knew when or with what holy rite they were buried the second time, because the priest soon afterward died, and with him went the knowledge of their resting-place.

Richard did not long enjoy his throne, but in his brief reign noble ladies and gallant gentlemen were imprisoned in grim strongholds, and marched from dungeons to death on the headsman's block. Sometimes he would have drums beat and trumpets sound, so that the last words of the dying could not be heard by the assembled crowds, for he feared an uprising of his subjects.

Only two years afterward he dashed into the thickest of the fight at Bosworth, and there lost his kingdom and his life. Under a hawthorn-bush Lord Stanley found the crown of England, which the tyrant had worn to the battle-field. It was badly bruised and trampled on, the jewels dim with dust and clouded with blood. Stanley placed it just as it was on the head of Henry, Earl of Richmond, and the soldiers of the royal arms shouted with joy, "Long live King Henry VII."

Later in the day the body of the Hunchback was pulled out of the mire, stripped naked, tied across a horse's back like a sack of worthless clay (which indeed it was), and taken to a near church-yard for burial. Nobody cared for the monster, nor minded how his blood ran down in the dust of the road on its way to the grave which had no mourners.

The new King marched in the splendor of banners and with triumphal music to the Tower, at that time used as a palace. He was aftended by a princely escort, gentlemen on horseback wearing jeweled armor, and long

trains of gilded coaches filled with ladies in brilliant robes, making altogether a brave show. Chambers tapestried in silk were set apart for the court, beds were canopied with velvet, soft carpets and rich hangings—gold, crimson, violet —covered the rough stones, and there was high feasting and much merry-making. When the ceremonies were over. Henry thought of the murdered innocents, and made inquiry about them. Forrest and the priest were dead, and the other two accomplices—to whom was offered pardon on confession-knew nothing of the second burial. It was supposed the chaplain would, if possible, lay the Princes in consecrated ground. St. Peter's Chapel was rummaged, many coffins were opened and stared into, and the near church-yard was upturned and searched for the precious relics, but none was discovered. Court flatterers pretended to believe the children had been sent out of the country, and were still alive somewhere in the provinces

Kings came and went. The Tower guns thundered when a young Sovereign was crowned but they never pointed to the terrible mystery. Every newly made King searched for the little Princes and roused a passing interest that quickly waned, and the shadowy history faded into a

sad tradition with hardly a color of reality. It would never be known, they said, till the day when the earth and the sea, and all that in them is, shall give up their dead. But the earth and the sea are always giving up their secrets.

The ancient fortress grew grayer and drearier than ever, and portions of it began to crumble and rot. Then the murder came to light, proved by best evidence—the remains of the Princes themselves. Some workmen making a new stairway to the royal chapel found under the steps, hidden close to the wall and covered with earth, two skeletons answering exactly to the missing youths long sought.

Intense feeling was excited; news of the finding was hurried to Charles Second, then King of England. He stopped chasing butterflies with the gay ladies of his court, and under the kind impulse that never quite forsook the trifler, he arranged for their removal and fitting interment.

There was not much left of the beloved dead to be gathered together. The flesh was gone to dust, and mixed with common earth were shreds of golden hair, stained and soiled by long burial. Tenderly they were borne to Westminster Abbey and laid away not far from the ashes of the kinsman who sought their death.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

The most illustrious name connected with London Tower—high over king, priest, or prince—is the name of Raleigh. There at four different times he was sent, not so much prisoner of England as of Spain. He never lay in the lonesome cell in the crypt called his. His longest term was in the grim fortress Bloody Tower. where his undaunted spirit taught the world

> "Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage."

He was allowed the freedom of the garden, with a little lodge for a study—a hen-house of lath and plaster, where he experimented with drugs and chemicals, studied medicine and shipbuilding, kept his crucibles and apparatus, and the near terrace he paced up and down through weary years is to this day called Raleigh's walk.

It was in the reign of King James the Firstthe cruel and cowardly—that Raleigh doomed, and never in his peerless prime was he greater than in the fourteen years that sentence of death hung over his head. His prison was a court to which men crowded with delight. Queen Anne sent gracious messages to him, and Prince Henry rode down from Whitehall to hear the old sailor tell of green aisles with waving palms like beckoning hands, birds of wonderful plumage, hissing serpents in tropic jungles, barbarian cities built of precious stones, and of rivers running over sands of gold, all waiting for the English conqueror to come and make them his own.

After a morning of high converse the Prince cried out, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage," and when the young listener fell ill the Queen would have him take nothing but Raleigh's cordial, which, she said, had saved her life.

His best biographer writes: "Raleigh was a sight to see; not only for his fame and name, but for his picturesque and dazzling figure. Fifty-one years old, tall, tawny, splendid, with the bronze of tropical suns on his leonine cheek, a bushy beard, a round mustache, and a ripple of curling hair which his man Peter took an hour to dress. Appareled as became such a figure, in scarf and band of richest color and costliest stuff, in cap and plume worth a ransom, in jacket powdered with gems, his whole attire from cap to shoe-strings blazing with rubies, emeralds, and pearls, he was allowed to be one of the hand-somest men alive."

In the eleventh year of his bondage he finished the first part of the History of the World. wrote what men will not let die, invented the modern war-ship, and from the turrets of Bloody Tower looked across the vast blue plain of ocean and directed operations in Virginia and Guiana. He was a guiding light to his beloved England; proud and brilliant heroes deferred to him. sought his advice; charming women charmed by the most courtly of courtiers, and all felt him to be a man whom the government could not afford to spare. He knew more than any other person living of the endless riches offered by the New World to the Old, and his services were at the King's command. While prisoner to the crown he sailed with five ships under royal orders for the region of the Orinoco. the land of promise unfulfilled. The golden city lighted by jewels was a vanishing illusion ending in bitter disappointment.

Years before, in 1609, he had written to Shakespeare, whom he called, "My Dearest Will:"

"Great were our hopes, both of glory and of gold, in the kingdom of Powhatan. But it grieves me much to say that all hath resulted in infelicity, misfortune, and an unhappy end . . .

As I was blameworthy for thy risk, I send by the messenger your £50, which you shall not lose by my overhopeful vision. For its usance I send a package of a new herb from the Chesapeake, called by the natives, tobacco. Make it not into tea, as did one of my kinsmen, but kindle and smoke it in the little tube the messenger will bestow . . . it is a balm for all sorrows and griefs, and as a dream of Paradise . . . Thou knowest that from my youth up I have adventured for the welfare and glory of our Oueen, Elizabeth. On sea and on land and in many climes have I fought the accursed Spaniard, and am honored by our sovereign and among men . . . but all this would I give, and more, for a tithe of the honor which in the coming time shall assuredly be thine. Thy kingdom is of the imagination, and hath no limit or end."

The dreams of the Admiral far outran any possibility, and the mines of Guiana proved a cheat equal to the yellow clay of the Roanoke. Peril of life, fortune, and the varied resources of genius and valor were not enough to insure success, and a failure in the paradise of the world probably hastened the sentence for which Philip III. of Spain clamored.

The charges of treason against Raleigh were

pure invention; but on his return from South America he was arrested, committed to the Tower, and the warrant for execution was signed without a new trial, while men from the streets and ships came crowding to the wharf, whence they could see him walking on the wall. He was advised to kill himself to escape the shameful sentence of James I., but he solemnly spoke of self-murder, and declared he would die in the light of day and before the face of his countrymen. In the field of battle, on land and on sea, he had looked at death too often to tremble now.

His farewell letter to his wife is one of the sweetest. I give it entire:

"You shall now receive, dear wife, my last words in these lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave and be buried with me in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall ever see you more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thyself.

"Firstly, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or words can express, for your many troubles and cares taken for me; which though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet the debt is nathless, and pay it I never shall in this world.

"Secondly, I beseech you by the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself in grief many days, but seek to help the miserable fortunes of our poor child. Thy mourning cannot avail me: I am but dust. . . Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose and loved you in his happiest time. God is my witness it is for you and yours I desired life; but it is true I disdain myself for begging of it. For know, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death, and all his misshapen grisly forms. I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I steal the time when all sleep; and it is time to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living is denied thee, and either lay it at Sherbourne or in Exeter, by my father and mother. I can write no more. Time and Death call me away.

"The everlasting God, Infinite, Powerful, Inscrutable; the Almighty God, which is Goodness itself, Mercy itself; the true light and life—keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false witnesses,

and send us to meet again in His Glorious Kingdom. My own true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me, and let the good God fold you both in His arms. Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown.

"Yours that was, but not now my own,

"W. RALEIGH."

In his final imprisonment Lady Raleigh was not allowed a share. When she caught his youthful fancy it was as Elizabeth Throckmorton, maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth.

"Sweet Bess" was a favorite there among ladies of gentle blood. The flatterers of the dazzling court fluttered round the lovely young girl, conspicuous for beauty and grace; slender, fair, golden-haired. Her sighs were only for the sea-captain who expected to crown her with glory won by his sword, and riches, the spoil to be fought for in many lands. She was his loyal wife to the end, always pleading for pardon, defiant before King and court, where she appeared daily in her husband's cause, "holding little Wat by the hand." When her petition was refused, she was not afraid to call down curses on the head of the tyrant, who heeded not her wrath or her grief.

The water-way from the Thames is a dark passage under whose arch a pale procession of ghosts of the murdered may easily be fancied as coming up out of the past. Beneath it went Raleigh from prison to hear his sentence in Westminster Hall; from the King's Bench he was sent to Westminster Abbey. Crowds thronged to watch him pass, and from the carriage window he noticed his old friend Burton, and invited him to Palace Yard next day to see him die.

The warrant came on a dark October morning, 1618. Raleigh was in bed, but on hearing the Lieutenant's voice he sprang lightly to his feet, threw on hose and doublet, and left his room. At the door he met Peter, his barber, coming in. "Sir," said Peter, "we have not curled your head this morning." His master answered with a smile, "Let them comb it that shall have it." The faithful servant followed him to the gate insisting on the service. "Peter," he asked, "canst thou give me any plaster to set on a man's head when it is off?"

John Eliot wrote: "There is no parallel to the fortitude of Raleigh. Nothing petty disturbed his calm soul in ending a career of constant toil for the greatness and honor of his country. The hero who created a New England for Old Eng-

land was fearless of death, the most resolute and confident of men, yet with reverence and conscience."

The executioner was deeply moved by the matchless spirit of the martyr. He knelt and prayed forgiveness—the usual formula at the block or scaffold. Raleigh placed both hands on the man's shoulders and said, "I forgive you with all my heart. Now show me the axe." He carefully touched the edge of the blade to feel its keenness, and kissed it. "This gives me no fear. It is a sharp and fair medicine to cure all my ills." Being asked which way he would lie on the block, he answered, "It is no matter which way the head lies, so that the heart be right." Presently he added, "When I stretch forth my hands, despatch me." There were omissions in his last speech, but we may be sure they were noble utterances. He prayed in an unbroken voice, and begged his friends to stand near him on the scaffold so they might better hear his dying words. Which being done, he concluded, "And now I entreat you all to join with me in prayer that the great God of Heaven, whom I have grievously offended-being a man full of vanity, and having lived a sinful life in all sinful callings, having been a soldier, a captain, and a sea-captain, and a courtier, which are all places of wickedness and

vice—that God, I say, would forgive me and cast away my sins from me, and that He would receive me into everlasting life. So I take my leave of you making my peace with God.

"Give me heartily of your prayers," he repeated, turning right and left. The headsman cast down his own cloak that the victim might kneel on it after laying off his velvet robe. An act that reminds us of the happy chance for like courtesy that made Raleigh's fortune when he was a boyish adventurer in the train of Sussex; a beautiful youth watching the state barge of Queen Elizabeth.

The supreme moment came; the great captain, never greater than in death, stretched out his palsied hands. The deathman hesitated. "What dost thou fear, man? Strike, strike." One blow—a true one—and the murder was done. There were those standing near who saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. Courtier, historian, poet, seaman, soldier, his was the noblest head that ever rolled into English dust.

The wasted body was laid under the altar of St. Margaret's, the church of the House of Commons, across the way from Westminster, with only a small tablet to mark his resting-place.

Sweet Bess, who shared his glory and his prison-house, and with little Wat had walked the

terrace with him, does not lie beside him. I do not know where that fond and faithful heart went to dust, but I do believe that in the final day, for which all other days are made, true love will find its own, and they will be reunited for evermore.

I saw no monument to Raleigh in Westminster Abbey. The fame of the colonizer of Virginia belongs to us of the New World, and in 1880 a memorial window was placed there at the expense of Americans in London. Canon Farrar's address at the unveiling was a brilliant review of Raleigh's life and varied fortunes in the most glorious portion of the Elizabethan era. It concluded with an earnest appeal to the England of Queen Victoria and the America of Lincoln and of Garfield to stand shoulder to shoulder under the banner of the cross.

LADY ARABELLA STUART.

One of the most familiar names to the student of English history is that of Lady Arabella Stuart, who was long a constant source of alarm to James I., because she was born near the throne. She never urged her claim nor appeared to covet the crown, though daughter of Charles, Earl of Lennox, and cousin to the King. A

lovely girl, full of wit and grace, gifted with the gentle art of making friends, she was the life of a lifeless court.

Many matches were proposed to the Sovereign, who had power to make or break a marriage for her. Suitors of various rank and countries knelt at her feet, and it was told that even Henri the Great of France had dreams of seating the blue-eyed Countess with the wavy tresses on the throne of Charlemagne.

So passed her youth; and in her thirty-fifth year James, by way of banter, told the maiden she had remained fancy free to suit him long enough; she might now wed whom she would. Poets, adventurers, courtiers, and knights of high lineage kissed her white hand, but came no nearer the heart, which beat faster for none but William Seymour, afterward Marquis of Hertford, a youth of twenty-three years. Only the stars were witness as they sealed their vows and oath, and the secret kept well for a season. But a bird in the air carried the matter to Windsor, and Seymour was arrested and brought before the Council to answer for the outrage—betrothal in secrecy.

He denied everything; swore he had not thought of anything but pastime. What did he want with a wife ten years older than himself? And so the rumor was forgotten with other court gossip.

They thought the King would give up his nonsense, for Seymour was from one of the proudest families of Europe, and there was no reason in this opposition; besides, he had consented to a wedding. But no relenting was admitted by James, and in July, 1610, a poor priest was found and bribed to risk his neck by going through the marriage ceremony for the lovers.

After a year of concealment the news reached the King's ear. He was enraged; the priest was thrown into prison, the two witnesses present were arrested, and the offending pair parted in the first sweetness of the honeymoon. Seymour was sent to St. Thomas's Tower on the river. He was furnished handsome apartments, with plates, hangings, books, luxurious belongings; and the Countess was lodged in a fine house on the Thames, with attendance and surroundings as became her rank; allowed every freedom—except freedom.

Indifferent to the elegancies about her, the bride wrote tender and passionate letters to her bridegroom, but he answered never a word. Sweet William made no sign, sent no love-gift. He wrote only to the Lords of the Council, praying to be restored to liberty, that his health

would be lost if he were not freed, and busied his days making himself comfortable in the chambers over the Traitors' Gate of London Tower, his wife's money paying the bills.

One dull, foggy day she quietly stepped into a common barge and floated down the river to the barred window on the wharf, where she might make signs to him who did not appear bold enough to plan an escape, and returned safely to her castle. The brave movement could not be concealed, and in his wrath the King ordered a dozen counties to be put between his cousin and the defiant prisoner looking with despair at the water-gates.

Sadly did the tearful blue eyes turn to the bleak and frozen North, while sentinels doubled their watch on the square tower built over the moat.

Such was his Majesty's pleasure.

Lady Arabella's attendants were devoted, ready to brave death itself for their mistress; her soft, kind manner never failed to win where self-love had not taken too deep a hold. Day and night, while she sighed her soul away, they schemed and planned to open a path to reunion in the pleasant land of France, where they might be at peace in banishment. At last she slipped off, well provided by her aunt, the Countess of

Shrewsbury, with costly jewels current in any country, and with good English gold to lavish on any who might espouse her cause. She glided down the Thames, reached the Channel, by arrangement was taken on a light French bark; but the open water in front of Calais was not for the hapless bride. Captain Corvè did his best; his little craft was no match for the swift war-ship Adventure in pursuit. Gallantly he fought wind and wave, but Admiral Monson outsped him, and after thirteen shots were fired, he struck his flag, and the crew of the victorious vessel boarded the bark which carried the royal lady.

She gracefully yielded herself prisoner to James, King of England, consoled by the thought that he whom she loved better than life was so well disguised, and his plot so well laid, that he was safe in French port.

"Where is William, Earl of Seymour?" demanded Monson, Admiral in command of the chase.

Lady Arabella smiled.

"I cannot tell, but I believe he is beyond the reach of his enemies and mine."

So she was marched to the Tower, into rooms once occupied by Margaret Douglas, the common grandmother of the King and herself.

When brought before the Lords she was mild and patient, yet asked with becoming spirit why she, a free woman of royal blood, should be held a criminal and separated from her lawful husband.

The furious King seized her jewels and money; and her two companions in the flight, gentlemen by birth, were dragged to the torture-chamber of the Tower, and forced to confess what they knew of the perilous attempt.

The tale of Seymour's changes of wig and cloak, in various disguises and places, is too long to tell here. Delighted with liberty and with France, he seemed to mourn the loss of his bride less than the loss of her jewels and money, for William dearly loved to loiter in the delicate plain called Ease, and lie in the soft places gold can buy. The calculating fellow found his high name a passport in Paris, which city was vastly amusing, and so was the staid but not less delightful capital of the Belgians.

In the damp old rooms of her grandmother, Lady Arabella languished five years. The third year an escape was arranged, and when the time was ripe and success appeared assured she was betrayed, and the venture ended in nothing but harsher treatment. While "William, dearest," danced the night away, she wore out the dark hours writing prayers to the King, who deigned no answer.

Like other high-born dames, she was skilled in cunning needle-work, and many a doleful day was spent stitching gay silks into canvas, making a bright embroidery, offered as a souvenir to the man who imprisoned her; but the King would not touch the pretty gift. The courtesy did not move him any more than her demand to be tried by her peers, according to law, in open court, instead of by a Committee of the Council sitting with closed doors.

When the tapestry came back rejected the blue eves grew dimmer, and her cheek paled with the heart-sickness of hope deferred, or rather of despair, and it was rumored that the daughter of the House of Stuart had met her doom in madness. Sorriest of all the history is that the youthful husband forgot his too-loving wife. The letters full of tenderness reached the trifler at European courts, and lay unanswered. The lowbrowed villain Wood, who had her in charge, knew the death of his captive would please King Tames and the courtiers who lived on his smiles. His small mind lent itself to all sorts of petty annoyances and means to make imprisonment unwholesome. She must not walk, nor have her own attendants, nor food and dress befitting

the near kinswoman of queens, though the offended monarch generously had the ceiling of her room "mended to keep out wind and rain."

The forlorn lady passed from deep melancholy to spasms that touched her brain. Even in such pitiful condition she was closely watched and guarded by the nervous coward, who pretended to believe there was an Arabella plot, with Raleigh at its-head, secreted in the Tower.

For a year the insane Countess lived, gentle and harmless, chattering like a little child. Her one amusement was singing songs of love and longing, learned in happy days, with the lute, whose trembling strings made the saddest strains ear ever heard. The heart-breaking music softened even her jailer; he grew compassionate, and she wandered at will through the doleful halls and the garden. But the wan face never brightened; she faded slowly, drooped, and died.

In the chill midnight of autumn her wornout body was brought by the black-flowing river to Westminster Abbey, in a miserable coffin without a plate, and laid away in that sanctuary with no ceremony, not even a prayer. "For," says a loyal courtier, "to have had a great funeral for one dying out of favor with the King would reflect on the King's honor."

After a troubled life she sleeps well in the tomb

of her ill-starred family, close beside the dust of her grandmother, Margaret Douglas. Her coffin lies across and flattens the leaden casket which holds the headless corpse of her great-aunt Mary, unhappy Queen of Scots. Neither name nor date is above her breast, and the skull and bones were plainly seen below the rotten wood in 1868 (a ghastly sight!) when the vaults were searched for the remains of James I.

Her persecutor rests near his victim. The enemies are at one now. The strange peace of death which ends all feuds has brought them together, and their restless hearts lie still.

The periods of which I write are sometimes called the good old times. I call them the bad old times.

THE EARL OF ESSEX AND HIS RING.

The many portraits of Queen Elizabeth I have seen are marked by severity. Red hair, a pale high forehead, keen dark eyes, a nose hooked like the beak of an eagle, sharp chin; such is not the face to win admiration, much less to waken love; yet, when nearly seventy—an age which no art can conceal—she listened to the soft flatteries of her courtiers as tributes to her beauty which they could not repress. When one shaded his

eyes at her approach, as though the luster of her face dazzled his sight like the sun, and said "he could not behold it with a fixed eye," she was delighted with the foolish speech, as a young girl with the roses of her first ball. One can hardly keep from laughing at the idea of high-born youths of twenty-five or thirty hanging breathless on her withered smiles and pretending worship of her charms. Such was her daily portion from the shining train of courtiers surrounding her, and she never tired of it. One said of her red hair: "A poet, madam, might call it a golden web wrought by Minerva; but to my thinking it was paler than even the purest gold -more like the last parting sunbeam of the softest day of spring."

She vowed that England was her husband, whom she loved with a perfect love, and she would have none other; she had wedded herself to the kingdom at the coronation by the ring then placed upon her finger: in remembrance thereof she wished engraved on her tombstone these words: "Here lies Elizabeth, who lived and died a Maiden Queen."

There was another ring, of which I shall presently tell, more precious than that which went with the crown, because life and death were in its keeping.

It was her custom to select from her courtiers one on whom she lavished a fickle love and transient favor. When the court was beginning to tire of Raleigh, Leicester, a former favorite, introduced his step-son, Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, in hope of weakening the influence of Raleigh. Essex was a spirited boy of seventeen, fresh from Oxford, with handsome face and graceful mien. Clad in the picturesque dress of the period, wearing crest and plume, badges and ribbons of honor, he was a figure to claim the glance of a king as he greeted his sovereign, and it is not strange that the susceptible virgin felt the fascination of such a presence, although she was then fifty years old.

Before he was twenty he fought gallantly with the English army in Holland, and was foremost in the battle of Zütphen, where Sir Philip Sidney fell. On his return to court the Queen's fancy deepened into dotage, and, fond and foolish, she would hardly let him quit her presence. This became so irksome that he ran off to the war in Spain, and refused to return when she sent an officer after him. When he was pleased to come back she forgave all, and redoubled her favors in hope of keeping the wanderer; but in a short time he again disappeared, and secretly married the widow of Sir Philip Sidney. The Queen

could never endure the marriage of her courtiers, still less that of a favorite. She banished him; but he reappeared in a few months, and only regained the Queen's grace by neglecting his fair, sweet wife, who lived in seclusion in the country while he shone at court.

When Essex was about twenty-nine years old he set out with the royal army for Cadiz, and at parting Elizabeth gave him a ring, telling him, "whatever crimes his enemies might accuse him of, or whatever offences he may have committed against her, if he sent it to her she would forgive him." The precious gift was probably a truelove-knot, set with a gem that means unchanging; for the time was rich with sentiment in trinkets, and we may be sure the compact was sealed with vows and kisses on the proffered hand. He returned from Spain unsuccessful, and although the Queen still petted him, from this time on they quarreled. Essex was haughty and insolent; and she, violent and exacting with him, yet forgiving in the end.

When she decided to appoint a Lord-Deputy for Ireland, then in a state of revolt, she called to her private room three of her court officers—Cecil, the Clerk of the Seal, and Essex. He expected the appointment, but failed to get it, spoke angrily to the Queen, and turned his back

on her. She boxed his ears, and told him to "go and be hanged." So furious was he that his hand reached for his short sword, but Cecil stepped between them; and Essex said, with an oath, "that he would not have taken that blow from King Henry, her father, and it was an indignity he neither could nor would endure from any one." Then muttering something about "a king in petticoats," he rushed madly from her presence. In any one else such conduct would have been death.

Again the Earl disappeared from court, and he and Elizabeth never were good friends afterwards, although a peace was patched up, and she made him Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His enemies persuaded her that the Lord-Lieutenant wanted to make himself King of Ireland; spies were sent to watch him, but one of them was kind enough to warn Essex of his danger. With his usual rashness, on learning this he at once returned to London, without permission of the Queen—an act in itself treason—and finding court adjourned to "Nonesuch" in the country, he rode at speed through mud and mire to anticipate his enemy, Lord Gray, who had heard of his arrival, and started in haste to give his version of the affair before Essex could reach her. Gray had been closeted with the Queen's councillors

a half-hour when he arrived. Hearing this, Essex lost all sense of propriety, hurried unannounced to the Queen's apartments, and not finding her in the outer reception-room, pushed on into her private bedroom. Her maid was combing her hair, which, gray and thin, was hanging about her bony shoulders—for she had not yet made choice out of her eighty wigs of many colors for the day—nor were her paint and powder on, and patches pasted over the wrinkled cheek.

He threw himself at her feet, covered her hand with kisses, poured out his story with oaths of fidelity, vowing that he had ever borne in his heart the picture of her beauty, completely winning the "most sweet Queen" to him. He retired to dress, and in an hour was recalled to an audience, and was again well received. But by night the fitful maiden had changed her mind, influenced by the Cecil faction, and perhaps by thinking how ugly she must have looked in the morning. She was then sixty-eight years old, and as vain as in youth. When he again offered respectful homage she received him with great sternness, and commanded him to confine himself in his apartments until sent for to appear before her council the following day. His everactive enemy Cecil brought against him many charges—not least, "his over-bold going to her Majesty's presence in her bedchamber."

The Queen then ordered him to be held a prisoner at York House, where he remained many months. He pretended to be sick—a trick he had to gain forgiveness when his royal mistress was out of humor; but it did not move her this time, although it soon became reality. His wife was not permitted to visit him, nor even write to him. He had only one true friend at court, the gentle Lady Scroope, his cousin, and sister of the Countess of Nottingham. She wore mourning for him, and endured bad treatment from Elizabeth on his account, but stood faithful to the end.

Yet the love-sick woman could not entirely banish thoughts of her proud favorite, although her mind was constantly filled with suspicions by Cecil and Raleigh. To forget him she had bearbaitings, jousts at the ring, and a splendid tourney in honor of her coronation day. These frivolities filled the weeks that poor Essex passed alone and wretched in one room at York House. Elizabeth would not listen to the prayers of his sisters and Lady Scroope for his release, but she accepted the costly presents they offered, among them a gown worth £500 (about \$2,500). Essex finally fell so ill that his life was despaired of. On

hearing his pitiable state the Queen wept, and sent him her own physician, and had prayers read for him in all the churches of London, but something changed her mood again, and she was harsher than ever. Not until March 16, 1600, did she allow him to go to his own home, Essex House on the river and the Fleet, first sending away his family and all the servants but two. Essex was kept there prisoner for seventeen weeks, when the Queen removed his keeper and allowed him to become a prisoner on parole.

During this time he was examined before a commission of his enemies, appointed for the purpose, and was treated most cruelly. They let him stand, occasionally leaning for rest against a cupboard, from nine in the morning till eight at night; and when accused of treason, he replied:

"I should do God and my own conscience wrong if I do not justify myself as an honest man. This hand shall pull out this heart when any disloyal thought shall enter it."

The following August his tyrant again summoned him to York House, where he was told that her Majesty was pleased to give him his liberty, but he must not enter her presence nor come to court. Though free, he was constantly spied upon. Through the remainder of the sum-

mer his friends appealed to the Queen to restore him to favor. Essex wrote her imploring letters, that brought no answer. He brooded over his fall and loss of power, until he grew desperate. and gathered about him at Essex House all the disaffected people of London, among them a host of Puritans. They formed many wild schemes—at one time a plan to capture the Tower and palace; at another, to march to the court and compel Essex's enemies to give him a hearing. The Oueen remained cold and silent. He talked of her and of his own wrongs, and said "she was an old woman crooked both in body and in mind." Sir Walter Raleigh insisted that this speech sealed his doom; for spies reported everything he said and did.

His last piece of folly was to raise a riot one morning in the streets of London with three hundred followers, declaring that "the kingdom was sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh." The mob was quickly dispersed, and Essex slipped back to his house alone in a small boat. He had shut up as prisoners there some officers of the court who had been sent to talk with him and bring him to reason. He had hoped to secure his own safety by giving these as hostages, but Sir Ferdinando Georges, one of his own men, had liberated them, and as he had already been

proclaimed traitor, there was nothing to be done but to barricade the house. It was surrounded by the Queen's troops, and he held out till ten o'clock at night, and only surrendered then because "he was sore vexed with the tears and incessant screams of the ladies." He was confined that night in Lambeth Palace, and on Monday, February 9, 1601, together with his followers, was taken to the Tower. When the boat glided through the Traitor's Gate beneath St. Thomas's Tower, he must have realized the hopelessness of his case, for those who went in by that low dark tunnel rarely came out again.

The apartment to which he was committed was only nineteen feet in diameter, the walls eleven feet thick, and, in memory of the chivalric Earl, it is to this day called Devereux Tower. When he passed the ponderous door his brightness of soul was yet undimmed, but a short while in that chill lone chamber would subdue it to silence if not to resignation. Love of life cannot long endure in such a prison, and rapid changes in the career of soldier, statesman, courtier, had taught him the uncertainty of fortune which hangs on the caprice of king or queen.

On the 19th of the same month he and Southampton were brought to trial, and, as usual, he was unfairly treated. Even Lord Bacon, to whom he had given an estate, and who was not of the Queen's counsels, appeared against him. One lawyer compared him to a crocodile; another called him an atheist and papist, when it was well known he was a Puritan. The trial lasted from nine o'clock in the morning to six o'clock in the evening. He was sentenced to death, and on hearing it, said: "I am not a whit dismayed to receive this doom. Death is welcome to me as life. Let my poor quarters, which have done her Majesty true service in divers parts of the world, be sacrificed and disposed of at her pleasure."

As he marched through the streets to the Tower, with the edge of the headman's axe carried toward him—the custom when prisoners were condemned to die—he walked swiftly, with his head hanging down, and made no answers to persons who frequently spoke to him from the crowds. He was allowed six more days to prepare for death. It is said that Elizabeth signed his death-warrant firmly, and with even more than the customary flourishes, but she wept and hesitated about appointing the execution.

Meanwhile where was the gay gold ring given to him in the bloom of his youth, as he marched to Spain with the beauty of banners and roll of drums, under no shadow deeper than the folds of the royal standard? Many times Essex must have looked at the amulet, and in the long, slow waiting sickened for gracious message or friendly sign, but none came. And Elizabeth, too, must have wondered what had become of the token; and why did not he, so wildly loved and deeply mourned, send the pledge and claim the pardon?

Early one morning while this time was passing, not knowing whom to trust, he chanced to see from his window, that overlooked the street, a lad with an honest, open face, which so pleased him it won his confidence. He managed to throw down a small bribe and the ring, and told him to take it to his good cousin Lady Scroope, and she would send it to the Queen. The boy took the keepsake, but gave it into the hand of the wife of one of Essex's worst enemies, the Countess of Nottingham, who passed it to her husband.

How terrible must have been the suspense of Essex, for, in spite of everything, he trusted the word of his sovereign. The day broke that was to see his execution. Still no sign of pardon or reprieve. Calmly he prepared for death, and dressed with his usual care and elegance. He wore a long black cloak of wrought velvet over a satin suit, which consisted of a doublet of bro-

cade with ruffles of lace in the sleeves, a silken scarf confining it at the waist, short breeches of satin, silken hose, and leather buskins. Usually with this costume a jeweled sword was worn, and an immense ruff of lace around the neck. On this occasion both were omitted. His picture shows a well-turned head, with dark curling hair. straight nose, brown eyes, a mustache, and the pointed beard affected at that period.

Essex had begged as a last privilege that he might have a private execution. The poor petition was granted, and he was permitted to suffer death on Tower Hill. The Earl was then in his summer prime—only thirty-three years of age. Valor, beauty, fortune had been his from birth, but failed to avert his fate. The place of execution was hallowed by the best blood of England, and there two fair queens had laid their young heads on the block to satisfy the brutal rage of Elizabeth's father.

Ash-Wednesday, February 25, 1601, at eight o'clock in the morning, he was led to the fatal block. As he knelt to place his head in position he showed no fear, and three strokes of the axe, the first one mortal, severed his head from his body. He was buried in the Tower Chapel, though some believed the Queen kept the skull in her own private room. Notwithstanding it was a cold, gloomy day, one hundred gentlemen sat near the scaffold, and Sir Walter Raleigh secretly watched the execution from a window of the armory, little thinking that thirteen years later he would meet the same fate in the same place. During this tragedy Queen Elizabeth amused herself playing on the spinet. But there came an hour of repentance bitter as death.

About two years afterward the Countess of Nottingham was taken with an illness, which proved her last. She begged to see the Queen; she could not die in peace without it. Elizabeth came, and when the Countess confessed having kept the ring of Essex, the Queen wept, and then flew into a fury, and shook the dying woman in her bed, crying, "God may forgive you, but I never can!"

This disclosure affected her so she could neither sleep nor eat. The dreadful secret pressed on her soul, and the old love and longing came back with remorse for tenderness turned to hate.

Dreams of Devereux in his morning beauty kneeling at her feet must have risen to her sight. The hand whose touch had made her pulses quicken, that never drew sword except for England's glory, was laid low; the brilliant nobleman—a headless corpse—was buried among

criminals in Tower Chapel, when a word from her would have saved him.

Who may tell her anguish when she lay on the palace floor ten days and nights, refusing to be comforted, haunted by memories of crime unpardonable, till death came to close the scene?

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

There was once a King of England whose family name should have been Bluebeard, but it happened to be Henry Tudor, and a proud old name it was too. Born in 1501, Prince Henry was just eighteen when he came to the throne, and his subjects were well pleased to see an end to the long Wars of the Roses, because in him were united both lines, the White and the Red, and that meant peace. He had a most fortunate start—riches, power, health, friends. Life lay fair before; what would he do with it? His unpopular father's avarice had massed an immense fortune, and the son was quite ready to spend it. He was well educated, a bold huntsman and dashing rider, full of spirit and energy, and with a turn for letters and business. He must have had wonderful strength, for his armor weighed ninety-two pounds. It is in London Tower yet, is of German-work, silvered and engraved over with saintly legends and scroll-work, and the initials H. and K. for Henry and Katharine of Aragon.

The King was exceedingly attractive. Ambassador from Italy, the land of beauty, wrote: "Nature could not have done more for him. He is much handsomer than any other sovereign of Christendom—a good deal handsomer than the King of France—very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. He is fond of hunting, and never takes his diversion without tiring eight or ten horses, which he has stationed beforehand along the line of country he means to take; and when one is tired he mounts another, and before he gets home they are all exhausted. He is extremely fond of tennis, at which game it is the prettiest thing in the world to see him play, his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture."

Bluebeard had six wives. The second is the one whose woful tale I have to tell. Early in his leign he married Katharine of Aragon, a noble Princess, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose girlhood had been spent among the orange gardens and tinkling fountains of the Alhambra.

She had a maid of honor named Anne Boleyn, a light-hearted damsel, skilled in music, singing delightfully, full of repartee, with a laugh gay as her costumes and dances. Her favorite dress was blue velvet starred with silver, a mantle of watered silver, lined with minever, and on her little feet blue velvet shoes flashing each with a diamond star; around her head a gold-colored aureole of gauze above a fall of ringlets rich and rare, a toilet that well became her dimples, her fresh lips, her teeth like hailstones, and her witching glance. Tall and slender was she, a true daughter of the Howards, and so "passing sweet and cheerful" that every man who looked on her was her lover.

At the midnight ball given to the French Ambassador, the King chose her for his partner in the dance, and Mistress Anne's pretty head was wellnigh turned by the royal flatterer's whispers of sparkling eyes and twinkling feet and the fairest hand he ever touched, and then he kissed her.

Soon he began to write letters, beginning "Mine own Sweetheart," and sent her a jewel valued at fifteen thousand crowns. Then he would ride out to visit her in the chestnut avenues of Hever Castle, gallantly prancing along the greenwood, and sounding his bugle to announce his approach, for he went unattended.

At first Anne resented such close attention

from one already married, King though he was; but the letters came often and the writer came oftener, and in the dewy springtime they strolled through flowery gardens together, and heard the nightingale's love-song to the rose, and the cuckoo pipe her pretty note telling her name to the meadowlarks, till the fair maid forgot her honor and began to think wild thoughts. Woodland scents and sounds were sweet, but perfumed palace chambers were sweeter, and court minstrel and laureate sang as never did bird in summer.

What a fine thing it would be, by-and-by, to sit on the throne of England in the place of the faded old Queen, six years older than her husband, the magnificent monarch Henry the Eighth! Evidently he tired of the wife of his youth, and plotted separation from her who had faithfully loved and obeyed him more than twenty years.

The tale of divorce is too long to tell here; enough that it was done by the help of the Church, and Queen Katharine was ordered to leave the court. She made a dignified speech before her judges, declaring herself daughter of a King and still Queen of England, and should so continue to the end of her days. She then retired to the palace assigned her, degraded—no,

THE TOWER OF MANY STORIES.

not degraded, but shorn of her rank, and vet loving him without change. Her last message written in banishment was, "I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things."

Henry admitted that Kate had been the best of wives: but the old love was off, the new one was on, and a private marriage with Anne Bolevn took place—just when and where is not known. The coronation was proclaimed May, 1534, and London, in sleepless preparation, made ready to hail Anne Bolevn Oueen Consort of England.

The Tower was at that time palace as well as prison and fortress, and the Thames was crowded with every sort of craft, full of crews who flocked to behold the like of which has not been seen before or since in that greatest city on the earth. Bells chimed, music floated over the water, and thousands of flags saluted when Anne came out of Greenwich Palace clad in cloth of gold, attended by her maidens—a beauteous sight to see. When she reached the Tower in the state barge a mighty peal of guns was shot off. The tremendous wave of sound broke over the barriers of Katharine's retreat, and oh, how the salute smote the ear of the neglected and forgotten Queen, where she sat mourning for her dead sons and worse than dead husband!

The roofs and bridges were alive with men

and boys, musicians playing divers instruments, and making a far-reaching melody of trumpets. The Lord Mayor and officers of the city were in crimson and scarlet, with gold chains round their necks, and there was no end of velvet, ermine, and jewels. Carpets of Persia and India hung from windows and balconies, and there was such splendor as tongue cannot tell, or minstrel sing, or painter paint.

Henry met the bride at the water's edge, showy in white and green, the livery colors of his family. We can imagine he looked right kingly, for he was of heroic height, and had not reached the swinish shape that in later years made him the likeness of a prize pig at the fair, a monstrous brute. He kissed Anne, called her the desire of his heart and the delight of his eyes, and vowed to love her and none other while woods grow and rivers run to the sea.

Days of merriment and revel welcomed her to the palace, and then the coronation came. The streets were graveled from Tower to Temple Bar, and freshly hung with purple. The crown of Edward the Confessor was too heavy for the girlish brow, and a new one was made for the new Queen, mainly of rubies red as blood. You may see it in the jewel-room of the

Tower with the other crowns and the Kohinoor of Queen Victoria.

There were vast processions of horsemen, Ambassadors with badges and decorations, and so many collars set with gems it was said whole estates were carried on men's shoulders. A fountain ran wine, and any—the way-side beggar with the rest—might put in his cup and drink his fill. Even the cooks wore satin that day.

But all else was of slight interest—Duke and Earl, belted knight and high-born gentlemanbeside the lady for whom the parade was ordered. She was seated in an open litter covered with cloth of gold shot with white. Her robe was silver tissue under a mantle of ermine, auburn ringlets flowing on her shoulders below the ruby crown. The ladies attending were mounted on palfreys with trappings that shone with gold and crimson. It was in bridal June, when merry England is merriest, and with shoutings and trumpetings Anne entered Westminster, and was crowned at the high altar of the Abbey. Royal purple took the place of crimson robes, and the unholy marriage was preceded by the Holy Sacrament, and made a sinful mockery with vows solemn and binding. Countesses and marchionesses were the Queen's train-bearers, and the world seemed at her feet. No warning

prophet was there to foretell that the triumph would pass like a vision of the night, and when the blossoming hedges had showered their snows three times she would slip from her high place and, for her sweet lord's pleasure, fall a headless corpse.

Bluff King Harry was highly pleased with the coronation show, and the bride, radiant with bloom and happiness, held his fickle fancy for a time. She was used to admiration, and knew the art of pleasing. Studying the moods and tenses of her fitful master, she bent her finer nature down to his. Did he wish to ride, she could try the mettle of his best jennet, her glossy red-brown hair mingling with the floating plumes of her hat, making a sunlit picture. Would his Majesty walk, in banquet-hall or bower, on greensward or under silken pavilion, she was ready to trip with fairy tread. Did he want music, she charmed with lute and song. If the stormy ruler preferred silence, she could sit still as chiseled marble till his varying temper brought her lord to her side again.

Her study was difficult, for absolute power makes tyrants, and the King subdued to his humor every one about him. No man ever ventured to ask, why do you do so? He varied court gayeties, and maintained them also, by plundering churches and abbeys; and burning at slow fires sainted men as high above him as the heavens are above the earth, because they presumed to differ from him in opinion of the body and blood of Christ. He grew meaner and more cruel every day, fattened and bloated into a hateful beast, and to this most Christian King belongs the fame of being the first to torture women with machines made expressly to grind and twist human bones. In London Tower today you may see these infernal devices, and the rack where an undaunted woman was stretched till the tormentor refused to turn the wheels again; then she was carried in a chair to a fire and burned alive.

And this was free and merry England three hundred years ago!

Where were the people?

The strangest part of history is their submission to bloody despotism. The time was rich in heroes—nobles come of generations born to command, who had looked death in the face on land and sea, and knew no fear; they were as silent slaves. Thoughtful men grown gray in the service of the state were tortured, maimed, and crippled. The princely Buckingham was sent to the block, and gallant chiefs and captains

were racked for heresy, and the pleasure of the King was the pain of dying men.

It was not the oppression of an army or a mob of enraged persecutors, as in France two centuries later, but a one-man power, a Tudor reign of terror. So the years went by, and King Henry went on fattening till he could hardly see.

It was written of him a generation afterward: "If all the patterns of a merciless tyrant had been lost to the world, they might have been found in this Prince." Royal blood was precious in those evil days; all below the highest were mere worms. The court poet wrote verses that made Henry the brightest star of a constellation composed of Hector, Cæsar, Judas Maccabæus, Joshua, Charlemagne, King Arthur, Alexander, David, Godfrey de Bouillon; and the satisfied monarch believed whatever was said or sung in his praise, and loaded minstrel and troubadour with costly presents, jeweled badges, and decorations.

Among Anne's maids of honor was a delicate girl of exquisite charm, and as witty as the Queen herself. Jane Seymour came of a haughty house, but had missed the imperious bearing that was the heritage of her race. The winsome presence, all sweetness and grace,

caught the restless fancy of the ungoverned King, and so bewitched was Bluebeard that he determined to slip off the bonds that bound him, and lead another wife to the altar and throne. To be sure, he had worn the light fetters of his second marriage loosely enough, and how to rid himself of the tireless devotion of Anne must have made him ponder and hesitate.

Not for long did he ever wait: patience was not a trait of even the best of the Tudors. One day, at Greenwich Palace, the Constable of London Tower suddenly appeared, and announced it was the King's pleasure that the Oueen should at once depart with him. She was in an agony of terror, but calmly said, "If it be the King's pleasure, I obey." Without changing her dress, she entered her barge and was silently rowed to the Traitor's Gate. Under the fatal black arch she knelt and solemnly protested her innocence, prayed and wept, then laughed, and cried again, distracted like one insane. Two of her worst enemies were appointed ladies in waiting, in reality to watch her every movement day and night, tormenting the woful prisoner with questions. "The King wist what he did when he put such women about me," cried the wretched Anne. Faithful friends were lodged

near, but not allowed to come close enough to ward off her persecutors.

On the fourth day of her captivity the Queen wrote a heart-breaking letter to the brute she called her sweet lord. It is so touching and tender I give it in full. The original manuscript you may see in the British Museum.

LAST LETTER OF ANNE BOLEYN TO HENRY EIGHTH.

"THE TOWER, May 6, 1536.

"Sir: Your Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant, whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favor) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient and professed enemy. I no sooner received this message by him than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

"But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak truth, never Prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection than you have ever found in Anne

Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I, at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find: for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your Oueen and companion, far above my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honor, good your Grace, let not my light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot in your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you all, either mine innocency cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from

an open censure, and mine offense being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affections already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some while since have pointed unto; your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicions therein.

"But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you to the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at His general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it shall not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strict imprisonment for my sake.

"If ever I have found favor in your sight, if

ever the name of Anne Boleyn has been pleasant in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

"From my doleful prison in the Tower this 6th of May.

"Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

"ANNE BOLEYN."

The trial was held the 16th May in the great Hall of the Tower, the scene of much iniquity. but none so black as this. The twenty-six "lords triers" were picked men who knew Henry's will and pitiless cruelty. The defenceless prisoner had no counsel or advice of any kind, but she bore herself composedly, and fearlessly held up her hand and pleaded not guilty. The records of the trial were destroyed, but it is said she defended herself with power and eloquence. It was a mere form: she was sentenced to be burnt or beheaded in three days, at the pleasure of the sovereign, and was requested to lay aside her crown, which she did, swearing herself innocent of any crime against her husband. Then clasping her hands, she appealed from earth to heaven, to the One who judgeth quick and dead: "O Father!

O Creator! Thou who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life! Thou knowest that I have not deserved this fate!"

The whole proceeding was a bitter mockery, the deliberate sentence to death of one wife to make room for another.

She knew him too well to entreat for life or an extension of time. Three days more were allowed her, and of the hundreds the lovely lady had befriended not one was bold enough to stand between the murderer and the Queen. He was surrounded by flatterers who compared him to Absalom for beauty, Solomon for wisdom, and heroes ancient and modern for courage. And the same day she was condemned bluff King Harry signed the death warrant of his "entirely beloved Anne Boleyn."

In the dismal Tower she wrote her own requiem, so pitiful, yet so brave a thing few souls could dare. It begins:

"O Death! rock me asleep!
Bring on my quiet rest;
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Ring out the doleful knell;
Let its sound my death tell;
For I must die.
There is no remedy,
For now I die!"

Her old friend, Sir Henry Kingston, was charged to announce the dreadful sentence that she be beheaded at noon the 19th of May, 1536, and, instead of the axe, the King graciously ordered she be beheaded by a sword; there was an expert in the horrid business who should be sent for to come from Calais.

Said the messenger, "I told her that the pain would be little, it was so subtle;" and then she replied, "I have heard say the executioner is very good, and my neck is very slender," upon which she clasped it with her two hands and smiled serenely; was even cheerful.

A few minutes before noon the Queen of England, attended by four maids of honor, appeared on Tower Hill, dressed in a robe of black damask, with deep white crape ruffling her neck, a black velvet hood on her head. Her cheeks were flushed with fever, and her beauty, says an eyewitness, was fearful to look upon.

In sight of the scaffold she made a speech, resigned and gentle: "I come here to die, not to accuse my enemies. . . . I pray God to save the King, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler and more merciful Prince was there never. To me he was ever a good and gentle sovereign lord. . . . Thus I take my leave of

the world and of you, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me."

Then she bade her weeping ladies farewell, refusing to allow her eyes to be covered, and the skilful Frenchman, avoiding her reproachful glance, with one blow of the sharp steel parted the burning brain from the true heart, and Anne Boleyn entered the strange peace we call death.

The dripping head with its soft silky tresses and the dissevered body reeking in blood were thrown into an old elm chest that had been used for keeping arrows, and carelessly buried in the chapel, without hymn or prayer.

Again the Tower guns sounded—the signal for death, not life. The solemn knell was music of wedding-bells in the listening ear of Henry. Dressed for the chase, he had stood under a spreading oak waiting impatiently till the sundial told noon, when the heavy booming filled the air. "Ha! ha!" he cried, with unnatural joy. "The deed is done. Uncouple the hounds and away!" And mounting his horse, he rode at fiery speed to his bride expectant at Wolf Hall. The peerless Seymour, the pure white lily-bud, in the freshness of life's morning, married Bluebeard the very next day.

The wedding feast was spread, the coronation a cloudless splendor; submissive courtiers held

to the ancient proverb that the crown covers all mistakes, and they kissed the bloody hand of their master and hung on the smiles of the youthful Queen.

The sins of Anne Boleyn lie lightly on her now. Whatever her vanity and follies, she was a thousand thousand times too good for her "merciful Prince."

The fair Seymour, happily for herself, died the next year after her marriage, and Henry made offers to several royal ladies, and to an Italian Princess who had the shrewdness to decline, saving she might consider the proposal if she had two heads, but could not afford to lose her only one by the axe. And it was a good answer. A German Princess married him, and was divorced for Catherine Howard, who was murdered as Anne Boleyn had been; and then came the last wife, Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer. By that time the King was grown a beast, with savage will unbroken, ready to kill, kill, kill whatever opposed caprice, or whim. She lived to nurse him, this proud lady, till his bloated body almost rotted; he became a loathsome object, polluting the air (I may say the world), fearful to approach; and she paid a high price for her diamond coronet and whatever else came by the death of the despot she outlived. Of the latter days of Henry the Eighth the less said the better.

Beloved, these are sorry tales to tell, but the Tower is a dreary place, and the greater portion of its history was made in barbarous ages. The historian mousing through the records of a terrible past has little pleasure, except in the thought that these murderous old days are ended forever. It is now a government store-house and armory.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN IMPRISONED.

One more story, and we say good-bye to the famous Tower whose foundations were laid by Julius Cæsar.

Not every reader of its history remembers that the greatest of England's rulers was once prisoner there. When Bloody Mary, daughter of Henry the Eighth and Katharine of Aragon, was Queen, she had Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, arrested for conspiracy. The Princess, who could look down a lion, clad herself in white to proclaim her innocence, and rode to her prison in an open litter, that she might be seen by the people. A sick girl, faint and pale, her mien was lofty and defiant. It was but eleven days since Lady Jane Grey had been beheaded,

and no one, high or low, knew when he might be marched to the dungeon or the block.

At the Traitor's Gate the Princess Elizabeth refused to land. One of the lords attending told her she must not choose, and, as it was raining, offered her his cloak. She dashed it from her "with a good dash," and setting her foot on the stairs, exclaimed: "I am no traitor! Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee." Instead of passing through the opened gates, she sat on a cold, wet stone, determined not to enter the prison of her own mother. However, the dauntless maid was forced to vield. The death of her half-sister made her Oueen, and she reigned long and wisely, with a strange mixture of weakness in the midst of her wisdom and strength.

Once in a time of peril she mounted a white horse and rode through her army, very stately, in a steel corselet, bareheaded, her page bearing her plumed helmet, and spoke in words unsurpassed for appeal:

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I do assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and

loving people. Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you as you see me at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honor and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart of a King, and of a King of England, too, and think foul scorn that Parma of Spain, or any Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your General, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the word of a Prince, they shall be duly paid you.

"For the mean time my Lieutenant-General shall be in my stead, than whom never Prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my General, by your concord in camp and your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous vic-

tory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

No wonder the troops fell on their knees as one man, and shouted themselves hoarse in applause for their lion Queen, mother of all true Englishmen.

The greatest of peacemakers is Time. The two daughters of Henry the Eighth—Mary and Elizabeth—heirs of a contested throne, so wide apart and repellant in life, are at one now. Henry the Seventh's Chapel of Westminster Abbey contains a narrow vault that holds what remains of the rival Queens. Their tomb allows no other tenant, and they will never more be divided. In calm after storm the unquiet Tudor sisters lie there alone, the leaden casket of Elizabeth resting on the coffin of Mary, well named the Bloody.

VIII.

A FAIR CLIENT'S STORY.

One cold November night my husband and I settled to a long, quiet evening with books and newspapers.

A furious storm was raging. I had closed blinds, drawn bolt and bar against it, and heaped the hall mat behind a crack under the street door, which long has baffled the skill of the most expert carpenters in Jefferson. The children were fairly extinguished in bed and asleep, after repeated recitations, at their own request, of a gay old ballad briefly setting forth the life and death of Solomon Grundy, and the production of a certain imbecile conundrum sacred to snowy evenings.

As usual in such a night, I had almost destroyed myself in the vain effort to guess "what's that which goes round the house and round the house and lays a white glove in every window?" This done, and the whole house still as a mouse, I put the finishing stitch and ribbon to a pair of baby-socks, and set them on the mantel for further admiration. In answer to my question as

to their being too sweet for anything, Mr. Willis responded, with manly fervor, "Yes, presently," without raising his eyes from the Tribune.

The wind raved and tore at the shutters, and sharp sleet forced its way between their slats and rattled like shot against the glass where "white gloves" piled in deepening drifts. Firelight and lamplight glowed warm on crimson curtain and carpet, and tipped with ruddy shine bright molding and polished mirror. The pert cuckoo flew out of the clock, flapped her wings, and chirped eight times. The sleepy canary stirred on his perch, gave an answering cheep, tucked his head under his wing and rolled himself into a little yellow ball.

It was the best hour of the week, Saturday night. My six days' work done, I saw it was good, and very good; before me were hours of restful ease and enjoyment, and then dear old Sunday. My lines had fallen in pleasant places; I felt as though I could stretch myself on the velvety rug with Malta and purr in measureless content.

At this happy moment we were startled by a ring of the doorbell; a time unheard-of for visitors even in a pleasant evening, and, in this storm, surely no one on pleasure bent would be out. We looked at each other.

"It can't be one of those dreadful bookagents," I said, doubtfully.

"No; they never make their rounds at night," answered Mr. Willis. "I'm afraid it's a message from the Common Council"—he glanced affectionately at his slippers—"and I've just this minute taken my boots off."

Nora appeared and reported, "A lady to see the gintleman of the house. She says she will wait in the entry till you send word if you bees home for business."

"Now," said Mr. Willis, in a tone of vexation, "Mike Brady has cracked his wife's skull again, or Hartung has tried his butcher's whip on poor Fräulein."

"No, it's not thim," said Nora; "it's a raal lady!"

Feminine clients were by no means rare in my husband's law practice. They usually came to our residence instead of the office; and the first glance at this intruder on our peaceful evening showed her to be what Nora had proclaimed, "a real lady."

She entered the door in a startled way—such a wee mite of a woman!—and with irregular step, which resembled the movement of a blinded bird fluttering to the light, sought the fire and held both hands toward its blaze. Her shawl slipped

from her throat and unveiled a diminutive figure, shaped with exceeding grace, frail as a lily-stem bending under the weight of rain. A profusion of light flossy curls hung below her hood, covered her shoulders and fell about her waist in damp ringlets.

She looked like one born to wear soft raiment, to be shod in satin, mantled and lapped in fur, and borne from velvet carpets to cushioned carriages.

What business could this tender girl, or woman, have, seeking a lawyer's counsel, alone in the wild night, breasting ice and snow, jaded, numbed and chilled?

In seeming forgetfulness of her purpose, she stood mutely facing the fire, as though merely enjoying its warmth and cheer. As we stood behind her, waiting to learn her errand, the mantel mirror gave to view a childish face, delicately molded and deadly pale, which could not have reached its first score of years. Livid rings encircled eyes burnt out with tears or fever; lovely eyes they must have been one day, like violets undimmed, now faded and lusterless. The glance from under their languid lids told of infinite sorrow and long despair.

Suddenly lifting her head, she caught sight of the baby-socks on the mantelpiece. She took

them in her hand—thin as a bird's claw, and almost bleeding with cold—and softly kissed them. There was no mistaking the sign. It was the mother's kiss for her own baby out under the snow.

Ah, thought I, the old tale so often told! She has been deceived, betrayed, deserted. I whispered to John:

"She may not like to speak before me. I will slip out."

The stranger's hearing was too quick for me, and my words broke the trance.

"No, do not go," she said, laying her hand on my arm; "let me tell my story before you!"

There was an appeal in her voice not to be resisted.

"Certainly I will stay. Now take this low chair, put your feet on the fender, child! Let me offer you a glass of wine."

"No, nothing—I want nothing. You call me child; I am a woman. Married—or was." Her voice faltered, and sunk into silence. After a moment, she said, simply: "I do not cry any more. I cried my tears away long ago."

"Let me have your shawl." I took it from under her feet and spread it across my lap. "There, it will be good and warm when you want it. Now take your own time."

Again she essayed to speak, and failed.

"I am in no hurry," said Mr. Willis, kindly. "Don't distress yourself. You have a secret to tell me."

"Yes, it was a secret; but I suppose every one must know it soon. I have been very ill, and it is not easy for me to control my thoughts. I am here for a paper to show that my marriage was unlawful."

My whole heart went out to the bruised and broken creature. Misguided she might have been, but there was neither guilt nor shame in the fair face so young in years, so worn by suffering.

I tried to reassure her, and gradually she nerved herself to speak; and, addressing me, rather than my husband, told her woful tale.

No words of mine can give you an idea of the rapid utterance, the swift gesture, the forlorn wail, "I shall never see him again," at the end of the story.

"Why did you choose such a night as this to come in?" I asked, as she rose to go.

"Because I was advised to consult a lawyer, and it has been on my mind so long, I thought speaking would lighten the load I bear. Thank you both for your patient hearing. I came in

a carriage. The snow is so deep, you did not hear it."

"Let me dismiss it, and you wait till morning. If it is no warmer the storm will have passed by that time."

"Oh, no; my mother would be alarmed; indeed, to make a full confession, I came off without her consent, and in my haste forgot my gloves."

"Then you must at least let me wrap you in my fur cloak."

I brought it, warmed and muffled her in it, and saw her safely lifted to the coach, where she sat alone, passive and desolate, but in better heart—so she said—than when she came. From that night dated a friendship, or rather, love, for Anne Singleton which ended only with her life.

I have never known a woman—and I have known many women—cursed with so fine an organism. Fashioned of clay well-refined, body and spirit were alike sensitive and quivering; and for such natures there is in this bitter world one common doom. From the beginning, they are elected to toil up the steep paths of life, against driving misery, and to tread its sharp thorns with naked feet, torn and bleeding.

A few months after our first meeting she went abroad, and I lost sight of her two years, when she returned to Jefferson, homesick and travelworn, spent with seeking rest and finding none. In appearance unchanged, except that her skin had lost its waxen look, and her silky tresses, those "ringlets rich and rare," showed faint streaks of gray.

I had opportunity to do her a kindness she greatly overrated, and by slow degrees—for she was shy as a humming-bird—I won her to be our frequent visitor, and she became dear to me as a daughter.

She was made to love and be loved, was full of eager tenderness, especially for the little ones, and had kept her pure childish beliefs to womanhood. A certain native grace of movement, and low voice, clear as a meadow-lark's, gave her address a delicate charm. I hold nothing in sweeter memory than the little sing-song in which she used to read fairy tales and recite "The Flower of Love Lies Bleeding," to her adorers—our children, Ben and Mary.

Habitually silent, yet attentive, in the presence of her elders, she rarely smiled. Now and then there were varying tints in her exquisite cheek, and a quick flash of the violet eyes, but her face usually wore the fixed calm of one who has a long time mourned for the dead.

Her home was four miles beyond the town-

or city, I suppose it should be called, though it numbered only five thousand souls—which lay between us. There she lived alone with her mother, a good old body whose chief aim and end appeared to be in the cultivation of hollyhocks and the drying of apples in the sun. It takes whole generations of culture and refinement to produce such a woman as Anne Singleton, and if the gushing old novels were yet in belief I should fancy she had been changed in the cradle.

Toward the town people Mrs. Singleton held a thin ice of reserve in manner, that distanced familiarity and silenced gossip. There was a suspicion, named only in the lowest whisper, that this fine lady who had traveled everywhere and seen everything, had been converted to Romanism. Perhaps the Mother Church, in its marvelous adaptation to every want of the human soul, had seemed to her the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and she had found refuge in its broad shelter. She kept aloof from society and all churches. The gracious charities, which large fortune gave her ample means of dispensing, went far toward averting heavy judgments from her neighbors. She was quietly allowed to pass as a privileged person, not to be judged by ordinary rulers.

Various elegant belongings brought from abroad made her rather conspicuous in town. Among these was a phaeton of cunning work, the airiest, fairiest thing under the sun, light as a wicker toy, graceful as the sea-shell after which it was modeled. Add to this an Indian pony, Tecumseh by name, a genuine mustang, ready to kick and bite every one but his gentle mistress, a brave harness of blue and silver, with gay rosette and streaming ribbon, and there was a turnout the envy and despair of our whole country.

She was very fond of driving over the prairie with Mary and Ben, our two elder children. They were brought up, or, as we Indianians say, "raised," on Pilgrim's Progress, and had named it the "King's Garden," and well was it so called. Not in the flower-beds of England, the tulip borders of Holland, nor even in the pleasant land of France, have I seen such outpouring of vivid color from the hand of the Great Master as on the sweeping levels of the Western plains.

From long excursions the children, as we called them, came in at evening with a fragrant load of herb and flower, and garlanded with vines and braided creepers.

"You have a special knack at this sort of work," I once said to Anne.

"Yes, I learned it of the basket weavers of Brabant; but they have no such material as this, only twigs, reeds and rushes. There is no end of treasure in the King's Garden, and I give you the spoil of our whole day's hunt."

"Generous woman! and what return can I make you?"

"That you lend me your jewels through all the fine days. Mary is a pearl which needs sunning. You know pearls require air and exercise; lock them up and they lose their complexion."

"Precisely. Take them and welcome; but I lay an injunction on you to be back and the youngsters in bed by dark."

"Depend on me, and many thanks for the loan. I will teach your pretty boy every blind road and by-path throughout the length and breadth of Wea Plains."

Well did Anne keep her promise. From the day the first dandelion looked up in the grass, till Indian Summer, with its magical lights and dreamy mists lulls the world to rest, the children haunted prairie and forest, apparently as happy as though youth was eternal and fauns still piped to the wood-nymphs of a new Arcadia, and Endymion slept in the moonlight on low Western hills.

In the heart of the prairie they often met a

professional hunter, who made a living by sending game to the St. Louis market. He was skilled in the subtle mysteries of trapping and fishing, and had so long been monarch of all he surveyed as to watch with jealous eye even a picnic that had appeared encroaching on his game preserves. A surly fellow, gaunt, mackerel-eyed, "sandy complected," and freckled as the tiger-lilies growing by his cabin-door.

One summer morning while I was at work with trowel and scissors among my roses, he scaled the garden wall, which was neither high nor hard to climb, strode up the walk and favored me with a generous burst of confidence. Without needless preface plunging at once into his subject:

"I say, Miss Willis," he began, "that Miss Midget who totes your young folks round in the gay buggy had better mind what she's about!"

"What's the matter, Griffith? She's a very harmless lady! Only a child herself. Are you in danger of taking her for a fawn or a fox?"

"Not yet awhile," grinding his heel into the gravel, "But the way she does go on, it beats all! I've saw her wade out with your little Mary to whare the grass is higher'n both thare heads.

Why, I mind the time when there was blue racers there more'n six feet long."

"You haven't noticed any lately, have you?" I asked, seating myself in the arbor, for I saw my visitor had come to "talk his mind."

"No, I'm obleeged; just as cheap standin'." Here Griffith struck the classic pose of the Colossus of Rhodes. "As I was sayin', I disremember the last, but the parayra rattlers! Every fool knows nothin' can cure their bite, not even red ash leaves. And that isn't all. Down by the swamps, among the skunk-cabbage and cattails, there used to be hoop-snakes that would take their tails in their mouths and roll arter you like a bar'l-hoop, and jointed snakes that fly to flinders at a blow, and every piece git together and in running order by sundown."

"But really, nothing appears to hurt Mrs. Singleton," I pleaded.

"Nobody knows when he's safe. I've tuck notice to her ever since she was knee-high to a duck, and she's out a-flyin' round every day, rain or shine."

"I promise to warn the little lady of these perils. Perhaps she's a trifle willful."

"Willful's a feeble word," said the hunter, warming with his own eloquence. "I told her once she'd better not take off them boots of hern

to paddle her feet in the spring branch, the first thing she knowed there'd be leeches a-hangin' on her toes. She jest looked me through and through, and Ben he snickered out in my face."

"I shall call Ben to account for his ill manners."

"Oh, I don't keer; but it 'peers like that young woman's no account. What good is sich people in the world, anyhow?"

"What good is there in a rose, Griffith?"

"Why a rose is a good for pretty."

"Yes, and so is my children's friend. She sweetens and brightens this whole country, and the boy fairly worships her; and, now I think of it, she left a nice fishing-rod here for you, with her compliments. Will you take it now?"

"Bless me, yes, and snap at it."

I ran into the house and brought out the case. He unlocked it, and scanning each separate joint of the pole, fitted them together, rubbed them with his handkerchief, and then burst out:

"Well, I swan! That woman is a rose and no mistake! Who'd a-thought I'd a-lived to own a bamboo Chinee fishpole!"

"She has some nice ways, after all, hasn't she?"

"Yes, she has; and many a bass I'll send her for this. Now I must be a gittin' along to the train." He turned to go, and, after a few steps,

came back, and thusting his freckled hand in his pocket, said, sheepishly: "Maybe you'd best not tell Miss Midget—bother—what's her name?—about the blue racers. I have my doubts about 'em, anyhow."

"No; and as you say it might make her afraid, so we'll keep it to ourselves."

The hunter seemed relieved, and pensively chewing a budding rose, he inquired:

"Do you mind the old ellum that leans over the creek by Indian Ford?"

"The one wrapped with poison ivy?"

"Jes so. Well, I see her thare last October in the fall, kinder campin' out, and a mighty pretty sight it was. Ben he built a fire, and Miss Midget she spread a striped table-cloth on a stump, and laid a row of blood-red maple-leaves round it, and red haws on green leaves, and black haws on yellow ones, and a pile of pawpaws in a bunch like them furrin things."

"Bananas, you mean."

"Them's um. I peeked a while, and heern her chatter away like all possest; but the minit I hove in sight, she shet up tight as a clamshell, yet she doesn't seem skeary, neither. As I was sayin', your little Mary said a blessin', then they passed round crackers no bigger'n a minit, and poured tea in baby cups, and topped off with a

mess of chinkapins and hickory-nuts. A gay bird set on a swingin' limb and winked at 'em, and the chipmunks didn't seem to mind 'em no mor'n if they was squirrels theirselves. She's mighty peert and sociable with them sort of things, but not with folks. Now I must break for the train."

"Good-by, then, if you will go."

"Good-day. Tell Ben if he'll come round some Saturday, I'll teach him how to track woodchucks, and some moonshiny night we'll tree a coon. I'd a showed him long ago, but boys is so leaky they can't keep nothin'."

A timely call to the nursery ended the parlance, which otherwise might have flowed on like the brook we all know and love so well.

It was plain that my sweet Anne was condemned in a society where the useful contends with the beautiful; set down as "no account" by the housekeepers of Jefferson, who did their own work and cooked their way through all the books, from Miss Leslie to Pierre Blot.

'Twere vain to tell what sylvan treasures accumulated in our back yard that summer. The flights of catstairs, the rushes to scour tins with, the roots for transplanting, forgotten over night, sassafras for tea nobody liked, catnip for babies never born, pennyroyal for mosquitoes never

near, thyme good for all time, everlastings for eternity, and balsam for everything.

In tangled thickets, dark as robber paths, their bright eyes glanced, and many a dusky labyrinth

"Made by Nature for herself,"

bore the light print of their innocent feet.

There is no cure for sorrow like the company of happy children.

A year went by; in their unconscious ministry, and under the sweet influences of nature, Anne's face rounded, healthful tints played on cheek and lip. There was healing in the wings of the South wind, balm of Gilead in shrub and tree; and bird, bee, and murmuring water revealed to her finely tuned ear snatches of the old music in which the young earth answered the song of the morning stars. Such tender light beamed in the violet eyes and brightened the pensive face, I had hope that somewhere in the secret places of the King's Garden she had found, and wore hid in her bosom, a sprig of the herb called heart's ease.

One afternoon in June they were gone later than usual. The long, hot day was spent, and shadows fell in blessing on parched earth and drooping flower. Six o'clock came, seven; tea was over, yet no children. I feared Tecumseh, true to his Indian instincts, might, after years of kindness, play some vicious trick. I walked to the carriage gate and looked a little anxiously toward the East, where a winding lane, by which they should return, led to the broad road, now fast growing to the dignity of a street.

It was a heavenly evening. The new moon, a faint crescent, hung dim in the Western horizon, crickets chirped their shrill song, and swallows circled low in airy flights. The sky was soft, the winds were whist. Opposite me, across the way, a glorious forest of beech trees stood in close ranks, with trunks solid and immovable as shafts of stone. Beneath their drooping boughs the leafy arches were vistas of silence, where even at noon light and darkness strove for the mastery, and when the sun scorched like flame their foliage was cool and fresh. There twilight trailed her banner of purple and gold, and in its shadow—the first halting-place of advancing night—hovered peace and midnight hush.

My watch was not long. Soon my eager ear caught the sound of rapid hoof-beats and voices gayly singing:

"There is a happy land, Far, far away."

A sudden turn of the lane brought in sight the fairy chariot, flaming with scarlet poppies and

wild eglantine, its three passengers crowned with lilies and embowered in an arch of plaited red willow mixed with plumes of feathery fern. Every portion of the harness was a wavy rope of blossom and verdure, and Tecumseh was further embellished with a necklace of star flowers, his mane braided with larkspur, and in his forelock shone a big Miami rose. The golden light transfigured each face, and as the fantastic car approached, iris-hued and radiant with its burden of beauty and bloom, I thought it the loveliest picture I ever beheld. I think so still.

We merrily saluted with waving hats and handkerchiefs. The children jumped over the wheels and hung round me with hugs and kisses.

"Now," said Anne, "be quick, Mary and Ben. It is too late to drive in; unload your things and be off."

They gathered up their flowers and scampered away to the house.

"What kept you so long?" I asked. "I began to think some outlaw had spirited you away to Redwood Forest."

"I did not notice the time. We have been by the riverside beyond the prairie, saw the mirage for the first time this year, and found——"

"That the happy land is not so 'far, far away,'" I said, interrupting her.

"It may be nearer than we know," said Anne, reverently, with a weary smile. "I have a bunch of violets for you. They grew under the moss and alders of the lower spring, a little wilted now, but sweeter in death than anything else in life." She stepped lightly from the low carriage to the sidewalk. "They are lovely against your brown hair."

She fastened them carefully (I have those wilted petals yet), and after a moment's pause reached up and kissed me.

Anne had never been given to caresses; her warmest endearment was to call me "my friend," and the action was a sweet surprise. I drew the slight, pliant figure close to my side, my hand on her heart, and felt it throb in irregular, heavy strokes.

"You are tired, dear, and a trifle out of spirits. Isn't it so?"

"Somewhat tired; but I shall sleep well tonight," she answered, evasively.

"Something ails you, little one. What is it? Whisper to me now, and I will bend my ear so close even pony cannot hear a word."

Just then there swung through the deepening hush of evening the mellow chime of the cathedral bell. It was a delightful bell, made at Milan, and bought with a great price. Wherever we might be we always hushed to hear it, partly because it was newly hung and had the charm of novelty, more for its rich and resonant note, which held the ear and swayed us like music. I felt Anne tremble as we stood in silence, listening to what seemed a deep wave of sound swelling toward us from an unseen world close at hand. Her head bowed as to a benediction, and when the quivering echo, long lingering, died into silence, she said, softly:

"It is the vesper. Oh, how often have I heard the answering bells on the hills about old Rome. How good it is to hear it here."

Her eyes wore the unseeing gaze of a dreamer. They wandered over the green earth filled with the "pomp of glorious summer," then up to the sky, which vapory shadows veiled in a robe of tender gray. As she stood in the paling light, the silver lilies about her brow, so fragile in her evanescent beauty, her appearance impressed me painfully. My motherly heart yearned toward the fair creature who looked fleeting as her dying flowers, and I said, with an effort at unconcern:

"Are you going abroad again? It is plain you are plotting something. Is that it?"

"No, no! To-day is Friday. If I live I shall come again next Tuesday. Now, one kiss, and a

thousand good-nights! I have four miles to make in this dusk!"

"Good-night, pretty one! Mind the iron bridge! Don't let pony shy off!"

She seated herself in the phaeton, and picked up the blue ribbons. The pony sprung forward at her touch. She looked back, shouted and pointed toward the sundown, but Tecumseh was on the home-stretch, and her words did not reach me.

It was Dante's fair spirit wreathing flowers with flowers on the edge of happy Lethe. I saw Anne Singleton in life no more.

She died suddenly and alone. Physicians thought, and I suppose truly, it was of heart-disease. Among her effects was found a small Roman cabinet, sealed and addressed to me. With many tears I opened it, and the first thing my glance fell on was a sealed envelope marked, "My Husband." It held a locket of plain gold, containing a ring of shining hair, and the miniature of a young man—a serene, poetic face of surpassing beauty.

Possibly the artist had idealized his subject, but one does not see three such heads in a life-time. Its graceful outline was relieved against a background of dark blue; the deep, Judean eyes were managed with wonderful skill, in life

they must have shone with steady luster; the forehead, ample, but not too high; the hair and beard, colored the peculiar reddish-brown familiar to the old masters' pencils. Only a nimbus was lacking to make the pictorial face a close copy of Murillo's "Ruler of the Marriage Feast in Cana."

Under the portrait were a few trinkets—souvenirs of travel—mainly of Florentine work. An ivory crucifix; a package of letters, perfumed, like the dead, with heliotrope and tuberose; and a journal kept at intervals over a period of six years. It touched me deeply to find the last note in it was made but a few days before our final parting. In fresh ink below it was written, "I leave this to you, my friend, because I cannot burn what is so dear to me."

From these broken, scattered threads I have woven the brief history, which is most naturally repeated, as the greater portion came to me, in the first person.

* * * * *

I have no recollection of my father. I cannot remember beyond a time when my mother and I lived alone in a little cottage near a maple-grove, beyond which the prairie—a flowery savanna—rolled away to the edge of a river, whose course could be easily traced by the white

fog in summer, the black line in winter. I grew up with slight restraint or control, a lonely child. given to idleness and dreaming, and the prairie was my garden, my playground and companion. Sometimes I fancied it was a sea, stretching to the Eastern horizon; the groves dotting its surface were regions like the Fortunate Isles of the story books, blossoming in fadeless splendor, filled with spicery, myrrh and balm, whose faint odors reached me in summer evenings. Though seeming near, I knew they were miles away, and longed to break the mystery that shrouded them, and explore the rich solitudes which promised everything to my imagination. When the rank grass was taller than my head, I knew where fern-leaves grew broadest, where strawberries were sweetest, and loved to watch a shower, and run before wind and rain into the house. But I loved the prairie best in hot August days, when before my dazzled eyes uprose the wonderful mirage; fairy towers and palaces, silver fountains and plumy palms hanging in mid-air over the green waves of verdure. I filled those airy castles with princes and paladins, heroes and crusaders, and in girlish dreaming, fancied a mounted knight in bright armor, with flashing sword and spur, would some day dash up to the door, swing me into the saddle, and gallop away with me to the great world which lay hidden beyond the river. Thus I grew to womanhood in the wild beauty of the prairie; its bloom on my cheek, its freedom in my step, and, I would willingly believe, some portion of its sweetness in my heart and soul.

The mailed knight on the coal-black steed tarried so long on the mountain I quit looking for him, and met my destiny in the guise of a merchant of New York. It was at a small party given by one of my schoolmates in the neighboring village. The word beautiful is rarely applied to men, but it rightfully belonged to William Singleton. The turn of his head and shoulders was peculiarly graceful, the color of his hair and beard precisely that I have since seen in Old World pictures of Christ, "the color of a ripe filbert," as Lentulus described it.

Something of city polish and refinement marked him from the rustics about him; he entered heartily into our sports, and when the evening's fun was at its height a game of romps was proposed, and, amid shouts of laughter, Mr. Singleton was blindfolded. The room was too crowded for escape, and I was soon caught.

"It is the little lady in blue," said he, holding my arm tightly, "I don't know her name, but now she must sit down." I did so, and in the shadow of a curtain watched the progress of the game. It mattered little who was caught or who struggled away, I saw only the dark eyes, the princely brow, the chestnut hair of William Singleton; heard but the one voice which touched my ear and subdued my soul as the South wind quieteth the earth. He drew me as by subtle magnetism, and in that hour all the currents of my being set toward the graceful stranger.

He walked home with me, the way was long, he talked like one well pleased, and at parting asked leave to visit me. In Jefferson society scant ceremony sufficed, and the permission was readily given. He called next day, and the fourth day after our first meeting I sat in the latticed porch idly gazing at the Western sky, then ablaze with yellow light, which gilded the long grass and groves which lay in the level expanse like "Summer isles of Eden."

A narrow footpath wound across the open meadow, and slowly, as one oppressed with thought, I saw Mr. Singleton approach. Though unrevealed by word or sign, I knew he sought me, and why. Some presence or intelligence, spirit of earth or air, whispered the coming secret.

We sat in the porch together, and he made a

passionate declaration of love, which I heard without affectation of surprise or indifference. He said his life had been one long disappointment, his aims baffled from first to last.

"If the sunny places dreamed of in childhood were spread for me, I never found them, till now I seem to be nearing a sweet resting place." He paused, trembling visibly, while I held my breath to hear. "I love you, truly, as I could after a year's acquaintance. Has hope befooled me? If you are not promised to another, give me a little love now, more by-and-by; for this moment, Anne Raymond, you are dear to me as my own soul."

He snatched my hand fiercely as if I had intended to break away, but I had no such purpose. I frankly looked into the dark, bright eyes, and said:

"I have loved you from the first, and shall love

you to the last."

He wrapped me in his arms and covered my face with lingering kisses. Oh, why did I not die in that hour? his cheek against mine, his voice in my ear, murmuring words from the first love song:

"Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee! My dove, my undefiled is but one, she is

the only one of her mother."

Evening fell round us, myriad voices of bird and insect echoed through the gathering gloom, but we heard them not. We had drifted away, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, and heeded nothing on earth or in heaven but the rapture of loving. The noise of closing shutters snapped the spell.

"I must speak with your mother," said William, releasing me from his arms. "In the early train I leave for New York to-morrow. In four months I will come to you again, and then"—he spoke exultingly—"then, my little darling, we will be married."

I wonder now at my ignorance and blind trust; at mother's consent, when asked to give her only child to a stranger—we were but simple women—he appeared to us like some Eastern prince come on purpose to seek and claim his own, and a half-hour's pleading won her to his cause. We parted, not without tears, my betrothed to business a thousand miles away, I to my little chamber under the roof, that thoughts of him made brighter than ever before. Mine was the perfect love which casteth out fear. I asked no questions, required no pledge, sure he was mine, and our union natural as to live and breathe. I never thought of asking whether he was rich or poor, or, indeed, of any question. I

only knew him to be young, beautiful beyond the privilege of men, and my lover. My cup was filled and crowned. My colorless life, flushed and warmed, glowed with tropic splendor.

The winter sped swiftly. I was busy tucking and ruffling, preparing for the future into which doubt, suspicion or regret never for one moment entered. It was agreed the wedding should take place in June. Mother should live with us just the same, with only the difference that then she should have a son as well as a daughter. The bright hour came, and one soft, fair evening, when the earth, long buried in snow, put on youth again, rising as to resurrection, we were quietly married. There was no tour proposed by him or anticipated by me. Whatever he suggested was best, and wherever he went there was my home, my only home. A month went bythirty precious days, like the thirty rooms in the enchanted castle, each more beautiful than all the others. An idle, foolish, happy time. Under the blue sky, like the protecting hand of God above us, we wandered beside glassy ponds bordered with lilies, and through flowery meadows, repeating the endless story, old as the hollow murmur of the river, sweeter than ever sang bird in summer.

As we sat in the doorstep one evening, William said to me:

"Anne, my little girl, I cannot wait longer to tell you I cannot live with you all the time."

"And why not, my love? You know I cannot live without you."

"Because of business. I must be in Owego three months of the year, three months I travel, and the remainder of the time am in the city when I am not with you. It would be very expensive to take you everywhere, and much better to stay with your mother, who cannot well do without you."

"I will if you make me," I answered, clinging to him; "but it is very hard. Indeed I did not expect this, William, and am not ready to obey you, though I promised so lately to do it."

A whippoorwill set up his boding cry in the willows, and the dismal notes fell on my ear like a dirge.

"A bird of ill omen," I said.

"Yes, but I don't believe in signs. If you do, look at the lovely light in the West and take that as a sign of safe return and long reunion." He drew me to him closer, and added: "Tell me, sweet, if a stranger should come and tell you of a crime I had committed, would you believe in me all the same?"

"I took you for life and death; but what a question. Have you murdered somebody?"

I laughed and smoothed his clustering hair, those beautiful silken locks, without misgiving. Lovers always talk so, I thought.

"Would you believe the tale?" he asked earnestly.

"Would I? Oh, yes," I said, lightly. "I would believe you murdered a lone traveler, robbed him, cut off his finger for the ring, and buried him under the stones of the hearth. Yes, I warn you I shall believe the story when it comes, and then I shall leave you for ever and a day."

In the dying twilight I saw his face change, and made haste to say:

"I was only laughing at you, foolish boy. Though all the world should forsake you, I should never."

Oh, how my young heart bowed down to that man who was to me an embodied day-dream! It was pure idolatry. I could have laid all the crowns of earth at his feet, and anointed them with my lifeblood had he demanded so high a sacrifice.

He left me the day afterward, and long separation followed, cheered by hopeful words for the hour of my great trial—a trial without reward, for my baby never breathed. We laid the little waxen image away under the ice and snow, and mourned for it with bitter tears. The fairy socks and dainty embroideries, worked with loving care, were sprinkled with rose-leaves and lavender, locked in a drawer which seemed like a grave, and so that dream died.

Health returned slowly, but sickness had a charm, for it brought me nearer, if that could be, to my husband, and no one was ever petted, caressed, indulged more than I was. I think William must have been happy, too, as he sat through long hours in silence, better than other's speech, holding my wasted hand in his own. I had reached a tranquil pause, a calm resting in the present. A peace fell on me, deep as the old Pilgrim's after he had passed the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and lay down and slept in a meadow curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year long.

But this could not last, and the day came when business claimed my husband once more. Softly fell the dews of that last evening. Let me linger a moment over the dear, remembered picture. I see it yet, the low cottage shaded by wild vines that climbed to its roof, the grassy lawn sloping to the fence by the roadside, beyond it the prairie, blooming in tangled luxuriance down to the black line of the river. The

world without us might be dull and dreary, but ours was all peace and love.

We sat by an open window, through which the breeze brought health and perfume, the voices of robins calling their young, and the rush and roar of the river, now swollen by spring rains. My heart was full, and my voice faltered as I asked, for the hundredth time:

"May I go with you, my love?"

"I do not know, child. Some day, when it seems best—some day," he repeated, dreamily, as if talking with himself; "if not here, up yonder," and he pointed to the evening star, twinkling pale in the twilight.

"You put me off so long. Fix a day, even if it is a long while to wait; give me a promise to rest on. When may I go?"

"Maybe not on earth, maybe next time I come. My little girl," he said, with pitying tenderness, "try to be content. I do all with a view to what is best for us both, and bear you a love passing the love of woman. Now for a lock of your hair, that is all of you I can take away this time."

My hair, escaped from its net, hung in loose masses over my shoulders. He took the scissors, long unused, from the work-basket, cut a bright band of gold, wound it in a ring, and fastened it under in a locket I had given him. I swallowed

my tears and looked toward the East, radiant with Orion, Arcturus and his sons, and thought I could welcome the death which would give us eternal reunion there. He soothed and quieted me, but would not or could not stay, nor yet allow me to go with him.

I watched his receding form as he set out next day. Now and then he turned to wave his hand, till a bend in the road shut him from sight, and I felt I should see him no more till I see him for ever.

Several months passed. I was not strong, and life without my husband was as altered as my faded face. Slowly the time wore on till I began to expect him home. The thought gave my cheek new brightness. I was well again, and no one but myself should arrange the house for his coming. Our snug parlor was the very picture of serene comfort; the easy-chair of my father was in its place, slippers were on the rug, and, as the day was damp, a wood fire behind the brightest andirons crackled a merry welcome home. Train time came, and I, too happy to sit still, restlessly wandered through the house trying to find something left undone, but all was in perfect order, every chair in proper standing, every fold of drapery exactly right. I could not bear the sight of mother quietly knitting, she appeared so

unconcerned; and, oppressed and expectant, I leaned over the gate and looked toward the village by which he should come. No William in sight, but a woman walking toward me. As she slowly approached, I had ample time to mark her dress and bearing, and a dark presentiment fell on my heart that this person was a messenger of Fate coming from him to me.

She was, perhaps, thirty-five years of age, hard featured, muscular, sallow, not exactly vulgar-looking, but common—exceedingly common. Her clothes were costly, but badly chosen and ill-fitting. She carried a small valise, which she rested on the ground when she neared the gate. Then she boldly eyed me a moment, and then asked:

"Does a man named William Singleton live here?"

"He does."

"Is he tu hum?"

Her manner was eager and curious, and she spoke in Western New York dialect.

I shivered as with sudden pain.

"He is not," I answered.

"Air you acquainted with him?"

"I am his wife," I replied, trembling from head to foot.

"You air, now deu tell! You may as well know

it first as last!" She paused before striking the deadly blow. "So be I! Now, now——"

I heard no more. I fell prone on the earth, my face in the dust.

I afterward learned she lifted me in her arms and carried me into the house, where she explained to mother that she was the true Mrs. William Singleton—married ten years ago; had heard a rumor of this marriage, and, after finding an empty envelope post-marked "Jefferson, Indiana," determined to know the truth. She set out at once. The result is already known.

The story was told without much feeling, and the woman, coarse but kindly, said: "She didn't know how Bill could make up his mind to act so, and was very sorry she hadn't broke it easier to the poor young thing!"

Mother was easily moved, and invited the stranger to remain with her, instead of returning to the hotel. She did so, and for one night two wives of the same husband slept under one roof.

And I? How truly has it been written of utter, utter misery, that it cannot be remembered? A horror of great darkness fell on me—the blackness of desolation! A deluge had rushed over my world. Above its wreck no light of sun or star, sign of promise, dove or olive! Bless you, dear mother, for your gentle nursing, that, little

by little, raised me from prostration of mind and body, and won me back to life again. I went down into the very gates of Death and looked in his face; I lay in his lap and slept in his outer chambers.

A letter came, and my feeble pulses fluttered at sight of the familiar handwriting, but weeks went by before I could gain courage to break the seal. I smoothed the envelope as though it had been a living thing that could feel caresses. Many times I kissed it; many days carried it in my bosom pressed close to my aching breast! I longed to open it, but was afraid. How could he explain his deceit so I could—as I must—forgive him? Broken in heart and body, moaning and well-nigh dead, I yet kept one thought which saved me from madness. I had loved and been beloved.

At last, by the dim light of the lamp, while my wornout mother was buried in sleep, I unsealed the revelation. Still and solemn was the night, dread the moment, as when the seventh seal was broken and there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour.

The letter was long; explaining how, in the seclusion of the country, William thought he had loved a woman four years his senior; a boyish penchant, that would have died and been

forgotten, but under a hasty and mistaken impulse they were married:

"At the time I had no one to compare with Ellen, and as my observation enlarged and showed me of what coarse fiber and make the companion I had chosen for life's journey really was, I speedily rued my folly. Had we children they might have brought us together, but this was denied us, and, as I grew older, I grew away from her, and wore the marriage-bond not as a rosy garland, but a heavy fetter, dragging me down to the very dust. I tried to be just and kind, and believe I was, in every outward sign. She was easily satisfied, and a happy obtuseness prevented a sense of inferiority on her part or of coldness on mine.

"Artfully I veiled my disappointment, and, having accepted this order of things, I thought by doing my whole duty to find in that difficult path all the happiness destined for my portion. My heart grew hard and indifferent, but never swerved from its allegiance to her, and, after years of trial, I believed myself beyond the reach of temptation.

"I saw you and the delusion burst. To a terrible blunder I determined to add foul crime, but never did I mean to torture you, my darling,

my darling! Some day I thought she would die, and then you could be lawfully my own. She die! The very birds of the air would carry my hideous secret. Fool, fool! that I was, and blind! She had the strength of ten such women as you, and resolution enough to strangle me in my sleep if once she willed it.

"Forgive me for your abused trust, your blighted life, your ruined name. I have no excuse but the mad passion which possessed me when I recognized in you all my nature demanded but never found in her. Do you remember the old verse I used to sing under the clematis by the porch?—

"'Thou art all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine;
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers are mine.'

"But this is mockery. The poets say affection never was wasted, nor any true love in vain. The purple and gold of your heart are mine to hold and to keep for ever. Blessings on you for the fleeting glimpse of Eden which you gave, and you alone can restore. That vision cannot fade, till all fades. Even now, I look backward to its happy gate, nor can awful cherubim or flaming sword drive me far from the garden
where the fairest of women walked with me, making it Paradise.

"I linger over this page. Slowly I bring it to a close, for it is parting the last strand of the bond that unites us.

"Of course you know our marriage is null. Go to some lawyer, have him give you a paper to that effect, and send it to Ellen, as a security against future visits from her. She bears my name and enjoys my fortune, but henceforth my arms are empty, for there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

"These are my last words on earth, but I shall find thee again, sweet wife! in the better land, where all wrongs are righted, and shall be there, as I am here—only thine,

"WILLIAM SINGLETON."

You have seen old forests called deadenings—girdled trees standing bare and lifeless, their branches bleached to ghastly skeletons, which spring rain or summer sun will never warm to leaf or flower. Such is my life. The bloom has vanished from it, and cannot come back any more than the rose leaves we used to toss into the river can drift to our feet again.

I wrote a few words to my husband—let me

call him by that dear name still—and returned his many valuable gifts, but not all of them. In the churchyard is a nameless grave, scarcely more than a span long, where lies buried dust that is his as well as mine, binding us yet by the mystery of death and the deeper mystery of life.

Shortly afterward an unexpected inheritance fell to us, and with mother and her youngest brother I wore away two years in travel, finding in the din and tumult of cities something in accord with my restless, unsatisfied nature. We visited Rome, Constantinople, Damascus, and, driven by feverish unrest, flew from place to place, trying to escape memories which haunted me like pale specters. We saw Karnak and Luxor, the splendors of the furthest East, and with reverent feet trod the holy hills round about Jerusalem.

But the magic light was gone from sea and land. There was no thrill when I rested my hand on the stone where the Savior of the world might have lain. Coldly I looked on Gethsemane and Calvary, wearily I rocked in the fairy boats of the Adriatic, and names whose glory has filled the earth, legend, fable and story, all the siren songs of the Mediterranean, fell on listless ears.

I thirsted for the cool springs of my own

meadow brook; in dreams gathered lily buds and bells, and sat among the purple water flags and dipped my fevered feet in the golden-brown ripples that rose to kiss them. Better to me the prairie breeze, with its fresh scents of spicewood, mint and calamus, than all Æolian airs, wafted from summer seas across the soft Campania. So I came home to them as the tired child to its mother.

Time, the consoler, laid his hand on my heart, stilling its pulses to quiet, healthful beating, and I settled to the calm duties of the kind of life the world gives those of whom it significantly says, "She has been disappointed."

I have health, one tried friend not bound to me by ties of blood, and mother love, the daily manna of the wilderness. Yesterday a newspaper paragraph (she sent it) announced the death of William Singleton. I had thought my love, too, was cold and dead, but it stirred under its winding-sheet, uncovered its face, rose and stood before me in the light of morning.

Through the long afternoon I threaded familiar paths beside glittering waters, and listened to words like old remembered music heard in the stillness of summer nights. The risen dead, beloved of my soul, went with me. I saw the perfect face, with its divine eyes, so like the King

in His beauty. I leaned on my beloved, and in the purple twilight tiny hands waved to us from out the shadowy distance. Last night, oh, happy night, some pitying spirit lifted the weight of years. I felt warm breathings, soft touches of my baby that died without the light, and under the shadow of sheltering wings slept as they sleep who wake in Paradise.

Divided from her, he is all mine. And now I await reunion, warned by surer tokens than fading lips and whitening tresses the time of my departure is at hand. In the night I have dreamed dreams, in the day I have seen visions, and as I write tears dim my eyes, but they are not tears of sorrow. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it. I look across the gulf that daily narrows, and fearlessly stand and wait for—well, ah, well, I know whose he shall be in the resurrection.



William Wetmore Story.
PAGE 239.







IX.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

A MEMORY.

The Golden Milestone has never been set up outside the Forum, and Rome is yet the center of the world. To enter its gates after years of hope and despair, and salute it with the freshness of unworn enthusiasm is such happiness as rarely comes. Our visit was made while the earth was passing through the fiery sunsets of November, 1883, and from the far Campania to see the dome of St. Peter's against the blood-red sky that flamed through the arches of the Coliseum, changing them to beaten gold, was even a deeper pleasure than to float along the silver streets of the silent city of Desdemona;—there where Shakespeare's spirit still walks the waters.

I am not here to prose, guide book in hand, on what has been told a thousand times and a thousand times better than I can tell it. My reader has probably felt the fascination of the Eternal City, but may not have learned how soon the spell grows wearisome. We long to escape the cold companions of the sculptor, the chill of the marble mountains of Cararra though wrought into shapes of imperishable beauty.

In the Barberini Palace, the cheerful home of W. W. Story was filled with the warmth the stranger covets, and was like hopeful, sunny Italy of to-day contrasted with the gloom of dismal records studied in schools. Under the church hard by, in sacred earth from Terusalem, the bones of 4,000 Capuchins are the decorations of their burial place. To leave these ghastly memorials for the apartments of the poet so long a social center, ah, it is as much better as youth is better than age, as life is better than death. I do not know the history of the Barberini Palace, only that its stones were quarried by Urban Eighth from the stones of the Coliseum. olden times famous banquets must have been held there, and perhaps the Grand Duke himself dined in sumptuous state with princes and cardinals, churchmen and statesmen, chiefs and chief priests; the heart and brain of Italy have planned and plotted there, and fancy easily peoples the ample space with phantoms from among the generations long vanished. Lords of high degree and ladies gay have swept the halls in pictorial dress, and flowers, perfumes, lights, music and the dance have made the night festal. In stormy

centuries past, it may have withstood sieges, and the stone floor resounded with gride of sword and jingle of spurs as the lover bound for battle knelt to kiss the hand of his bright mistress.

The Recording Angel holding sleepless watch over men has registered births and bridals within these walls, many unions, sweet and dear, but none more happy than the married life of the poet-sculptor I write of. It is said the duration of a man's friendships are the measure of his worth. If this be true, we must award the highest praise to him. His friends never dropped from their allegiance, some subtle quality enforced remembrance, and even the employes of his studio and their families served him with unfailing fidelity nearly half a century, and brought their flowers to lay on the oaken casket of the master who was also their friend.

Native gaiete du coeur made him a charming host, and exquisite tact brought out what was best in his visitor.

Nor was he, like Coleridge and de Quincy, merely strong in monologue; he was, what is much rarer, attentive hearer as well, and used to say there are ten fine talkers to one fine listener. Under his guidance conversation never declined to dullness nor sunk to the level of gossip. At his table Margaret Fuller talked, and led her

hearers captive; they who denied her beliefs and defied her teachings going down before her almost without a struggle. There Hawthorne, poet though he made no rhymes, was beguiled into society, but only when his wife was near to break up the ice around him, his morbid dread of strangers making the sensitive soul shrink from sight, sometimes to spend a whole evening in the shadow of a curtain. At meetings to which every comer contributed were gathered Miss Hosmer, Harriet Martineau, Thackeray, Browning and his ethereal wife, now sleeping in Florence, the city of her love. Rogers, Landor, Leighton—how can I number the choice spirits who held high converse in the drawing-room of the ancient Palace? There were debates of law, politics, science, literature, subjects free of the vice of the commonplace, forecasting the destiny of Italy, the mysteries of the Unseen, death and life undying. Attrition of kindred minds polished and sharpened, as iron sharpeneth iron, and Story was master of the feast.

The gracious power of making friends was laid with other ancestral gifts in his cradle. Not subject to moods and tenses, a certain sweetness of manner impressed all so fortunate as to come near him, reminding me of what Seneca wrote of his favorite brother: "No one is so

pleasant to any one as my brother Galeon is to every one." It was not acquired pleasantness, for the charm was lasting, and remained after the graces that wait on youth were faded, and age with stealing step, was nigh. There was no need for him to sing as he did:

> "Old age in others is charming, In mothers is lovely, But somehow 'tis not in ourselves."

One of his household at this time wrote: "Mr. Story was a man of such rare intellectual powers. combined with such kindliness and sweetness of disposition, that no one was ever a more delightful companion to live with." It appeared slight effort for him to do what mediocrity accomplished by slow toil. Whatever he touched was beautified. A poem, a charade, a little play thrown off to be enacted the night after it was written; how easy it seemed! Whoever has tried, knows that the faculty for rapid and excellent work is the result of practice. Skill comes by doing. With such boyish enjoyment did the versatile mind enter into pastimes he called foolish games that we hardly believe him the patient worker of whom Mrs. Story said: "William has not had a holiday in thirty years. the world knows his genius, only I know his goodness."

He did not quit the study and practice of law through failure. Early in life he turned from Boston to the only land where sculptor's dreams come true. Fifty years ago this was considered a bold move, with uncertainty at the end. But he chose to be a laborer in the Kingdom of the Beautiful, and must go where there were artists enough to create an atmosphere of their own, instead of living in the arctic regions of Beacon street. At best, the sculptor is a solitary man, though his is the only calling in which the drudgery may be done by another. The dusty stonecutters of Rome, though called mere mechanics, being often more skillful with mallet and chisel than the master who shapes the clay model, where all the genius lies.

One day in the studio I asked Mr. Story to have the work go on. The cutter struck the snow white mass, without hesitancy, apparently a careless blow; but it was of sure effect.

"Does he make no false strokes?" I inquired, for the artisan looked less skilled than our tombstone carvers. "Never," was the answer, "men of his class have a feeling for the clay model not found in other countries."

Story's rest was change of employment, and the ink in his blood was stirring when he began his career as sculptor. The loveliness of Italy sunk deep into his soul, and made it overflow in prose and verse.

Some forlorn aspirant for literary honors, secretly making a timid offering to fame, may take heart at learning how "Roba di Roma" fared when first given to the public. A portion had been printed in "Blackwood's Magazine" and the "Atlantic Monthly." The papers were collected, and, with fresh material added, were sent to a Boston publisher. Months passed without news of the venture. My reader knows with what fond, pathetic yearning the youthful writer waits to hear from his beloved manuscript. A year went by. The precious thing could not be found. Whether destroyed by fire, theft, or carelessness, none could tell, and, though with little hope, the author, visiting his native land, insisted on a thorough hunt for the manuscript. The vaults of the house were overhauled, and dusty copy in quantity brought to light, but no "Roba di Roma." The search was abandoned as useless. Disappointed, but not cast down, Story went back to Rome and set about a new composition. One day—a happy one we may be sure—a heavy package was received by mail and proved to be the missing child so long mourned as lost. was before the typewriter's day and there had been no second copy. Then he had the supreme revenge of the sufferer under rejected manuscripts. He published the book on both sides of the sea, and from the first it was received with favor and his victory complete.

Its vigorous Protestantism made it odious to the Catholic Power, and it was proscribed by Pope Pio Nino. Only through artful smuggling in small packages did the volume find way into the Papal States, where it was eagerly sought by native and foreigner. Its popularity has not waned; still in demand in Europe, and in the United States it remains his best known book.

When we see the author whose works we have admired, there is often a sense of disappointment. He is not like his own ideals, nor yet a likeness of the image we had in mind and a moment of sad surprise may follow a meeting sought with anticipated delight. There was no such risk in near approach to Story. The man was wiser, better than his books. One of the elect whom fate had fitted to his surroundings, he put to flight the old idea that to follow art aright one must forsake father and mother and cleave only unto her. He loved "dear Nature" and, leaning on her breast, he dreamed dreams and saw visions. In cool, shadowy places, with sense attuned to finest harmonies, he had ears to hear the grass grow, the trees stretch their limbs, the

calling voices of naiads haunting the oaks, or to interpret far-off music, the messages of the winds and the waterfalls.

It was himself of whom he wrote: "He was in the habit of wandering alone, during the summer mornings, through the forest and along the mountainside, and one of his favorite haunts was a picturesque glen, where he often sat for hours alone with Nature, lost in vague contemplation; now watching the busy insect life in the grass or in the air; now listening to the chirping of birds in the woods, the murmuring of bees hovering about the flowers, or the welling of the clear mountain torrent, that told forever its endless tale as it wandered by mossy boulders and rounded stones to the valley below; now gazing idly into the sky, against which the overhanging beeches printed their leaves in tessellated light and dark, or vaguely watching the lazy clouds that trailed across the tender blue."

When we met we naturally talked of the new book just out: He and She. A volume bound in bridal white, light to the touch, fair to the eye. Mrs. Story, the proud and loving wife, quoted "The Song of the Vanquished" as his best.

[&]quot;I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part.

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day

With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded alone,

With death sweeping down o'er their failure and all but their faith overthrown."

We, the visitors, declared for the poem written in the fervor and passion of youth, "Cleopatra." The very spirit of Antony's "Serpent of Old Nile" breathes in every line. It calls up the commanding figure of Oriental history, conqueror of conquerors; the fateful woman full of beauty and of poison, who held in check the generals of wars that changed the map of the world. This poem sings of the enchantress of many lovers whom he had carved in marble, and marvelous is the cunning that can shape a lump of wet clay from the Tiber into a creation so like life that it seems to lack nothing but breath.

Not many see the marble woman whose heart

of fire never cools, but all may feel the fierce power of the sorceress in the burning words of Antony.

"Tell my dear serpent I must see her, fill My eyes with the glad light of her great eyes, Though death, dishonor, anything you will, Staid in the way! Aye, by my soul, disgrace Is better in the sun of Egypt's face Than pomp or power in this detested place! Oh, for the wine my queen alone can pour From her rich nature! Let me starve no more On this weak, tepid drink that never warms My life-blood, but away with shams and forms!

Away with Rome! One hour in Egypt's eyes Is worth a score of Roman centuries."

Of the friends we left in Rome, Story was among the last to join the silent majority.

The loss of the wife of his youth, whom he survived but a year, was a bitter blow; and with her passed his interest in affairs. It was only when his children suggested that he should make a monument to her memory that he consented to resume work; the design he chose was the Angel of Grief, and it is wrought to exquisite finish, as are the statues modeled in his summer prime. When this was done he left the studio never to return. The illness which began shortly afterward was long and severe. Soon he was forced to stay almost continually in his room, and

strength waned till time became a burden too grievous to be borne. His best lover would not have held him back from the unseen land of which he wrote so tenderly. His latter months were a rapid decline, and October 7, 1895, the end came. It was in the matchless vale where Milton first beheld Paradise; at Vallambrosa in the villa of his beloved daughter, Madame Peruzzi di Medici, to whom were spoken his last words, "O, dear, I am so glad to have you near me." Suddenly life forsook his face like light removed.

——"the great sculptor, Death, Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow Stricken him into marble;"——

In the city of many fames his fame is secure.

Near the antique Pyramid of Caius Cestius, beside the Aurelian wall, in the dust to which he was drawn by mysterious kinship, he sleeps as in a sheltered garden. Nearly a hundred years ago Shelley said of the Protestant cemetery of Rome: "It might make one in love with death to think of burial in so sweet a place." So lovely is it and so lonely! Through ages to come, pilgrims will pause there reverently under the sighing pines and the sad cypresses that whisper their secrets, not disturbing the still sleepers below. Daisies and violets bloom the year round, and picture the

sod where I drop this poor Western flower. At morning, larks flood the sky with melody; in the hush of evening, when shadows gather broad and dark, the love-lorn nightingale stills all the world to listen to her tale of how the rose has pierced her breast with cruel thorns.

The husband and wife rest close together, and near them is the urn holding all that remains of the restless heart of Shelley. The body of their old friend Marsh is not far off, and across a ruinous space is a little winding path, ending at one of the saddest shrines on the face of the earth,—the grave of the sweet wailing singer, Keats. Round about, on carved stones, are names in various languages foreign to Italy, brief, pathetic records. Travelers from countries wide apart, leaving their homes in search of health, have come together in this consecrated spot.

Except that death is always mournful, there is nothing for tears by the tomb of Story. A full, rich life lived out, a stainless name linked with varied victories, are the heritage of his children. The sons who keep their name illustrious by their own light, though his has set, remember him as the playmate of their childhood, the companion of their youth, the patient counselor of their later years.

Death breaks the lock of every portfolio, and

without unveiling sacred places, I venture to enrich an imperfect sketch with a letter from Mrs. Story. It seems a sort of treachery to print what was never intended for publication, and I pray forgiveness of the writer if, perchance, her gentle shade hovers about the world she made the fairer for her living in it.

LETTER OF MRS. STORY.

"N. Lago di Vallambrosa,
"October 28, 1886.

"My Dear Mrs. Wallace: Many a time, impatient of the silence which has come between us, have I wished to break it on my side, but so vague was my knowledge of your whereabouts that I was frightened about launching into infinite space my little skiff. Your most kind letter came and helps me to find you out. How often is 'Ben-Hur' in our minds and its praises on our tongues!

"The book of books of this age! Read aloud for the second time it has lost none of its rare charm, and it is beyond words to say how greatly we prize it. All our English friends to whom we have introduced it join in this chorus and its reputation is fast growing there as in America.

"I do not like to think that being snugly set-

tled in your old home, 'outre mer,' we are not likely soon to see you in Rome, but we cling to the hope that it is not impossible. We have had a most delightful summer at St. Moritz in the Engadine, and are there, in the pine woods, building a house! There are few things more absorbing than the building of one's future home. and when, as in this case, the situation is so completely to one's tastes and physical wants, it is abundantly comforting to see its growth. We are building of the stone found on the place, rough and unhewn. It was graciously brought there ages ago by some friendly old glacier and delivered, fit for use, at our very door. As it grows in height we see that it dominates the valley with no discordant note, it might have grown there, first cousin to the snow-capped mountains, all gray and subdued. The cement between the stones has been carefully made of the same color and there is no offense to the landscape, or anything too new about it. The greater part of each day have we passed in our pine wood there, until we feel that we already have possession, and have grown familiar with all its shades and moods. They promise to have it ready for occupation next summer.

"We are now making a visit to our daughter, Edith Peruzzi, and are greatly enjoying the grandchildren, who are very original, clever, and amusing. It is in the heart of the Vallambrosa forest, and the leaves are thick as in Milton's time.

"The life here is singularly simple and idyllic. No report of the outer world comes except through Galignani's judging columns, and the days go by happily, without incident or note.

"Our plan is to go to Rome next week and shake down into our old routine at the Palazzo Barberini early in November. How pleasant had we hope of seeing you there this winter. I do not like to wait too long for my good things, but am impatient in my old age to snatch them up lest they escape me altogether.

"My husband, for the first time since our marriage, has been taking a holiday, and while watching the masons and stonecutters at St. Moritz has found ample amusement and, I hope, rest from his constant work. However, his is the working temperament, and it is his great delight as he goes from one thing to another. The Key monument, for San Francisco, is finished, and, if I say it, who perhaps shouldn't say it, is one of the grandest monuments of modern times.

"My boy Julian is painting, in Paris, a large historical picture; it is the incident of Madame de Sembreuil and her father. They tell us (we haven't seen it) that it will be a great success, and this I am not unwilling to believe, as you may imagine.

"My son, Waldo, and my son-in-law, Peruzzi, have just come in with their dogs and guns. A slender bag is all they can hope for here as the game is not abundant. But the accidental woodcock involves a long tramp over the hills, and this is what they must be content with instead of the full bags of England.

"Now, my dear friend, pray let us hear from you sometimes, and believe that we have a very deep interest in all that concerns you and your husband. Though our intercourse was all too short, yet it was long enough to make us feel the most affectionate sympathy and abiding confidence in you both.

"With love from my husband, "Yours, most cordially,

"EMELYN STORY."

LETTER OF W. W. STORY.

"Palazzo Barberini," Rome, Feb. 15, 1884.

"My Dear Mrs Ben-Hur: I was very much touched by your kind remembrance of me, and ought long ago to have thanked you, as I do now, most heartily, for the handsome kufyah which you were so good as to send me. It was a great surprise as well as a great pleasure to receive such a token of your kindly feeling toward us.

"My excuse for not writing to you before is simply this. I wanted first to read Ben-Hur, so as to be able to say something about it. But with the thousand interruptions to which our evening life is subject it was not easy to find a series of evenings which we could devote to the reading, and as all were anxious to hear it, we determined to read aloud and enjoy it together. This, at last, we have done, my wife and I alternately reading each other, and what do we say now that we have finished the last page with deep regret to come to the end? We all agree that it is a most remarkable book, of deep and sustained interest, vivid to an extraordinary degree, full of life and character and power. Throughout it is masterly and there are passages and scenes which stir one's blood like the sound of the trumpet. The galley life, the naval fight with the pirates, the race in the Circus are so full of fire and life that we seem to have been there as spectators or actors. I cannot imagine how General Wallace could have created, without ever Last Work of W. W. Story.

(Monument to his wife.) PAGE 257.





having personally visited and been familiar with the life and scenery in the East. It seems almost impossible. There is no smell of books, no cram (to speak slang) in any of it. It seems like a real experience. The characters are admirably drawn and constantly consistent, and the entire book has left a deep impression on my mind. It ought to have had a very great public success, and I hope it has. If it has not then it has been badly managed by the publishers. You must not think that in saying this I am simply wishing to say what is pleasant. I speak the truth according to my own feeling and judgment.

"We remember our only too brief intercourse with you and your husband with great pleasure, and wish that it could have been prolonged. Sometime, let us hope that we may again see you here or elsewhere (but better here) for a longer time.

"With our united kind regards to you and General Wallace, I am,

"Yours, most faithfully,

"W. W. STORY."



AMONG THE PALACE-GALLERIES OF FLORENCE—MADONNAS— RAPHAEL.

In Florence—flower of all cities, city of all flowers—there is a small room of the Uffizzi Palace given to portraits of illustrious artists. There is Rubens in very becoming hat and streaming plume; Vandyke, with the wide collar which bears his name; Velasquez, in rich mediæval dress; Titian, robed in faultless drapery; painters with lesser fame and faces unlike, having one distinguishing quality: each is extremely handsome. The stranger does not understand why this should be, until he learns they are autographic portraits; and at once he feels no man is bound to paint an ugly picture of himself any more than to parade his secret faults or place his vices on exhibition.

Foremost for beauty, where all are beautiful, is the foremost artist of all this world, Raphael Sanzio, well named by his countrymen El Divino, "the divine one." Artists have so long

sought Italy for models that the Italian face seems familiar at first glance through the wistful eyes, so sad, so sweet, which look at you from the walls of every art gallery on the earth. Sometimes, in passing a shop, a figure appears behind the window, with face so like picture that, till it stirs, the passer-by does not know if it be art or nature; a shopman maybe, or a milliner endowed with the rich heritage of regular feature and soft warm color. The same curious sensation came over us at seeing living cherub faces framed in dingy tumble-down doorways, or breathing angel-boys, on a background of dirt and darkness, playing marbles in narrow alleys, chattering with flute-like voices and a charming grace of gesture which is natural and unconscious as the movements of the gazelle.

The Raphael face, as it has come down to us, is the type of perfect manly beauty, second to the god of the Vatican. He was twenty-three years old when it was painted. Rhythmic lines of utmost delicacy make the three-quarter face of the portrait. A tight velvet doublet, cut close round the shoulders, would render almost any other masculine neck hideous. It only brings out the elegant contours of his long, flexile throat, shaped like a slender woman's. Thick chestnut hair, slightly curling, falls below the

black velvet cap still worn by Roman artists. Clear olive skin, pure forehead, and dark, luminous eyes make what painters name a color-harmony. He used to say good judges are as rare as beautiful women. We may add a beautiful man is rarer than either. The pensive, pleasant face, suggestive of dream and reverie, commands our admiration in a different way from the Apollo, lacking, as it does, the Greek fire which stirs in that wonderful statue.

Not much is known of the early life of our artist, who was fortunate as though born in the purple. His father was a limner of no pretension, and at his birth in 1483 gave his son the name of the Archangel, as though he foresaw the celestial brilliance of his fame. The modest house where his hazel eyes opened to the light is kept as public property and pointed out to the traveler through Urbino. Half way up the mountain side it clings to the shelving rock as a swallow's nest clings to the eaves. The sharp peaks of the Appenines are in sight, and in the farness of the distance sparkles the blue Adriatic.

The boy had no nurse but his mother, and there is a rude picture, still extant, of a mother and child, supposed to be the work of Giovanni Santi, Raphael's father. The life, which was a triumphant epic, began as it ended, under gracious influences in an atmosphere of love. His studies commenced with Perugino, a faithful, religious teacher, the most distinguished of his period, who exclaimed when he examined Raphael's first sketches, "This youth, who is my pupil, will soon become my master." One of the best gifts his good genius laid in his cradle was "the power to toil terribly." He had the rare felicity of doing rapid and excellent work, and the amount he accomplished was enormous.

While yet in his 'teens, he left Perugia for the peerless city of the Red Lily, and there met his first love, whose name has escaped the historian. In the British Museum are treasured a fac-simile and translation of sonnets to the unknown one. Consoling is it to others who have rung the changes on love, dove; youth, truth; chime, sublime, and like familiar jingles, to know the love-sick youth had trouble with his rhymes in the language which lends itself most readily to verse. In the corner of the sheet are such words as solo, dolo, volo, noted down; and after a line ending with luce we find reduce, conduce, aduce, testimony to his perplexity in choosing the fitting word.

It would seem the serene pictorial face of Raphael must be a reflex of his own soul; the outshining of a heavenly spirit within. They

tell yet, in the studios, of his lofty nature, his princely hospitality, his courtesy; so gentle and so generous as to make him beloved even by rivals who pined and died of envy at his superiority. He escaped the customary curse, and had no long struggle in garrets for daily bread. He lived in splendor as became the splendor of his genius; was the companion of nobles, the peer of princes, and never felt the force of the proverb, "To follow Art aright you must forsake father and mother, and cleave only unto her." His life was varied and delightful. He was fond of elegant costumes, and had them; loved dainty food and wine, and had them; and it is asserted his luxurious habits shortened his days. His lovers choose rather to believe he died before his life was lived out, because in thirtyseven years his spirit burned away its frail prisonhouse: his soul wore out his breast as the sword out-wears its sheath.

He painted over one hundred Madonnas, and his work is so unequal it leaves the impression that portions of it are unfinished. The cartoons designed for Flemish tapestries are singular drawings to us, and the hands of some of his pictures are stiff and awkward. He belonged to the school of students who trust nothing to inspiration. He employed living models, and his

method was to draw the figure in red chalk and then clothe it as one clothes the naked human body. Not otherwise, he said, could the anatomy be accurately kept. He spent long nights in dissecting dead bodies, and never indulged the dolce far niente dear to the lazy Southron. At the summit of his glory, when kings were contending for the slightest touches of his pencil, his processes were toilsome. After painting the human form and clothing it, he said he painted the soul—a nobler task than either of the other two; but he reached the point where seraphs and cherubs seem to "draw themselves," and the Divine Child assumes the thoughtfulness of the future Judge of quick and dead.

The power to illumine ideal faces with the hallowed light from their own hearts is a transcendent gift vouchsafed to few. It is beyond the reach of airy pencil and costly color, unless they are guided by the subtle, mystic force never comprehended, which the world calls genius.

There are deep mysteries in that strange gift. Grosser natures feel, but understand not, the methods by which a masterful hand produces effects that bring tears to your eyes; you scarcely know why, for it is a feeling more intense than the mere sense of the beautiful. Given a

stretched canvas, half a dozen brushes and a few colors to paint the invisible soul.

Incredible you say; yet it has been done. If you do not believe, go visit Italy; stand before the St. Sebastian of Guido and frescoes of Fra Angelico, and be convinced.

There is a picture which once filled with its solitary presence a room of the Pitti Palace. The subject is the Visitation of the Virgin, and was conceived in ignorant but zealous times, when men, shut in the soft gloom of convent cells, gave form and hue to children of their dreams, and did not know they were dreaming. In it there are no accessories. Mary arose and went up into the hill country, with haste, to the house of her cousin Elizabeth and saluted her. The meeting is in a garden in front of a sculptured archway, against a dark blue sky. They stand alone and look as they should who were worthy to be mothers of the greatest of kings and the greatest of prophets. The elder woman steps eagerly to greet the mother of our Lord, who, with eyes downcast and ineffable meekness in her face, receives the mysterious welcome. There is a tradition about the studios that a woman of a strange country far from home, lonely and homesick, would go and sit hours at a time in that room "for company," wistfully praying that the kind, penetrating, sympathetic look of the tender old Elizabeth might fall on herself.

Day after day the poor creature went to the majestic picture, little knowing its great merit, until (so the story runs) a sweet peace sunk into her soul, which she accepted as a sign from Heaven. Everyone is not thus strongly moved, but the memory of that painting is a precious possession to those who have been blest with the sight.

To perfect his sculpture, Michael Angelo, when young, changed his living models for corpses. Through twelve years he lived among the dead, studying them and almost analyzing them. Once he became infected with the virus of putrefaction and was near death, from an effort to extract the sublime out of the remains of a skeleton laid aside as useless by the surgeons.

Thus with Guido, when congratulated on his success in painting upturned eyes, he said, meaningly, "I never understood the method until I had dissected eyes."

I asked the most famous sculptor now living if he ever reached his ideal. He answered, "Never! If I should touch it, one incentive would be gone. I start on each new study with hope, like sure prophecy. Gradually the rapture fades, the fire burns out. When two-thirds done,

there comes a period of despair. I can not reach the height up which I ran so fast at first, and so I plod on as best I may and accept fate, believing this the common doom." It is difficult for us to believe the work of the first artists can fall short of their imaginings, and we readily see the type of woman admired by each.

The Madonnas of Rubens are fat, heavy, redcheeked German women; of the earth, earthy. The Madonnas of Michael Angelo are remote, magnificent, stately, and suited to the fancy of the sculptor who, beholding with clear vision a white-winged angel in a block of marble by the wayside, attacked it with hammer and chisel, determined to set the imprisoned spirit free. I need not run through names familiar. The virgins of Raphael are only a little lower than the angels, yet always the woman, too. The expression of rapture in the face does not destroy the meekness of the Jewish maiden, who answered the messenger Archangel, "Behold, the handmaiden of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." So arbitrary was the fashion of painting the virgins in close, red tunic, with long sleeves, and over it a blue robe or mantle, like those worn to this day by Bethlehem girls, that when Raphael ventured on a bare right arm, public opinion obliged him to cover it with the long sleeve. He was very devout. The poetic, dreamy expression of his face inclines us to think he was one of the enthusiasts who steeped his brushes in holy water during Lent, and wept as he worked at the canvas, which he never approached till first purified by prayer. More than this, we may almost credit the legend told by Guido, that while he was adoring Mary, she revealed her person to him in a vision, that he might the more worthily portray her loveliness. They are pictures to haunt you and hold you. Such might easily lead any motherless woman to worship of the mother of Christ.

It is a pity to die without seeing Italy. Only in the land of Raphael can you learn the possibilities which lie in the intellect of man. If tempted to describe the indescribable, I might try to tell of angelic faces gleaming on cloudy backgrounds that, invisible at first, come softly into view, as stars come out in summer twilights, till the canvas is crowded with heavenly shapes—a seeming miracle.

In Art, as in Nature, we receive but what we give, and unless in sympathy with the subject and its treatment, vainly do you visit the Palace-Galleries. You will be like the smart American

in Switzerland, among the sublimest scenes earth has to show, beholding the glory of Mount Blanc, and pertly saying: "Well, Blanc looks pretty tall this morning, and white headed at that." It is the spectator's mood which transfigures the Transfiguration, and, I confess, the extreme painfulness of that great work kept me from a longer study of it. I turned with a sense of relief to the Savior ascending in a golden radiance, a light like that from the Eternal Throne, painted by Guido, which hangs near it in the Vatican.

No picture of Him touched me like the Ecce Homo of Carlo Dolce. The head is of supreme beauty. The eyes look at you instead of upward, as is usual with paintings of this class; the blood-stained face, so divine yet so human, is agonizing.

I could not bear to look, yet found myself drawn from all else in the room, returning to the image of the Man of Sorrows, which almost said: "This have I done for thee, what hast thou done for Me?"

There is an ancient tradition which claims that Luke, the beloved physician, was also a painter, and the familiar pictures of Christ (distinguishable as portraits of Washington are), follow his original, from which all after likenesses have been made. You who are interested in this subject may find a delightful chapter on it in Geikie's Life of Christ.

If there be a fairer thing than Florence outside of Heaven, I have not found it. Such heroic deeds have there been done that the imperishable names of poet, hero, prince, prophet, are written in the very paving stones of the streets they have trodden. He is a dull clod who does not thrill to the spell of her loveliness, old, centuries old, yet forever young, and does not say to himself, I, too, will do something to make my name remembered.

The wavy lines of Carrara and the Appenines encircle her with a magic girdle. Ethereal walls of amethyst, amber, and pearl, which shut out the curse of age and decay.

At evening Raphael used to thread the whitepaved path up San Miniato, while the dove-like tints of the sky flushed red as the redness of roses, and climbed the tower where a century later Galileo learned the story of the sun and Milton looked on Vallambrosa and dreamed of Eden.

To-day San Miniato wears as a crown, no king has half so precious, Angelo's perfect statue of David, the shepherd-boy who sang, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

It is worth a long pilgrimage only once to see the sun go down to the swift music of the bells of Campanile, the lily carved in stone by the boy who left his flocks to build himself an everlasting fame.

In the pure elastic air of Valdarno lie palace turrets, towers, spires in a sort of spiritual beauty such as sculptors must see in their dreams. Vecchio battlements sharply pierce the sky and, dominating all, the tall shaft of the Duomo, a poem of the earth and air, rises in the speckless blue. Its many-colored marbles, touched with gold and ivory by the opaline light, are fresh as if sculptured last night. Here history, poetry, romance hold eternal and undisputed sway. The Past is not the dead Past. It is round about you and enfolds you like this ethereal atmosphere. The memories of greatness are ever present and ineffably dear even to the meanest Florentine. Every beggar knows where Petrarca sang, where Dante lived, where Boccaccio told his wild tales, and the Square where the tried soul of Savonarola was freed by fire. In grateful recognition of the anniversary he will give from his poverty a violet to strew on the pavement where the martyr suffered.

Across the Happy Valley, where there is an ideal side to the poorest life, beyond the gray

olive orchards and sad cypresses lies, warm in the sun, white Fiesole, unspeakably beautiful. There is the villa of the Medici princes, who lavished their millions on palaces, churches, hospitals, libraries, and in their cool, flowery gardens the nightingale sings her love-songs to the rose. On festal days, and they are many, from a hundred standards floats the crimson cross, the red lily of Florence, which once blossomed in victory on the gates of Rome. Oh, there is no beauty like the beauty of Italy! Well do her children sing, out of it every land is exile.

Under a compelling impulse, Raphael forsook the flag of the lily for the imperial purple. He said a final prayer beneath the vaulted roof which now shelters all that can die of Michael Angelo and Giotto, and sought the mountain rim, which at morning seems impalpable and evanescent as the passing drifts of clouds.

Through tender lights and hazy curtaining shadows he rode, where the ashes of a hundred generations without a history lie in unrecorded battlefields.

A misty procession from the ranks of the forgotten marches with you who journey there today. Nameless rulers, law-givers, people (Italy has always a people)—phantom hosts growing dimmer and dimmer, vanishing at last into the

regions of myth and fable. Over the dead and gone Etruscans, in their cheerful tombs, he rode; over that older city whose name is lost; along the weird, ghastly Campagna, whose creeping, damp winds are freighted with death; he traveled in search of severer studies and sterner tasks. Fair Florence is a poetess; in brute greatness Rome is a gladiator. He entered it by the wall scaled in our generation by the red-shirted troops of Garibaldi. He went as a conqueror, to write his name on high in the noblest cathedral built by mortal hands.

Orders from the Pope at once poured in on him. The church princes instantly gave him a loggia in the Vatican for his frescoes. He was the spoiled darling of art-lovers, and wrought incessantly; making designs for mosaics, tapestries, scenes for theaters; using wood for small pictures, instead of canvas. At intervals he practiced modeling with clay and, in boundless ambition, expected to rival Angelo in sculpture and Bramante in architecture.

He had a school of pupils eager to learn, who dressed in gay and smiling colors, and when he walked on the Palatine, fifty youths attended him; which made Michael Angelo—a sour, solitary man—exclaim: "You go about surrounded like a general."

In the sixteenth century the church was the best patron of art. High dignitaries must be propitiated; and in courtly flattery, a cardinal or archbishop was represented talking with the Holy Family, or a Medici or Colonna, stained with unspeakable crimes, throned on the shining clouds of Paradise. This is bad enough; but, oh! what shocking blasphemy, to see God the Father pictured a benevolent old man, watching the martyrdom of some saint or the mystery of the Incarnation! That face which no man can see and live, before whose awful majesty the first Archangel veils his eyes as he sings. But it was not conscious blasphemy to the prayerful masters. In those days lived artists who believed in God and glorified Him in their works, before people who believed in Him as truly. In little towns there was, here and there, an obscure man, who rarely wandered beyond hearing of his vesper bells, who has left, in a dim gray church or dusty cathedral, the portrait of the wife of his youth above the lighted altar, and the face of his first-born in the Christ-child she holds in her arms. His holy work lives on; but his name is recorded only in Heaven.

The dreams of the painters in the sixteenth century were realities to themselves. It is impossible to produce such results without conviction. Raphael denied that any of his Madonnas are portraits; all are varied copies, from no earthly face, of the sinless ideal mirrored in his own soul. Spinello fainted when he laid on the finishing stroke of his portrait of Satan; and the Fra Angelico deemed it profanation to alter a feature of the angels who visited him one lustrous night and shadowed his cloister with wings, that they might live visibly before men in the starry faces of his frescoes.

While the ruling powers were to be conciliated in delicate compliment, so grudges were sometimes paid by painting a favorite enemy as Judas, always with red head, or a condemned soul in hell wearing ass's ears, or as Satan, with bat's wings, hoofs, and a tail. Then again the husband deifies his wife, his children, or oftener the high-born lady whom the artist may worship from afar.

There is little of gayety in the works of the painter who painted for eternity, who knelt before his easel for a blessing on his labors; and I recall but one so cheering that when unveiled it made the people laugh and sing for joy. It was a fresco in the Sanzio Villa, near Rome, painted in extravagance of fun, as though he had reserved his whole stock for this one outburst. There are all sorts of whimsical designs—Loves

balancing on poles or mounted on horseback; dancing Graces; Fauns overflowing with jollity; Mercury alight or flying; nymphs with arms entwined making garlands of human flowers; baby cherubs nursed in Eden; rose-winged Cupids poised on purple mists; young gods crowned with myrtles, innocent, ethereal as visions of childhood. There, too, are trooping Auroras rising on the radiant lines of morning; Naiads floating on sea-foam, so aerial and fleeting a breath would blow them away. On the ceiling of the same salon are medallion portraits of the Fornarina, the baker's daughter, with bold, black eyes and cheeks of ruddy bronze.

Usually the finest foreign pictures of moderate size are under glass to prevent accidents, for copyists are constantly at work before them. They are property of the Government and the privilege of copying is free. No one is allowed to keep his easel in place longer than two months; the names of applicants are kept in a registered list, and so great is the number of candidates for the sittings, that not unfrequently the applicants must wait six years for their turn to come. The first copy is held as a model not for sale, else each remove (copies of copies), would take from the likeness, till it would gradually be lost like the long-continued impressions

of an engraving. A copyist may spend his life re-producing one picture, and if he has the soul of an artist he should get very near the touch of him whose best Madonna is represented upborne by the air, uncrowned, save with her own fair tresses. Usually the copy misses the last indefinable charm in about the same distance that Addison's Cato falls below the Julius Cæsar of the great master of morals and humanity.

In the golden year, 1520, Raphael touched his meridian.

Then it was time to depart. Happy for him to cross the boundary between the things misnamed death and existence, ere the excellency of his strength declined, before his work-worn hand had lost its cunning or his marvelous personal charm was dimmed. The circumstances of his death are obscure. After a short rapid fever it was announced that El Divino had passed above the brightness of the sun—had joined the saints and martyrs, who were to him not shadowy myths or phantoms, born of fear and superstition, but beings whom he loved to contemplate, the subjects of his dearest fancies and devotions. He must have entered that innumerable company, as an equal and familiar spirit. In his own studio, loving pupils folded to rest the illustrious and reverent hands which had painted the Apostles, the Blessed Mother and Redeemer triumphant in glory, now revealed to his actual sight. At his head they placed his grandest picture, on which the paints were still wet. "And," says an old chronicler, "when the people of Rome flocked to look upon him for the last time, and raised their eyes to the unfinished Transfiguration, and then bent them on the lifeless form beneath, there was a wail of sorrow and every heart was like to burst with grief." His sickness was so brief there was no wasting of the refined clay.

It lay in statuesque repose exquisite as marble of Carrara, brought by the mighty sculptor into the matchless symmetry of the crucified Christ.

At his own request he was buried in the Pantheon, that august monument whose colossal lines had been one of his favorite studies, and a simple slab of marble, let into the wall, marks the tomb of the greatest of painters. If opened, we might almost think to find, instead of dust, roses and lilies such as the Disciples found instead of the body of the Virgin when they sought it, sorrowing.

In 1833 his coffin was unclosed and his skeleton exposed to the adoring gaze of a vast concourse of people; and after five weeks of homage it was returned with incredible pomp to its sepulcher. The sad Miserere sounded through St. Peter's and was echoed by the bells of the other churches in a solemn night-service. There was a funeral procession with banners, torches, flambeaux; and the Pantheon was illuminated to receive the beloved remains.

Beyond the majestic, pillared portico, among arched recesses and stately altars once dedicated to heathen gods (Christian through twelve centuries), he sleeps well. Wrapped in his shroud, forever safe with his undying fame.



The Divine Child.
PAGE 281.







LETTER FROM DRESDEN.

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

"Dесемвек, 1884.

"The gallery of Dresden, in what is called the Green House, is superior to anything of the kind outside of Italy. Only the Vatican is richer in statuary and the Pitti Palace surpasses it in pictures. I made haste to find the masterpiece of Raphael, having held (heretically) that Murillo's Immaculate Conception is more beautiful than the Sistine Madonna of Sanzio. After careful study I cannot now say it is less beautiful. They are both divine; in design and execution the very first in the world. A peculiarity of the Raphael is that it sinks into your heart as you stand before it. Like the Murillo, the Virgin-Mother is a girl not more, in appearance, than sixteen, which, you remember, was near her age when our Savior was born. Right here is the failure in all the prints and copies of it I ever saw, and it was on account of this failure that I so unjustly gave it the second place. The youth-

28

ful mother seems to hold the infant up to you. with a look which says, ever so plainly, yet without pride or exultation: Behold the Light of the world! Here is the goodness of God incarnate. She knows the future: those eyes have looked through infinite sorrow, and found infinite peace. On its part, the Child is seeing things of the earth, at the same time they are lighted with a glow of Heaven. The two together are in perfect keeping with their wonderful story. After a time I found myself looking at them to the entire exclusion of the outre figures of the Pope and Santa Barbara, whose introduction into the scene may possibly be excused on the ground that their absolute earthliness makes perfect contrast with the divinity which shines from the principal characters.

"Finally the cherubs, dimpled and smiling, could not be spared from the picture. With them are three couples, with an unlikeness each to the others, that is of itself a revelation of the power of characterization which lies in a pencil under the guidancy of a mighty master. For this latter, give me the crayon of Raphael and the pen of Shakespeare and the multitudes of men are mine, and I shall do with them as I please.

"With all my devotion to the Sistine Madonna

I have not forsaken my first love; the floating figure with crescent beneath her feet, ringed with cherubs as with roses, there in her happy home in the Louvre.

"Raphael's Mother and Child in the chair are on exhibition in the same gallery. This picture is also a wonder, but the attractions of the other obscure it utterly. A thin little woman had her canvas set up before it, and using the license allowed in European galleries I dared to look over her shoulder. She was struggling with a task beyond her power. The likenesses were good, but then I realized, as never before, the immeasurable distance which may lie between an original and a copy; a portrait and the object reproduced,-the distance between a dead statue and a spiritualized something that suggested or sat for it. I felt very sorry for the pale little woman. It was brave in her to attempt the copy, and she will work over it so long, so long, and then fail, and some day awake to the consciousness that it is a failure. How painful that waking time is!"



XII.

A REMINISCENCE.

It is long since I heard a voice from Heaven saying, write; so long I sometimes fancy that the far cry answered in the vanity of youth was in reality addressed to another. But there can be no mistake in the call that comes to-day, and not to appear unheeding, I have looked through treasured papers and find manuscript of more value than any fresh material I might offer. From among letters, new and old, I select one of General Sherman's illustrating his kindliness and unfailing interest in all so fortunate as to come near him. It is in reply to a request for leave to print certain private correspondence in a biographic sketch—an idea afterward abandoned. You notice how unlike it is to the usual brief response by the hand of a secretary:

> "FIFTH-AVE. HOTEL. "NEW YORK, JAN. 17, 1887.

"Dear Mrs Wallace: Your welcome letter of the 15th is at hand, and without stopping to ex-285 19

amine whether the letters from me to your husband were recorded or not, I freely consent to the use you propose to make of them, with the simple proviso that they, in general, express the warm feeling I felt for every man who wanted to fight the good fight in which we were then engaged.

"The quotation you make, 'Hold your horses for the home stretch,' comes back to me as the memory of a dream. I surely thought of it often when I saw the splendid young fellows spoiling for a fight, for glory and fame, when my better knowledge told me the end was not yet or near; but I none the less loved the ardent, brave and handsome fellows who needed the curb to hold them back for the 'home stretch.' It must have been in this mood that I wrote to General Lew Wallace in 1863.

"I have seen so much mischief done by garbling letters that I prefer the letter should be embodied entire, as also the General's letter which called for these answers; but as they are sometimes too full for the text, with full faith in your good sense, of which I have heard much, I leave the subject to you free.

"So many of our comrades have dropped off of late that, though in good health and strength, I feel like a patriarch, ready and willing to be called on short notice, and I shall be the more willing if I know that some remain who are capable of recording the deeds and thoughts and feelings of the men who rescued our government from the greatest danger that ever threatened its existence.

"With love and respect to the General, and wishing you and yours every earthly blessing, I am, truly yours,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

How well I remember the one bright day after a week of rain when we last saw him at West Point (1890). One by one the cadets, eager and fluttered, came up to the stand to receive their diplomas. When General Sherman presented the parchments, instead of repeating a stiff formula, he told a gay anecdote, or some reminiscence of the days when he, too, was a boyish aspirant, or gave the class a little playful advice. It was done with nicest tact in fitting words so free from the vice of the commonplace that each youth had a sense of personal friendship, assured that his glorious career would be shaped under the watchful eye of the great commander.

As was written of Lord Raglan, that by some gift of imagination he divined the feelings of all sorts and conditions of men, and whether he taiked to a statesman or a school boy, his hearer went away captive. Nor was it an acquired grace, a mere society gloss, but the outshining warmth of a generous spirit. This subtle force in General Sherman made the festal day a proud historic date for the graduates of the military academy.

The veteran, in rusty uniform and careless collar, looked the soldier he was, the greatest with the least pretense. Worn by years, but not broken; alert, ready to speak or to listen with wakeful attention; never forgetting the old acquaintance, equally mindful of the new, it was easy to see the springs of his popularity. Wherever he went there was the center, and the gracious charm of his manner set at ease the ancient captain who helped put down the rebellion and wanted (O how he wanted!) to talk over the march to the sea, its grief and its glory. His cheery voice calmed the distracted matron seeking introduction to the hero of whom she had heard and read. not knowing how to behave when at last she ventured into his presence; and the quick eye and friendly greeting reassured the bashful boy, hungry for honors, till the lad grew radiant with confidence.

The stir of the crowd, the banners floating in the rich and balmy air, the roll of drums, the joyful appeal of bugles, the cheers, evidently moved General Sherman. Yet, in the midst of adulation, the sweetness of unstinted praise, he would drop into silence, his face put on an expression of listening, rapt, intent, as though he already heard "the advancing tread of the stone statue."



XIII.

ABOUT BOOKS.*

In answer to the question what book has given me the most pleasure, I reply without hesitation, "Pilgrim's Progress." It was when I was about seven years of age that I passed from "Cinderella" to Bunyan's matchless work without suspecting that it was not a child's book. And possessed of the precious volume—new books were rare in those days—I climbed a tall "secretary," to escape the younger children, who were too small to scale the back of a chair and follow me. We were a noisy set-nine in alland, secured in comparative quiet, on my high perch, I dreamed dreams and saw visions such as no fairy tale ever unveiled to me. Types and shadows there were none. The actors of the drama were not creatures of fiction, they were positive substance, my familiars, and now are placed with my personal recollections.

The narrow path, straight as a rule could make it, was plain to my eyes as the footpaths which

^{*} From Edward W. Bok.

streaked my father's orchard, under the apple trees. I hung entranced over every step in the marvelous journey, and saw clearly, as I see this pen and paper, the very stately palace, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the highway side. How my young heart rejoiced when Christian found the lions guarding it were chained! As he dropped his load into a sepulcher and gave three leaps for joy, my soul leaped too, only to sink again when he fell into the clutches of Giant Despair and was beaten with the grievous crab-tree cudgel in the awful courtvard paved with skulls of Pilgrims. How foolish of him to forget the key Promise, which would open any lock in Doubting Castle, and how I longed to twist my hands in the hair of that Flatterer with his net!

Delicious to imagination were the good things the travelers had to eat by the way. The raisins and pomegranates, the cordials, wine red as blood and those wonderful grapes that go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak. The feasts almost made up for the fights with scaly dragons and terrific shapes coming out the burning pit, terrors that made hideous the road through the Dark Valley and satisfied my juvenile love of the mysterious and horrible.

Sweet to childish fancy were the rarities and fair shows of the Interpreter's House; the letter of the King, which smelt after the manner of the best perfumes; the orchards and the vine-yards of the Delectable Mountain (then I had never seen a mountain), and the loving shepherds at Beulah who strewed flowers before the feet of the Pilgrims bound for the city of their Prince.

Here and there I had to spell out hard words, many things were puzzling, but the very wonderments added to the charm of the story. What was a quagmire, what was a muck-rake, what were stocks, a civet-box; how could one grasshopper burden a man, and what sort of shoes were they which never wear out, and how could the shining ones dress in gold clothes? I shivered at the passage through the cold, black river, forever flowing; the river that has no bridge, but, oh, the rapture in the triumph beyond! The ringing bells, the melodious noises, the singers and harpers with their harps; above all, that One who sat on the great white throne with the rainbow round His head. Those pages thrilled me like an outburst of triumphant music, the exultant feeling one has in cathedrals resounding with some mighty anthem.

It was winter time, and the pleasanter for deep

snows without were thoughts of warm palace rooms, the delicate plain Ease, the shady arbor and the meadow curiously beautified with lilies. green all the year long. At sunset I looked through glistening towers on frosty windowpanes, as many years afterward I watched the domes and spires of old Stamboul floating in silvery mists of the Bosphorus, and recalled the tremulous glimmer in the shepherd's perspective glass. On the top of a high hill called Clear they could not look steadily, yet they thought they saw something like the gate of the Celestial City, and also some of the glory of the place. Nothing was faint or vaporous. Near at hand, not high and distant, was the City of the King—an undimmed splendor.

When I went to bed that night, lovely shapes, walking, floating, flying, went with me, and angel-eyes watched over my sleep. The supreme delight of the book was Greatheart, my hero in bright armor and helmet with plumes; the giant-killer, the lover of women and children, who marched up to the lions, not minding if they were chained or not. That warrior-image has not changed in the waste of years, nor can it change. He lives while realities have died. I loved him then, I love him yet.

Familiarity has not dulled the charm of the

wondrous tale, and still does the mystic touch of memory sound the ancient strings. In a half-century of pilgrimage I have repeatedly met the very brisk lad named Ignorance, who came from the country Conceit, have caught glimpses on several continents of Madame Bubble selling her vanities, a tall, comely dame, with something of a swarthy complexion. And, in strange lands, while under the friendly roof of our missionaries, I bethought me of the large upper room where the Pilgrims slept and Mercy dreamed her glorious dream. Its window opened toward the sunrising, the name of the chamber was Peace.

From Bunyan, the change to "The Arabian Nights" was easy; thence I turned to Shakespeare, where I remain unto this day. No shrine outside of Palestine moved me like the poor little house where he spent his boyhood, unconscious that he was to enrich the human race with its greatest literary inheritance.

As I write the name there rises before me the cool, gray day we spent at Stratford. The waters of Avon go softly past the old town, which is specklessly clean and bowered in vines and creepers. On the Lucy estate, hard by, is the Shakespeare style, made in ancient fashion, so the upper bar drops and catches the feet of the poacher trespassing on the deer park. We regis-

tered our names in the book, always open, where every year twelve thousand are written, mainly visitors from the dear land we love to call our own. Two quaint women keep the place, and tell their story with a freshness which cheers the tired traveler. Again I touch the ceiling of the room where "the foremost man of all this world" was born, and mark the low doorways, the cramped and crooked stairs leading to the loft in which he used to sleep among the rolls of wool.

There is the chimney seat where the lad must have warmed his feet and watched the embers of the hearth turn to phantoms dim and gray. Immortal beings were all about us. They filled the air, peopled the spaces, flitted by on noiseless wing and swung on threads of gossamer in the tree-tops. The pleasant spirits came unsought and without call. Mysterious footfalls left no sound or imprint in the quiet streets, though august shapes attended us. We felt the majestic presence of Lear and of the Roman sweeping by in gorgeous robe, surrounded by centurions a mighty company. The winds whispered sweet secrets, and swaying boughs sheltered troops of harmless little folks tripping it on fairy feet. Fairest and palest of shades among many fair and pale were Juliet, all beautiful, and the gentle lady wedded to the Moor. They joined our walk Abbotsford.
PAGE 297.

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and hovered along our way till chased back home by the pallid ghosts that slide on the moonbeams above Kenilworth Castle.

Not one thought of the endless debate came near us that day. Among the green haunts were many shadows, but the cloudy specter named Bacon did not appear. Who wrote "Othello," the most pathetic of human compositions? As well ask who made the world.

Next to Shakespeare stands Scott. "Ivanhoe" is a perfect romance, and the last conversation of Rebecca with the Templar is worthy the great master himself. The sylvan scenes, with scented woods and rushing brooks, are reminders of the deep forest where Jacques mused and Rosalind laughed at love till he caught her in his net.

It ill becomes one who has not read "Robert Elsmere" to criticise the modern novel or tell, even in this strict confidence, how, in the general deluge of literature, the only rest is found with a few souls counted worth saving from the flood.

Read mean books and you think the whole world mean. Better to seek the demigods of Plutarch, or read tales of brave men near our time, who were stirred by deep impulses to endure sacrifice for a noble end. Though there is no opportunity for heroic deeds, we can admire and revere the heroes who heard heavenly voices

and thrilled with the sense of great things, visible and invisible, to be struggled for. So shall we, too, be uplifted.

The brief space allotted me forbids more than a hint of afternoons filled with the music of the poets. Familiar are the melodies of "Penseroso" and "Alegra," the words of the "Ancient Mariner," of "Marmion," the "Prisoner of Chillon," and the voice, "hollow like a ghost's," of Arthur—the ideal, yet most real of English kings—blessing the Queen with milk-white arms and golden hair, low lying at his feet.

When the lamps are lighted then comes the hour for the household singer, the Cambridge poet, most beloved man of letters in our generation; who spends the evenings with him keeps good company.

XIV.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Soon after the close of the Crimean war there was a memorial dinner in London, given by Lord Stratford to the ranking officers of the British army and navy. Naturally conversation turned on the recent conflict, and toward the conclusion of the entertainment the host suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name connected with the war which he believed would be most illustrious through future ages. All wrote as requested, the ballots were collected by the proposer of the movement, were opened and read amid enthusiastic cheers, for every one of them contained the name of Florence Nightingale.

The result has proved the truth of that evening's prophecy; a whole generation has passed since then, and who thinks of the dead and gone generals who fell at the storming of the Malakoff? The elocutionist gives the "Charge of the Light Brigade" without knowing who obeyed the bitter blunder; the military student may re-

299

call the hero of Kinglake's history—the beloved Raglan—and possibly some veteran dimly remembers the commander of the gray hosts of the Vladimir, but the sweet name of Florence Nightingale is dear in almost every home where the English language is spoken.

Ancient Scutari, the largest city on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus, is overlaid with history, far-reaching and full of association which stirs the deep waters of memory. It was the haunt of hordes in the mythic period; they are forgotten. Persian satrap and Western crusader encamped on the heights; they are not mentioned now, nor is the pious Godfrey nor Imperial Constantine; but every tourist is pointed to the yellow building, used as Turkish barracks, where the world has learned how divine a woman may be in ministry to men.

In Constantinople it was my good fortune to know an English woman well acquainted with the subject of my sketch, who left England when she was about thirty-six years old. Said my informant, I have often seen her in the midst of suffering, and where misery and despair were deepest she was sure to be found. Her figure was slight and graceful, her manner dignified, her face beaming with tenderness for the soldiers, who blessed her as she went by. Her fortitude at

surgical operations passes belief. Once, when the agonies of a patient in the hands of surgeons put to flight his attendants, Miss Nightingale turned around and with grave rebuke called to the trembling fugitives: "Come back! Shame on you as Christians! Shame on you as women!" And her courage, joined with what the French call the gift of command, brought the timid nurses again to their duty.

She was always on her feet. "I never saw her seated but once in a council of surgeons, who hated her because she broke through their routine and refused submission to regulations." From the bloody heights of Inkerman nine hundred wounded were sent to Scutari. She demanded mattresses, stores for the sick, locked in the custom house or lying in the ships in the harbor, and was told three days was the shortest time in which they could be unloaded and distributed, and the rules of the service could not be transgressed to save even a thousand men. She hastened to the magazine, told the sergeant of the guard who she was, and asked if he would take an order from her. He replied he would. She commanded him to break down the door, for the men would arrive in a few hours and no beds were ready. That incomparable woman stood all day, ordering, arranging, distributing in the midst of unspeakable misery, her appearance everywhere a sign of good comfort, and so touched with heavenly charm that virtue seemed to go out from her garments in the press of the crowd.

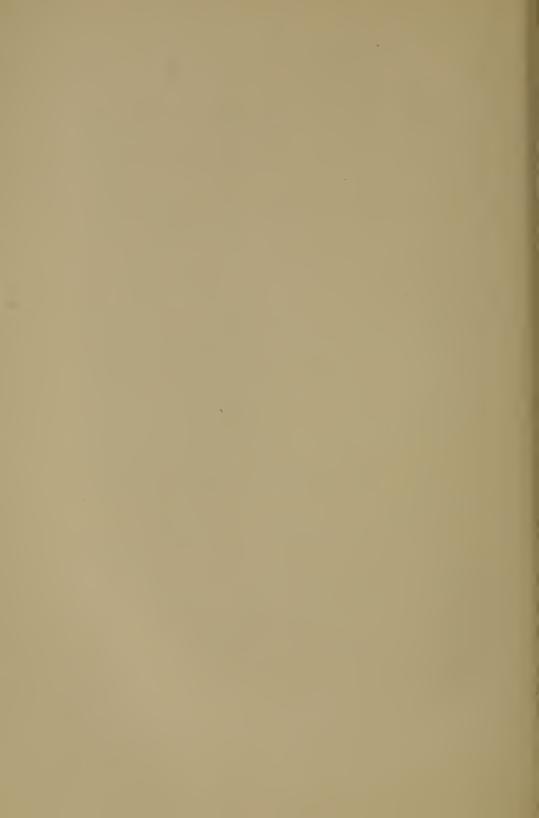
Night was her accepted time. When the attendant and medical officers slept, and silence and darkness settled on the long lines of cots. holding broken wrecks of the bloom and flower of English soldiery, she walked the dreary corridors alone. A little lamp in her hand scarcely illumined the gloom a few feet around her, but it was cheering as sunlight, an omen of hope to the hopeless. Now she whispered holy words to a youth moaning in half-sleep of home and mother, now smoothed the pillow of some wasted skeleton from the trenches, or lightly touched the limbs straightening for the grave. What wonder that hundreds kissed her shadow as it fell. and, soothed by her benign presence, turned on their narrow beds and closed their eyes to pleasant dreams

> "As if a door in Heaven should be Opened, and then closed suddenly, The vision came and went, The light shone and was spent."

When her work was ended and peace declared honors were showered on her. The Cross of St.

George was presented by Oueen Victoria, engraved, "Blessed are the Merciful." An exquisite bracelet came from the Sultan, but she steadily refused all moneys. A man-of-war was placed at her disposal on the return voyage to England; she declined the distinction and traveled through France by night in order to save publicity. Sore need had she of rest and quiet; though prostrated bodily by the long strain, her spirit was undaunted. From her darkened chamber and invalid chair she spoke cheerfully to the infirm of heart and purpose who sought her counsel, wrote letters to unknown correspondents and patiently listened to intrusive appeals which must have appeared trivial to her comprehensive mind. Her heart beat for all humanity, and before her noble nature nothing was too petty or mean for interest. To the last she was a comforter, brave and busy, refined and delicate, forgetful of nothing but self.

In Athens, at Mrs. Hill's American School for Girls, there are two portraits of Florence Nightingale. One as she went out to the Crimea, the other as she returned. And O the difference! She started, a young woman; she went home three years afterward an old woman.



XV.

TWO DAYS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Let's talk of graves,
Of worms and epitaphs."

—King Richard II.

Introductory.

To my friend who asks, "Why write about these old things, old as the hills, centuries before we were born?"

I will not insult your intelligence, O Beloved, by suspicion that anything said of Westminster Abbey can bring the charm of novelty to one of mature years. Happily for the human family, youth never forsakes this world, and bright eyes undimmed by tears or study may fill to overflow at my little tale of the Princes strangled in the Tower, and a fresh recital of the woes of fair Arabella Stuart.

The returned traveler is fond of sailing the sea again; of telling the horrors of sea-sickness; of eight days and nights in the narrow berth,—but one bed is narrower, colder, harder.

"What in the world is there to pay for that?" asked the patient listener.

"The first day in Westminster Abbey."

Especially does the voyageur expatiate on the awful storm off Newfoundland; when for thirty hours we heard the fog horn sounding danger, danger, danger; when thick darkness enveloped the vessel, which groaned like a living thing beaten by mountain billows, every timber shrieking as in agony, and it seemed that nothing made by mortal hand could survive the fierce assault of warring wind and raging waters.

Sometimes the steamer appeared to stand upright in air and again to lie on its side. The hatches closed, the air was poison, the floors flooded. Then the lights went out and we would go down, down to the deepest depth, beating along the sea-floor among the dead of thousands of years. I saw their ghosts in the dark.

She yawned in my face—this radiant daughter of our golden age—and inquired, "What paid for that dreadful experience?" "The second day in Westminster Abbey."

The	dimensions	of	the	Abbey	are:
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Feet.

	ncluding	st, i	we	to	east	from	gth	Exterior.—Leng	E
416	s Chapel	VII.'	ıry	Hen	sive o	exclu	but	walls,	
	of pin-	top	to	ower	Vest '	the V	of	Height	
225								nacles	

Interior.—Length within the walls to the piers of	
Henry VII.'s Chapel	383
Breadth at the Transept	203
Nave.—Length	166
Breadth	38
Height	102
Breadth of each aisle	17
Extreme breadth of nave and its aisles	72
Choir.—Length	156
Breadth	31
Height	102

HISTORIC.

There is an ancient legend that this magnificent cathedral, the most venerated fabric of the English Church, is founded on the ruins of a pagan temple; but Sir Christopher Wren and other architects, after nicest examinations, decided against the tradition. Whatever it may have been, it now is the final sanctuary of Englishmen of every rank and creed and every form of mind and genius; a consecrated burial ground. It is not often the sight-seer on pilgrimage of half a century, says heartily, with the freshness of unworn enthusiasm: "This is just what I expected!" But we said it at Westminster Abbey. The building in the heart of the grand old city was familiar by picture and description; in its solemn magnificence recognizable at the first glance, and even more imposing in its union of

lightness and strength than fancy had imagined it. In no other portion of this earth is there so much dust made from the fine clay of which Nature is most sparing. Nowhere is there such an array of glorious names. Even the spot where Cæsar fell is less illustrious. Well has it been called the temple of science and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried. Men who hated, fought; women who intrigued, schemed, murdered, lie here within a few feet of each other, brought to a common rest by the hand which levels all ranks as they pass under its mighty shadow.

Slowly we moved, with reverent step, down the vast nave, written over with names of kings and kinglike men, heroes of peace and war, a "chapel-of-ease" for the still sleepers, and recalled the words of one who was afterward buried in the spot where he so often rambled. "When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be

contemporaries and make our appearance together." There is the greatest variety of monument and epitaph, recording, unconsciously, changes of taste and varying standards of art from age to age. In the antique effigies every variation of sepulchral attitude is visible, from the crusader of the thirteenth century, with crossed legs on his flinty couch, to the statesman of our own times, with legs crossed in an attitude by no means deathlike, sitting in his own study chair. The old statue, done by 'prentice hand, finds place here, not to be banished or despised because it suffers by comparison with works from the chisel of Chantrey.

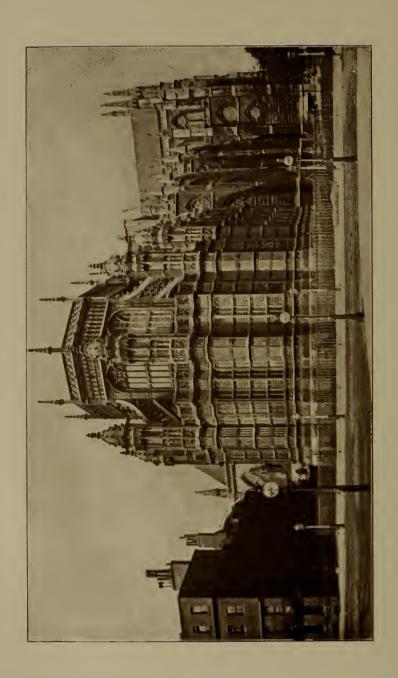
It is not necessary to inflict the guide-book on the reader for whom I write. He probably knows the architecture of the Abbey is florid Gothic; that it was founded in the seventh century by Sebert, King of the East Saxons; was destroyed by the Danes; rebuilt; at various times received additions, and the final grace of its haughty and rhythmic arches in 1822.

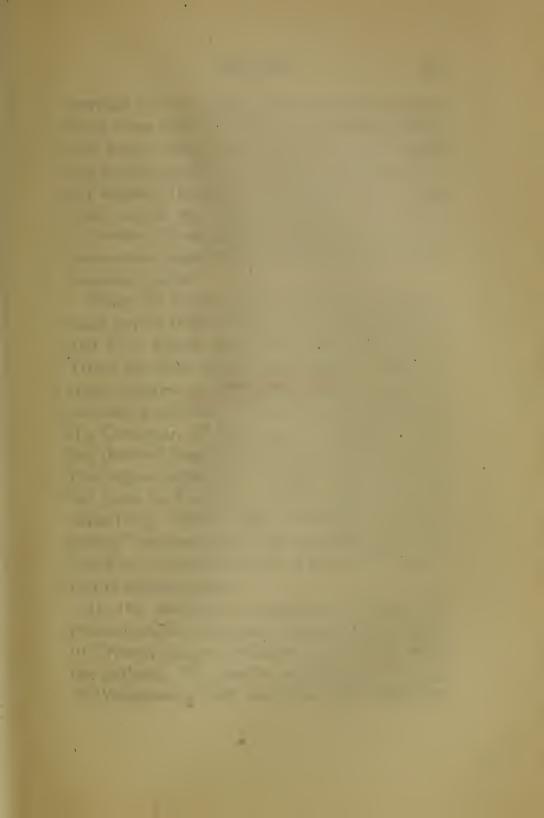
No other coronation rite reaches back to so early a period as that of the sovereigns of Great Britain. The tradition runs that Arthur was crowned at Stonehenge; but from the time of William the Conqueror, the fierce, powerful Norman, standing on the grave of the fair, sen-

sitive, feeble Saxon buried under the high altar, the ceremony of coronation inalienably attaches to the Abbev: and even when a prince has been enthroned elsewhere, the ceremony must be repeated here. The first coronation, more than eight hundred years ago, was a strange one. On Christmas, the usual coronation day of Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, the Conqueror (he of the ponderous glove and iron hand) appeared with his courtiers and his army. Outside the church, guarding him from his new subjects, were his tried Norman cavalry; the interior was packed with Norman nobles and Saxon people. each a question was addressed—to the Norman in French, by a French prelate; to the English in English, by an English prelate, the Archbishop of York—whether they would have this King to reign over them. A great welcome thundered to the vaulted roof. So loud and fierce was the discord of the two languages, that the Norman soldiers outside, hearing, but not understanding the cry, burst in upon the church. A strange panic, flight, and bloody massacre followed, and the Abbey was left almost empty, the uncrowned King, with the assistant clergy, standing alone by the altar.

The record runs that the hero of Hastings, who had never quailed in his life before, was so







Westminster.

PAGE 311.

terrified by the scene, that he remained trembling from head to foot in a paroxysm of fear. The sacred forms were hurried through, the oil was poured on his face, the holy anointing clumsily finished, the crown was planted on his huge head, and so was begun, in fright and murder, the series of those august ceremonies which have since never ceased to be celebrated within these venerable walls.

When the crown is lifted, the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the trumpets sound, and by a signal given, the great guns in the Tower are fired in the same instant. Here the royal children are christened, married, and here the dead are buried. From the time of Edward the Confessor, till the reign of Charles I., none but those of kingly blood were allowed room in this august sepulcher. Royalty has never been the same in England since the days Cromwell denied the "divine right of kings to govern wrong," and among the princes whose power he was first to break he was laid away; but not to rest in solemn pomp.

In the barbarous ceremonial following the restoration, his discontented bones were dragged to Tyburn, hanged, beheaded, and buried under the gallows. His head was planted on the top of Westminster Hall, and from that exhibition

became the property of a museum, or, if we credit the legends of showmen, of several museums in England.

The genius, valor, and patriotism of the Protector are recognized by the country which owes to him some of her most precious elements of strength. His name remains in Westminster, and laid asleep by death, makes no mention of the blood spot on his hand, or of the fact that the only desecration the Abbey has received in all these ages has been by the Puritan soldiers quartered there in 1643. They burnt the altar rails, sat on benches round the communion table, drinking, smoking, singing; broke many altars, images; defaced tombs, and shattered the pictured windows.

Some of the oldest inscriptions are amusing as New Hampshire epitaphs. Take this, written in decayed and decaying letters, at the base of a pedestal and pyramid:

"Nicolas Bagenall, a child two months old, overlaid by his nurse, died 1688." Why being smothered in that ignoble way should be thought worthy so lasting a record in this noble burial place, is to the writer a deep, unfathomable mystery.

Here is another from the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, where many monuments are so timeworn and dilapidated that the crumbling letters are almost illegible. There were poets in those days, as is witnessed by the tomb of Sophia, daughter of James First, who died in 1607, aged three days:

> "When the Archangel's trumpet shall blow, And souls to bodies shall join, Millions will wish their lives below Had been so short as thine."

Observe the melody and grace of the versification, the excellence of the sentiment equaled only by the musical rhythm of the singer. The design of Baby Sophy's monument I have never seen elsewhere; a cradle of alabaster, once presumably white as sculptured snow, now discolored by time, dust and smoke, and spotted vellow and brown as an Autumn leaf. The top is overarched at one end, and under this canopy appears a chubby little face, covered to the chin with an embroidered coverlet, wrought to high and delicate finish in the exquisite marble. It was a happy thought to perpetuate the little Sophy's face sleeping in her cradle, which is itself the tomb, and touched me deeply. A model that might be copied in our own green cemeteries, carpeted with violets and heart's ease, where mothers loiter on quiet Sundays, and

whisper words full of hope and yet of heart-break.

The vandals are roving tribes not confined to America in their wanderings, and here ambitious savages have scribbled unmeaning names, otherwise lost to history. Some have even gone so far as to carve their initials in the sculptured faces of the honored dead, and add the date of the desecration.

There is a quaintness and simplicity in the verses of the older graves not found in those of a later date. Take this on the tablet of Grace Scott, died 1644:

"He that will give my Grace but what is hers,
Must say her death hath not
Made only her deare Scott,
But Virtue, Worth and Sweetness widdowers."

And did he, the first of those four "widdowers," cry his eyes out for a day, then wipe them dry, go a-courting in his mourning suit, and marry again within a year? I wonder how it was in those old times.

It must be admitted the Abbey of Westminster, the most lovely and loveable thing in Christendom, as it has been affectionately called, is a very dirty place, and the dust and grime of the monuments lie in heavy deposits, giving the im-

pression of neglect. In time-worn gray marble the effigy of Edward Third lies, at his head his sword and shield, carried before him to France. The sword is seven feet long, and weighs eighteen pounds; a mass of rust, in high contrast with the niceness with which the French guard the sacred relics of the Louvre. In that palace is the old sword of Charlemagne, under polished glass, not a speck of dust on the velvet scabbard. No trace of the god-like grace of Edward remains in the blackened stone which bears his name and features, carved, it may be, by skillful hands, now moldering and marred by effacing fingers, busy as Time itself.

The west end of the Abbey was formerly the Almonry, where the alms of the Abbey were distributed, more remarkable for being the place where the first printing-press ever known in England was erected, when William Caxton produced the "Game and Play of Chesse," the first book ever printed on the Island. And here the first English Bible was issued, an upspringing light breaking the bands of darkness which had settled on the moral, social, political life of the nation. The morning star of the Reformation had risen and Wickliffe's Bible was multiplied by thousands; no more to be the object of careful destructive search as in the days of persecution;

to shrivel in fires of war or to be burned, with those who loved the name of Christ, in the public squares. Let me enrich my page with the glowing sentences of Dr. Storrs: "By this Bible the grandest poetry became England's possession; the sovereign law, on which the blaze of Sinai shone, or which glowed with serener light of divinity from the Mount of Beatitudes. Inspired minds came out of the past—Moses, David, Isaiah, John, the man of Idumea, the man of Tarsus—to teach the long-desiring English mind. It gave peasants the privilege of those who had heard Elijah's voice in the ivory palaces, of those who had seen the heaven opened by the river of Chebar, of those who had gathered before the temples made with hands which crowned the Acropolis. They looked into the faces of apostles and martyrs, of seers and kings, and walked with Abraham in the morning of Time."

ANDRE AND MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In the south aisle of Westminster is the memorial which comes nearest home to us; a lasting trace of our Revolutionary struggle, marking one of its saddest episodes. The remains of Major John André, executed as a spy by the Americans, 1780, lie close beneath our feet. The bas-relief on the sarcophagus of statuary marble represents the flag of truce being conveyed to Washington with the letter of André, containing this touching petition, addressed to him: "If aught in my character impresses you with esteem toward me; if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet."

The expression of so high and manly an impulse stirs the reader even at this late hour. The conduct of the Commander-in-Chief thus addressed does equal honor to his noble nature; but by the laws of nations pardon would have been a departure from his unswerving fidelity to a cause that gave us independence through retreats and skirmishes.

André's magnetism was wonderful, and all who came within his influence confessed the charm of his presence. He was handsome, frank, engaging, with an elegant turn of mind and taste for art. In conversation with Hamilton, he mentioned the candor, liberality, and indulgence with which his trial was conducted, and wrote Sir Henry Clinton: "I receive the greatest attention from His Excellency, General Washing-

ton, and from every person in whose charge I happen to be placed." His fate moved the whole country to sympathy. On the day of execution the sentinels served with tears and the populace wept over the untimely death of one so gifted and so beloved. His love story stirred the hearts of sympathetic women who knew the miniature of sweet Honora Sneyd was not unwound from the prisoner's neck till he went out to execution, and some kind woman's hand planted two cedars above the grave after it was smoothed. It is said that Washington never, but once, even by his own fireside, alluded to the doom of André.

When his body was removed from the green banks of the Hudson, where it had been buried under the gallows nearly forty years, the skeleton was entire. A few locks of his beautiful hair, and the leather string which tied them were found, gathered up with pitying care, and sent to his sisters in England. A pile of stones had guarded the spot inviolate from the plowman's rude furrow. When the remains were taken away, a peach-tree, whose roots had penetrated the coffin and wound around the skull, was taken up and transplanted to the King's garden behind Castleton House. An old lady died in the present century who had, as a little girl, of-

fered the prisoner a peach while he was on his way to execution. She loved to tell of his beauty and grace and cry over the cruel necessity which brought him to such a death. Isaac Van Wart. one of his captors, watched the last breath of the gallant spy, and could rarely afterward be persuaded to speak of it, and never without tears. An old Revolutionary soldier, Enos Revnolds, used to tell the story with tears running down his cheeks: "He was the handsomest man I ever laid my eves on, and all the men around were weeping when he met his death." As every possible amenity was given the victim of the laws of war, so when the body was disinterred, an Englishman records: "The courtesy and good feeling of the Americans were remarkable." The bier was decorated with garlands and flowers when it was transported to the ship, and royal Republicans, with moistened eyes and quivering lips, watched the mournful procession.

The old woman who kept the turnpike gate, opened it free to all who came and went on this excursion; and six young girls of New York united in a poem that accompanied the myrtle tree they sent, with the body, to England. Not one hardened or indifferent person was present among the crowd that day. The monument to him at Tappan, New York, was chipped away by

relic-hunters and finally blown up with nitroglycerin. The place now has an air of desolation, and the railing is rusty and broken down, so the locality will soon belong to tradition and memory.

Romance, chivalry, poetry, have touched the name of the unfortunate André with color that charms the imagination and memory of men. My readers are familiar with it, and deplore the fate of the young hero whose just sentence was passed by a tribunal of his peers; but how many American readers know half the story of Nathan Hale? Brief be the tale told here by the grave of a spy in the opposing army.

He was a graduate of Yale, and left his purpose of becoming a minister to join the cause of liberty. "Everybody loved him," said a lady of his acquaintance, "he was so sprightly, intelligent, and kind and so handsome." Captain Hale volunteered his services as a spy to Washington, was arrested in the British lines, and the next morning, without even the form of trial, was delivered to Cunningham to be executed. This Cunningham was a special pet of Lord George Germain, Secretary for the Colonies, and was a disgrace to the service. He caused the murder by starvation or poison of 2,000 American prisoners, that he might, while he starved them,

profit by the sale of their rations. The gentle, fearless Hale was treated with great inhumanity by the brutal provost-marshal. The presence of a clergyman and the use of a Bible were denied by Cunningham, and even the letters which he had been permitted by Howe to write to his mother and sisters during the one night of his imprisonment were destroyed. He was hanged on a tree near the present intersection of East Broadway and Market streets. His last words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

Why do I tell this old tale here? Because, dear reader, it is sometimes the fashion to call the treatment of André a "blot" on the white name of Washington. Both these young officers justly suffered death by the laws and usages of war; both are to be deplored, and most of all the necessity which makes such procedure inevitable. Pardon this digression. When you grieve over André do not forget the name of Nathan Hale.

Had Arnold succeeded in his treason, the body of Washington would have been dismembered and his head would have rotted away on Temple Bar.

Pass we on.

In a magnificent tomb in the south aisle repose

the ashes of Mary, unhappy Queen of Scots, whose history, oft-repeated in every year of its three hundred years, charms us yet. She is one of the dear dead women, in our imagination, forever fresh and unfaded, who had a mystic witchery over the hearts of men. She was born to the power which makes them slaves, fools, madmen. No man ever saw her without admiration, or heard her history without regret. That face, melancholy as moonlight and as fair, shines through the clouds which encompass it from the hour of her piteous farewell to the pleasant land of France to the last scene which ends her strange, eventful history in the dim castle hall at Fotheringay Castle. Through the thunders of John Knox at mass, the spell of her beauty enthralls us; in the romantic intrigues, the flight and escape from the water-girdled castle of Lochleven it is supreme. Nor do we abate our fealty in the gloom three centuries have failed to clear away from the mystery that hangs over the Kirk of the field. So long as youth warms at tales of chivalrous devotion, Mary Stuart's fair fame is secure despite the name of Bothwell. Nor will there ever be wanting defenders for her passion for the Earl with the fair curling beard, a gentleman of ancient lineage with the manners of a great lord, who bore himself haughtily as a feuMary Stuart.
PAGE 322.

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dal noble. Such was his domination over Mary that the ladies of her court attributed it to necromancy. The secret was the magic power of a fine person, "built more like a tower than a man;" a resolute, unbroken will, and that unchangeable loyalty which has won many a stronger woman than the frail Queen of Scotland. While the English language endures school girls will argue and college boys debate the question, had she come to the throne would we have had another bloody Mary? Was she or was she not guilty?

Mary, Queen of Scots.

Often as we think of the prisoner, who, in nine-teen years, never knew the rapture of freedom, arrayed in velvet as became the daughter of a King, the print of her lost crown upon her brow, comforting her weeping maids, and with Christian dignity laying her head upon the block, her misfortunes and death seem an atonement. We recall the faded face where lovely lines still linger, the prematurely gray hair, the hideous executioner's axe yet to be seen in London Tower, the headless body, the dripping life-blood lapped up by her pet dog, and we say again "Poor Mary," and in our hearts her sins, which are many, are all forgiven.

She was buried in the Cathedral at Peterborough, and over the site of her grave there hangs the letter of her son ordering the removal of her body to the Church of Westminster, in the place where the kings and queens of this realm are commonly interred, that the like honor might be done to the body of his dearest mother. and the like monument be extant of her that had been done to his dear sister, the late Oueen Elizabeth. In the center of a new vault in the north wall her leaden coffin was placed; a spot afterward crowded by remains of her unfortunate descendants. When the royal vaults were investigated in 1868 an awful scene came to the view of masons, workmen, and the Dean of the Abbey. A high pile of leaden coffins rose from the floor, some the size of the full human stature, but many more of infants and little children, all confusedly heaped or tossed about in reckless disorder throughout the vault of brick, which was more than twelve feet long. Along the north wall, writes an eye-witness, were two coffins, much compressed and distorted by the superincumbent weight of four or five lesser coffins heaped upon them. No plate could be found on either. The upper one was much broken, and the bones, especially the skull, turned on one side, were distinctly visible—the casket of Arabella Stuart, who inherited her full share of the beauty and misfortunes of her ill-fated race. The lower coffin was saturated with pitch and was deeply compressed and flattened by the weights above. It was of solid and stately work, shaped to meet the form; the fatal coffin which had received the headless corpse of Fotheringay.

It seemed indecent confusion and forgetfulness of so much departed greatness gathered round the famous and wonderful central figure of the house of Stuart. As far as possible the wreck and ruin of the dynasty were reduced to order, the neglected relics laid in becoming rows with reverential care. The smaller coffins were lifted from above the two larger ones, and placed in an open space at the foot of the steps. A curse reserved for the doomed race was fulfilled in the fact that ten infant children of James II. lie here; and no less than eighteen children of Queen Anne were found, of whom only one required the space allotted a full-grown child.

In the deadly chill of the cavernous chamber, over-buried till the marred shape was crushed from its fair proportions, moldered away the frail beauty, forgotten till the site of her grave was matter of dispute with the keepers of the Abbey. The victim, in the same chapel with her vanquisher, sleeps well, and her tomb was early

visited by devout Scots as the shrine of a canonized saint. Thirteen years after the removal of the ghastly remains from Peterborough, an old gossip writes: "I hear that her bones, lately translated to the burial-place of the Kings of England at Westminster, are resplendent with miracles"—the last record of a miracle-working tomb in England.

The tenderness with which we enshroud the unhappy Queen of Scots is intensified in the haunted house, where that pathetic dust is lying, but a few steps away from the coarser clay of her triumphant rival, Queen Elizabeth.

The marble effigy represents her in the familiar cap, or curch, which yet bears her name, the classic face upturned, the hands petitioning, as in prayer—lovely hands, whose bluest veins courtiers proudly knelt to kiss. Irreverent visitors have broken and carried off two fingers, a painful desecration, done no one knows when or by whom.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

We naturally look for the grave of Queen Elizabeth, whom a strange destiny brought so near to Mary, the unhappy Queen of Scots, in their safe, final resting-place. On a lofty and elegant tablet, supported by four lions, lies the statue of the lion-hearted Queen, last of the illustrious house of Tudor, greatest of England's sovereigns. Judge the wondrous maid not as a woman but as a ruler. Consider the country and the government, when she came to the throne, at the age of twenty-five, the treasury empty, the state weakened by exhausting wars, the army a mere handful of ill-armed men. See to what a height the kingdom rose, and how speedily its strength departed when the scepter passed from her firm hand to the weak House of Stuart.

She was strong and wise, ready to sacrifice small things for a great end, and all things for the good of her subjects.

The sculptured, imperious face is strikingly like that of the portrait of George Eliot. I have thought their souls might be akin; that, under different training and environment, the author of "Romola" might have made a ruler of the visible kingdoms of men, even as she has swayed the invisible realm by the compelling force of her genius. Each of these women had her full measure of glory, and their conduct in later years proves they had learned—as, sooner or later, all women must learn—that a little love is sweeter than much fame.

The homely, high-arched forehead and beaked

nose, the set determination in the lines of the mouth of Elizabeth, make a haughty and tyrannic face. The Loves and the Graces did not flutter round the steps of her who could box the ears of the Lord Lieutenant, and send a courtier with muddy boots in disgrace to the Tower. At the same time she was on watch night and day, steering the ship of state through stormy seas. And loyal Englishmen are in the habit of saying never has it been so uniformly well done except in the days of the gentle and gracious Victoria. Still is the Elizabethan era named the Golden Age, and after eight generations have spent their criticisms her name is yet dear to the hearts of her countrymen.

While we gazed on the rigid features free of softness and delicacy, there rose a sense of absurdity in the idea of scholars, poets, statesmen, courtiers, a shining ring, whispering soft nonsense, mingled with sweet love songs in the ear of the withered maiden Queen, in her latter days a witch-like creature, haggard and to the last degree unlovely. Of the men of letters who laid their laurels at her feet, it has been recorded that they made their period a more glorious and important era in the history of the human mind than the time of Pericles, of Augustus, or of Leo.

But the great ruler never learned to rule her own spirit.

Sir Christopher Hatton was at one time the favorite, rising rapidly from obscurity to the despotic Queen's right hand. Her pet names for him are quite original: "My Sheep," "My Eyelids," and when in high good humor, "My Most Sweet Lids." He possessed many accomplishments and one of Hatton's rivals said the Vice-Chamberlain danced into her heart by his grace in a galliard in some theatrical performance given for amusement of the Court.

Here is one of the letters of the wily young courtier to the charmer who had seen the scattered roses of sixty summers:

"JUNE, 1573.

"If I could express my feelings of your gracious letters I should utter unto you matter of strange effect. In reading of them, with my tears I blot them; in thinking of them I feel so great comfort that I find cause, as God knoweth, to thank you on my knees. Death had been much more to my advantage than to win health and life by so loathsome a pilgrimage. The time of two days hath drawn me further from you than ten, when I return, can lead me towards you. Madam, I find the greatest lack that ever

poor wretch sustained. No death, no, not hell, no fear of death, shall ever win of me my consent so far to wrong myself again as to be absent from vou one day. God grant my return, I will perform this yow. I lack that I live by. The more I find this lack, the further I go from you. Shame take them that counselled me to it. The life (as you well remember) is too long that loathsomely lasteth. A true saying, Madam; believe him that hath proved it. The great wisdom I find in your letters with your country counsels are very notable: but the last word is worth the Bible. Truth, truth! Ever may it dwell with you. I will ever deserve it. My spirit and soul, I feel, agreeth with my body and life, that to serve you is a heaven, but to lack you is more than a hell's torment unto them. My heart is full of woe. Pardon, for God's sake, my tedious writing. It doth much diminish (for the time) my great griefs. I will wash away the faults of these letters with the drops from your poor 'lids' and so enclose them. Would God I were with you but for one hour! Bear with me, my most sweet, dear lady. Passion overcometh me; I can write no more. Love me for I love you. Live forever! Shall I utter this familiar term (farewell!), yea, ten thousand, thousand farewells. He speaketh it that most dearly loveth you. I

hold you too long. Once again I crave pardon and so bid your own poor 'Lids,' farewell.

"Your bondsman everlastingly tied,

"CH. HATTON."

If the most sweet, dear lady wrote any love letters it is not known—none have come down to us. Perhaps she was discreet enough to send only verbal messages that could be denied should it be thought expedient. We cannot imagine the Sovereign Lady of the Kohinoor calling her Lord Chancellor her "most sweet Eyelids," or receiving such an epistle from "Lids" himself. We are living in a more reserved and delicate generation than that of the lion Queen.

The portraits of Hampton Court and the waxen effigy in the Tower are very like, and by that comparison must be correct likenesses. She had, with the Tudor lust of power, mingled the caprices and vanity of Anne Boleyn; and her three thousand robes, fit for use, attest the feminine failing of extravagance.

A strange mixture of strength and frailty; at the age of seventy, doting on the handsome, chivalrous Essex, yet condemning him to the vilest of deaths; and then remorsefully lamenting him as she tossed in feverish unrest on the cushioned floor of Richmond Palace. What a comment on the vanity of human wishes are her last words, gasped out between heart-breaking moans: "All my possessions for one moment of time!"

Her body was brought by the Thames to Westminster. On the oaken covering of the leaden coffin were engraved the double rose and the august initials "E. R., 1603." Raleigh was on duty as captain of the guard, his last public act, and the ancient chronicler writes there was "such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping as the like has not been seen or known in the memory of man."

In the tomb of the half-sisters, the children of Henry Eighth, the series of royal monuments is brought to an end in Westminster Abbey.

When the search was made for the grave of James First the excavations laid bare the wall at the east end of Elizabeth's monument, and through a small opening the Dean of the Abbey, with reverent glance and bated breath, looked into the low, cramped black vault where the two queens lie alone together, the Tudor sisters, partners of the same throne and grave, sleeping in the hope of resurrection. There was no disorder or decay apparent, except that the wood had fallen over the head of Elizabeth's coffin,

and the wooden case had crumbled away at the sides and had drawn away part of the decaying lid. No coffin plate was visible, but the murky light gave to view a fragment of the lid, slightly carved. This led to further search, and the entire inscription was discovered, the Tudor badge. a full double rose, on each side the proud initials "E. R.," and date. The coffin-case was of inch elm, but the ornamental lid was of fine oak, halfan-inch thick, laid on the inch elm cover. The whole was covered with red silk velvet. "as though the bare wood had not been thought rich enough without the velvet." The vault was immediately closed again, never, in all probability, to be opened till the great day for which all other days were made shall rise and every burial stone be rolled away.

We did not take a guide or book, preferring to wander about the immense Abbey where every inch of space is storied and find it out for ourselves. We guessed at what was not apparent, and smiled over some mysterious effigies not easily solved by pilgrims unused to distant shrines. The tomb of Henry Fifth has suffered strange mutilations, but must have been a singular thing in its best estate. Upon it, his statue, cut from the solid heart of an English oak, was plated with silver and had a head of solid silver.

No other monument in the Abbey has been so despoiled.

Two teeth of gold were early missing, and some years later the whole of the silver head was carried off by robbers who broke in at night. Sir Roger de Coverly's anger was roused at sight of the figure of one of our English kings, without a head, which had been stolen away several years since. "Some whig, I warrant you. You ought to lock up your kings better. They'll carry off the body, too, if you don't take care."

High above Henry hangs his great emblazoned shield, his saddle, and his helmet. The shield is dinted, bruised and rusty, hacked in many a bloody battle; the helmet, gashed by heavy saber-strokes, is the "very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt;" the same bruised helmet which he refused to have borne in state before him on his return to London. Is there a reader who does not instantly recall the madcap Prince Hal, made familiar to the theater-loving by the grand players of our day? Here is the cumbrous antique saddle, and all armed he

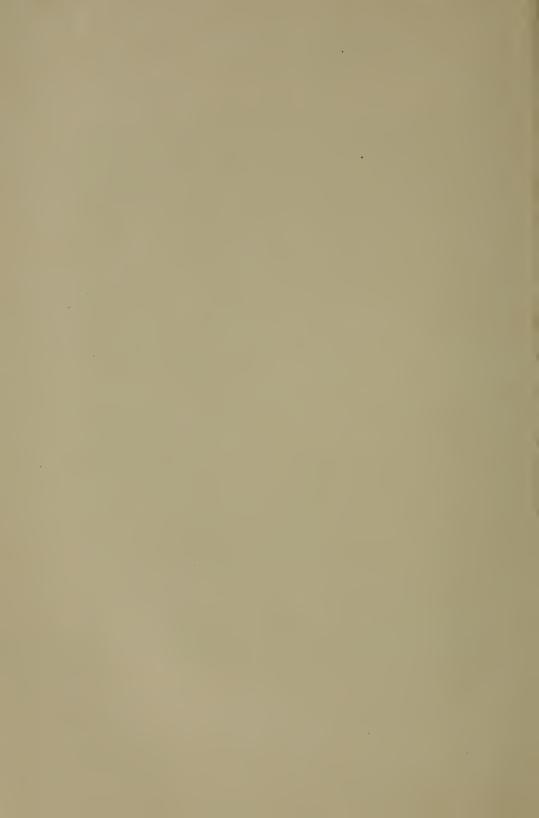
— "vaulted with such ease into his seat, As if an angel dropped down from the clouds, To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Who does not remember him in his wild

Catharine de Valois.

PAGE 335.





pranks with Falstaff; the scene in the Jerusalem Chamber of this very building where he tried on the sleeping king's crown in the spirit we can imagine a certain prince might this day long for that self-same crown? Can we forget his repentance in agony of tears and remorse and the never dying honors of his later life? And then his rebuke to Falstaff:

"I know thee not, old man! Fall to thy prayers! How ill white hairs becomes a fool and jester!"

A gallant prince and noble king he loved the Abbey; and, the obstinate enemy of heretics, determined, had he conquered France, to cut down her vines with a view to suppressing drunkenness. A wondrous change from the sack-drinking companions of Bardolph at Dame Quickley's, intent only on laughing away the roystering hours. And his sweet Kate, his Flower-de Luce, the bright, bewitching princess with her broken English and liquid French words—how sleeps she, waiting for the last summons to rise? Here is the chronicle of Catharine of Valois.

CATHARINE DE VALOIS.

The remains were thrust carelessly into the vacant space beneath her husband's chantry. The body, the tender daughter of the royal line, was

laid in a rude coffin, in a badly-appareled state, open to view. There it lay for many years. On the destruction of that chapel by her grandson it was placed beside her noble husband, and "so it continued to be seen, the bones being firmly united, and thinly clothed with flesh, like scrapings of fine leather."

What strange impiety was this which gave the corpse of a princess to the eyes of the gaping crowd for years old Westminster walls do not record. History fixes the fact; but makes no comment on the disgraceful, brutish exposure.

ANNE BOLEYN.

One curious old custom, very dear to loyal hearts in Elizabeth's time, has happily fallen into disuse. It was called "the herse," a platform draped with deepest black, on which rested the waxen effigy of the dead. It remained a month in the Abbey, near the grave; in the case of kings for a much longer time, after being carried in the funeral procession before the body of which it was the image. These effigies were sacred as holy relics in the monasteries of the Middle Ages; and late as the time of Nelson were in repute, so that the sightseers might be beguiled from Westminster to St. Paul's.

Here is a tourist's notice of the ghostly apparitions as they appeared in the solemn shades of Westminster in 1708:

"And so we went on to see the ruins of majesty in the women (sic: waxen?) figures placed there by authority. As soon as we had ascended half a score of steps in a dirty cobweb hole, and in the old worm-eaten presses, whose doors flew open at our approach, here stood Edward, the Third, as they told us, which was a broken piece of wax-work, a battered head, and a strawstuffed body not one quarter covered with rags; his beautiful Queen stood by, not better in repair; and so to the number of half a score kings and queens, not near so good figures as the King of the Beggars make, and all the begging crew would be ashamed of the company. Their rear was brought up with good Oueen Bess, with the remnant of an old dirty ruff, and nothing else to cover her."

Think of such a ridiculous row of puppets desecrating the aisles of to-day!

Among royal coronations none have been given with greater splendor than Anne Boleyn's. The streets were freshly strewn with gravel; the buildings hung with tapestries, scarlet and crimson and rich carpets from Persia and the East.

"It is no easy matter to picture to our-

selves the blazing trail of splendor which, in such a pageant, must have drawn along the streets those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of color—gold and crimson and violet. In an open space behind the constable there was seen a white chariot, drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy upborne above it making music with silver bells, and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage. * * There she sat, drest in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds, most beautiful, loveliest, most favored, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. * * * Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad mourning figure, which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell?

"Three short years have yet to pass; and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer."*

A stone in the courtyard is inscribed with her name and the date of her execution. Light and trifling in life, she exhibited serene fortitude in death.

The most thoughtless person cannot stroll through historic places, guarded by the banner of St. George, and not feel the world is growing better. Can we think of the coming king, albeit not the best of husbands, chopping off the tender Alexandra's head to make room for another wife; or the ruling sovereign leaving her favorites to languish in prison for a breach of etiquette or a fancied slight? The years since Elizabeth stormed and Anne Boleyn suffered death for her sweet lord's pleasure are but as one day in the long Chronicles of Kings. The statues of saints and martyrs are a testimonial that we live in the best age of the world; and in this atmosphere of deep pervading peace, where there are no dreams save the dreams of the passing traveler, history is very gentle to the victims of envy, bigotry and hate.

^{*}Froude.

We are tempted to think that, could England's bride, the Virgin Queen, rise again among the refinements, engaging graces and courtesies of the nineteenth century, she would subdue her temper to the atmosphere of the times. The mildest oath would be unheard, and such epithets as "wench" and "knave" would not be addressed to high born courtiers and ladies of gentle blood.

As I write, the newspapers are giving descriptions of a portion of Westminster where the flooring is being taken up, revealing fine pavement of encaustic tiles, of the fourteenth century, covering the entire "Abbot's House"—red, buff, yellow, of geometrical designs; and now that the craze for tiles has possession of lovers of art and æsthetics, they have a higher value than when laid there four hundred years ago.

Strange that in a building where the records are so carefully kept there should ever be mistakes, confusion of any kind, or that anything be lost sight of in the dust and cobweb of passing years. The old battle against oblivion is a hard one; and though the fight goes bravely on, the steady march of ages is pretty sure to bewilder the children of men, and dust to dust at last blurs over their most hallowed inscriptions.

The latest examinations of builders prove

Westminster in a state of lamentable neglect. In some parts the soft, porous stone has gradually loosened and crumbled, till walls are hollowed out and shaken: and it is even asserted that the whole structure shows signs of disintegration. At odd times, in the different centuries, immense sums have been spent and slow and conscientious labor has gone into the work of replacing one block or one mullion by another, but the substitution has been insufficient spectors complain that the official architect. Sir Gilbert Scott, has not given the Abbey the needed attention. He failed to report its condition, and, in fact, rarely went near the place or showed an interest in it. As a result of not making repairs in time the estimate now is that twenty-four thousand pounds are the least sum required for an effective restoration of the waste places. And every traveler comprehends the danger of restorers, the vanity of man leading him to inflict damages in the way of change greater than the common enemy has power to bring about.

The men of old planned and built as men have not wrought in later times, and the Pyramid, which was a marvel of antiquity in the days of Herodotus (which, by Arab tradition, is the only thing on earth that bore the weight of the Flood), will probably last, with its stupendous masonry unaltered, when every other temple tower and tomb on the globe shall have moldered into ruin.

But this is a digression, as our friends, the novelists, say.

THE CHAIR OF STATE.

The best view of the interior of Westminster Abbey is from the great western door. The whole design is then under the eye, with its lofty roof, beautifully disposed lights, and long arcades of columns. On the arches of the pillars are galleries of double columns, fifteen feet wide, covering the side aisles and lighted by a middle range of windows, over which there is an upper range of larger windows:

——"richly dight Casting a dim religious light."

The monuments in the nave are of comparatively recent work, many are dedicated to the defenders who fell while upholding the flag which flies wherever wood will float.

It is not strange that seamen are proud of a

country so proud of them, and that the battle cry of her foremost admiral should be "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" But he who looked forward only to triumphs—Nelson—found his grave in St. Paul's. I do not undertsand why, or why the Duke of Wellington should lie there. his statue above him, "like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him," instead of holding a place in this sanctuary of famous Englishmen. We pause before a bust of Warren Hastings, Governor of Bengal. The glittering page of Macaulay has made familiar to my reader the story of that life, more varied and wonderful than the wildest romance. At one time denounced by the greatest orator of a great age as the common enemy and oppressor of the human race, after he had for years maintained the dignity and splendor of an Oriental satrap; tried before one generation, accused before another, his fate is a bitter comment on the instability of human power and human glory; most of all of human friendship. The dust of the illustrious accused does not mingle with the dust of his accusers under this roof; but his fame is secure, for his name is here. Had his lot been cast in North America, and he been there devoted to his king, as in India, possibly England might not have lost her colonies in the New World.

Many things were strange to me in this Pantheon of Britain, where each loyal Englishman covets a place; but the strangest sight was the Queen's Chair, used only on Coronation Days in that ceremonial of utmost pomp and splendor.

I had supposed the chair of state, which took part in the most splendid pageant of the proudest city on the face of the earth, was of ivory and precious stones, cloth of gold, jeweled and dazzling to the sight. But no; as the ancestors of the Empress of India sat, so sits she. This old arm chair is of carved oak, almost black, very dirty and dilapidated. Part of the carven back is broken off, the remainder scribbled over; the velvet covering, if velvet it was, is worn down to the ragged foundation. The arms thereof are covered with dirt, as if greasy fingers had been wiped on them. Perhaps they are regal fingerprints, and the divinity which doth hedge a king forbids covering them with the work of plebeian hands. On its own merits it would hardly bring ten dollars in a furniture shop, unless some crazy hunter of antiques should take an insane liking to the four badly carved lions which support the heavy seat. The historic chair holds associations more precious than gold, than much fine gold; phantoms from out the stillness of the past flit before us as we stand beside the time-worn, dusty

relic. Long lines of kings "come like shadows, so depart;" for in this chair every English sovereign from Edward First—second founder of the Abbey, who lies in its center (1065)—to the time of Victoria (1837) has been inaugurated and enthroned.

Edward the First originally intended the seat of the chair should be of bronze; but afterward had it adapted to the Stone of Scone, on which the Scottish kings were crowned, which is imbedded in the Plantagenet oak. It was his latest care for the Abbey, and brings to the place a mythic charm with its many legends and varied traditions. They veil the nakedness and shabbiness of the antique seat with such grace that we begin to comprehend why it is allowed to remain unaltered in the alterations of many centuries.

The tale runs that this consecrated piece of rock was the stone which Jacob "had put for his pillow" the night of that radiant vision at Bethel. His countrymen carried it to Egypt; for it was a sacred pillar, a consecrated altar after the patriarch poured oil upon it in the morning. The daughter of Pharaoh, married to a Greek, alarmed at the fame and power of Moses, fled with it to Spain. From Brigantia it was carried off to Ireland, and on the Holy Hill of Tara's

chiefs it was called Lia Faii "the Stone of Destiny," and on it the kings of Ireland were crowned.

From Scotland, the shadowy region of mists and fogs, the chosen home of legendary lore, arose the founder of a kingdom, Fergus by name. He seized the priceless treasure, and bore it across the sea to Dunstaffnage; from thence it went through various migrations and in 840 was laid on a raised plot of ground at Scone, "because that the last battle with the Picts was there fought;" and from this period its history is authentic and unbroken. The kings of Scotland were there crowned by the Earls of Fife.

Geology, which proves the truth or falsity of countless sermons hid in stones, reports this a true Scottish sandstone, such as forms the west coast of Scotland. Its quality is undoubted, and it has the appearance of having been once part of a building. Vainly the Scottish kings tried to recover the Stone of Scone; the affection which attaches to it and the proud memories it stirs forbade the removal of the last relic of Scotland's kings. The Royal Chair, of which it is part, is the most interesting object where many are hallowed, and its very disfigurements add to its sanctity; a regal seat which needs no adorning but its own history. The wild dreams of

the Duchess of Gloucester hovered about this august throne.

"Methinks I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crowned."
—Shakespeare, Henry VI.

But once since it entered the Abbev has the Stone of Destiny been moved out of its place, a day more important in England's annals than generations of time coming and going since then. When Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, to give the peculiar pageant some flavor of the right of royalty, the Chair of Scotland was brought out of Westminster Abbey for that one most solemn hour. Who may tell what dreams of glory, towering high as the heavens, opened in vision to the first dreamer on this legendary stone, rose upon Cromwell's sight as he sat, usurper of the Queen's Chair, under a princely canopy of state? The hand of the great master of morals and humanity touches it in Macbeth. On this stone, about the year 1039, the King stood to receive the anointing oil and crown of Scotland. was part of his prophetic revelation on the blasted heath, when louder than loudest thunder he harkened to the "All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!" And with prompt alacrity the brainsick usurper hastened to Scone, "to be invested," after the gracious Duncan was murdered.

Speaking of Macbeth brings up the peerless actress who for thirty years played the part of his relentless queen, and never failed to find, in each representation, new excellence in the tragedv. The statue of Mrs. Siddons, wrought in purest marble, stands in St. Andrew's Chapel. Westminster Abbey; a little above life size, vet hardly a colossal figure; a faithful presentment of the dazzling woman whose charm lasted to three-score years, and whose high presence made every woman beside her appear plain and common-place. The profile is absolutely perfect; but the sight-seer stands too near the heroic work of the cunning sculptor. The picture in the National Gallery, by Gainsborough, taken in the hat with streaming plume which yet bears his name, gives a softer face, of exquisite color and mold; and the "Tragic Muse," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is indescribably fine. Such a face in pagan lands might create a siege of Troy or battle of Actium. A quaint old writer says of the Mary Stuart of history and the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare:

"We know that the former had a delicate exterior, auburn hair and beaming blue eyes; her tone of speaking was gentle and voice sweet, excellently soft and low. Mrs. Siddons, whose style and color were altogether different, became so saturated with Lady Macbeth as to be convinced she must have been a blonde. We think that Shakespeare implies and justifies this delicate perception and turns it into history. Both the Queens of Scotland represented the kind of blonde women who are fired by sunlight; it crisps the golden or the chestnut hair, becomes quicksilver in the veins, hits every brain-cell with its actinic ray, and chases over the yielding hair in ripples like a blown wheat field."

Campbell ridicules this idea, and writes of Lady Macbeth:

"She is a splendid picture of evil * * * a sort of sister of Milton's Lucifer; and, like him, we surely imagine her externally majestic and beautiful. Mrs. Siddon's idea of her having been a blonde and delicate beauty seems to me a pure caprice. The public would have ill exchanged such a representative of Lady Macbeth for the dark locks and eagle eyes of Mrs. Siddons."

It is well known that she preferred the part of Queen Catherine—the gentle, forgiving wife—to the character by which her name is perpetuated. Sweet lady and great artist—greatest among a family represented on the stage for

two hundred years—her heart was not that of the ambitious schemer of undaunted mettle, urging her vacillating lord to catch the nearest way to the throne. She stands in Westminster stately and splendid, a fascination in her lofty bearing and proportions, not lessened by the delicacy of the little hand which all the perfumes of Arabia "will not sweeten."

She was beautiful at every age; and many a player will act well his part, and many a star will rise and set as our old earth swings among the constellations, before it produces another such transcendent genius.

In singular contrast with this immortality in Westminster is the fact that pleasure-loving France denies Christian burial to actors, except opera singers. When the all-gifted Lecouvreur went home from the scene of her triumphs, to die after four days of anguish without absolution, the gates of every recognized burial ground in the kingdom were closed against her wasted body—the poor relics of a gifted and bewitching woman whom all that was distinguished and splendid in the society of her native land had loved to look upon. At dead of night her corpse was carried in an old coach a little way out of town, just beyond the city limits, to a spot of bare earth, the empty suburb of gay and laugh-

Adrienne Lecouvreur.

PAGE 350.





ing Paris. The fiacre was followed by one friend, two street porters, and a squad of policemen. There the melancholy grave was dug, sadder than funeral rites could make it; the frail, slender form was covered from sight, no turf or stone to mark the condemned earth where the sleeper of twenty-eight years rested from her reckless fever, called living.

Gradually the city grew over the lost and nameless sepulcher and hid it forever. Perhaps it shocked the thousands who had hung dazed and breathless on her words to think of her being taken out at night and put away in a corner of a road on the banks of the Seine, in a field trodden by hoofs of cattle instead of the feet of men. Be that as it may, the charity of Protestant Wesminster is in broad contrast with the afterdeath scruples of infidel Paris. A whole race of renowned actors and actresses lie here, and the holiest dust beneath the floor is not defiled. When Garrick's funeral was held, the crowd was ennobled with the finest literary men of that day bewailing the stroke of death "which eclipsed the gayety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures." Old Samuel Johnson was bathed in tears; and soon his own coffin was placed close to Garrick's and beside that of his deadly enemy, Macpherson, editor of "Ossian." No sparring or backbiting then between the ambitious literary rivals.

Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings, was the proverb that came to mind as I read a memorial line under the colossal statue of James Watt, "Improver of the Steam Engine;" and hard by lie Telford and Robert Stephenson, the bridge builders. The window erected to the latter commemorates, in unique fashion, the mechanics of the world, from the Tower of Babel down to railways, and the rich light falls tenderly on their names as on escutcheons of nobles whose haughty ancestry warred with the Roses. White Rose and Red Rose are at one in this calm center, round which the whirling currents of London life are rushing; and artisans raised by their own energy from obscurity are not least in the mixed multitude of names the world delights to honor.

I am sure all persons with or without teeth will approve a recognition of that benefactor of the human race, the inventor of chloroform.

It is noticeable that no such deeds were thus recognized by the earlier generations who held the keys of the Abbey. A medallion in marble, not ancient enough to take on the amber tinge dear to the British heart and eye, is the ship of

Sir John Franklin, with the same ice around her still; and beneath it are these lines:

"O ye frost and cold, O ye ice and snow, Bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify Him forever."

A wide, catholic spirit is that which offers a mural tablet to the memory of the Wesleys. In the marble we see the well-known figure of John, preaching on his father's grave, and engraved below are the words, "The workers die, but the works live on," and the last words of the great reformer, "Best of all, God is with us." Strong testimonials that the good men do is not interred with their bones, as the mocking Antony would fain have taught the Roman populace.

A monument attractive by its singularity is a Negro kneeling beside a lion and a lamb. It commemorates the learning and labors of the earnest abolitionist, Granville Sharp, and the inscription to the most rigidly orthodox of men was the work of the Unitarian, William Smith. In the broad tolerance of the narrow house appointed for all living there are no wrangles or disputed points, no questions about creeds or dogmas, nor anything but charity for the spirit passed beyond the veil, standing before a Judge who can do no wrong.

POETS' CORNER.

In the melancholy which the lightest of heart must feel before the invisible presences peopling this space, we passed under a low doorway hardly two feet above a man's height, into a large hollow cross. Through its rich windows glimmered a subdued light, solemn and mystic in its lovely coloring. Stooping to pick up a dropped handkerchief I read under my feet, in fresh, untarnished gilt letters the name of Charles Dickens. It was a species of profanation to stand there; but to reach this stone we had crossed a pavement of blue marble, about fourteen inches square, with these four magic words:

"O rare Ben Jonson!"

Another step would be on the grave of Macaulay; above, around, beneath, were names whose glory fills the world. I was in the Poets' Corner, the holiest shrine of this sanctuary.

How well we remember the funeral of Dickens. By his will it was strictly private. One soft summer morning, when the somber shadows of the Abbey fell heavily, a little train of mourners, representing the sorrowing thousands of English speaking people, stood beside the open grave of the author of "The Tale of Two Cities," the least

read and most admirable of his works: the one on which his future fame will rest. The grave had been dug the night before in secret, and the organ swelled the heavy anthem of the dead while the clergy read the funeral service. But fourteen mourners were present. Myrtles and evergreens, lilies and roses were dropped upon the coffin lid. Many days flowers were laid for remembrance by unknown hands on the fresh slab; the vast space of the solitary floor was trodden by poor figures of every-day people, who had laughed and wept over the well thumbed pages of the cheap editions of "Pickwick" and "Dr. Marigold." They were friends of him who had pleaded the cause of suffering humanity before Parliament and the Queen; before the world. Among the rows of warriors and walks of kings none have been more missed and mourned.

We sadly looked in each other's faces when the news came "Dickens is dead," and our first thought was "Edwin Drood" is not finished. It was offered to the public in fragmentary parts; and one ambitious writer thought to link his name with that of the greatest story-teller since Scott by a weak effort to fill up the outline and guess the probable continuation and conclusion—a towering vanity that found fit end. The un-

finished window of Aladdin's Palacemust remain forever unfinished. While I stood above the grave of the man beloved and praised throughout two continents, I remembered the record of his early life, more wretched than the most wretched of the young heroes of his own novels. For years he said he was never free from the sensation of hunger. Could that miserable boy, pasting labels on blacking bottles, have foreseen his high and brilliant career, it would have comforted him in those heavy hours, have been a little sweet among so much bitter to know he should lie at last under these arches, hardly less glorious than the azure overarching all. But he did not work, like Milton,

"As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

The shadow which dims the luster of his name fell on it by his own fireside. The wife of his youth, beside him twenty years, mother of many children, that is the shape it takes. He accused her; but she died and made no sign. Oh! how much better to have veiled her faults with the soft mantle of silence and patiently waited for the long divorce of death, never far off after we pass the half-way house. When the departing spirit reaches the bar before which soon or late we

all appear, the tenderest lines he ever wrote may yet thrill his memory:

"Oh! woman God—beloved in old Jerusalem! The best among us need deal lightly with thy faults if only for the punishment thy nature will endure in bearing heavy evidence against us in the Day of Judgment."

We are not here to sit in judgment, only to learn lessons of forbearance, and reconciliation, and to renew our remembrance of kinship to the great family of man. Leveled by death, who lays the shepherd's crook beside the scepter, they sleep, the beloved dead, under the floor, type of the last assemblage when we shall stand on equal level—small and great, rich and poor, bond and free—and each give account for himself.

Under an altar tomb with Gothic canopy rests Geoffrey Chaucer, father of English poetry:

"Of English bards who sung the sweetest strains Old Geoffrey Chaucer now this tomb contains; For his death's date if, reader, thou shouldst call, Look but beneath, and it will tell thee all.

25th October, 1400."

Originally the back of the tomb contained a portrait of Chaucer. I have not been able to learn when it disappeared. Near him, first to drop from the singing brotherhood who made

Elizabeth's reign a dating point for after ages, lies in the eternal silence, Edmund Spenser. I rest my paper against Dryden's monument, and copy verbatim the inscription:

"Here lyes (expecting the second comminge of our Savior Jesus Christ) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets, in his tyme, whose divine spirrit needs noe other witness than the works which he left behinde him. He was borne in London in the yeare 1553, and died in the yeare 1598."

As a curious old scribbler has said, it is enough to make passengers' feet to move metrically who go over the place where so much poetical dust is interred. The funeral of the author of the "Faerie Oueen" has often been described. The expense was borne by the Earl of Essex, the last favorite of the old Oueen who could look down a lion, like the heroes of fable. The poets in a body wept beside the hearse, lamenting their That was one of the grandest funerals chief venerable walls have ever witnessed. Mournful elegies and poems and the pens that wrote them were dropped on the body in the coffin after it was lowered to the dust toward which it was drawn by such mysterious kinship. What a sepulcher is that in which Shakespeare's pen and song may have moldered away beside those of Beaumont, Fletcher and Jonson! Think of the gallant gentlemen in the elegant and picturesque dress of the period, velvet and royal purple, slashed with white, nodding plumes and flashing swords, exquisite lace and jeweled badges of honor, and the high presence of church dignitaries and courtiers used to command! There has been no grander funeral since the prophet and seer of Israel went up to die on Nebo's height, and the mighty hand which had led him in the wilderness journey of forty years buried him there.

I looked in vain for the names of Burns and Byron; nor could I discover any memorial of the author of the "Ancient Mariner." Their burial places are made for special pilgrimage, and we must not be surprised that the doors of this farreaching cemetery were closed against the author of "Childe Harold." Even his statue by Thorwaldsen was refused admission; but his name is eternally sounding in the songs of the Storied Sea, "o'er the glad waters" which he loved well, while hating the land of his birth.

Many graves have been opened and closed here, as public opinion has changed from generation to generation; and perhaps the beautiful statue of the most gifted and most reckless of men may, in another decade, take place beside the Bob Southey who writhed under his blistering wit.

I delight in the old poets when they are delightful, but cannot value them as certain connoisseurs value cracked ceramics, merely because they are old. If my æsthetic reader does, then he may be pleased with the following, inscribed on a marble sarcophagus supported by the muses of history and poetry:

"Nobles and heralds by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve.
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?"

Here is a bust of Milton, "the regicide," whose name was once thought a pollution to these walls. Beneath the delicate work perpetuating the features without blemish or defect, is a lyre encircled by a serpent holding an apple; and Macaulay's gravestone is hard by—the orator, poet and statesman, who "ran-through each mood of the lyre, and was master of all."

I regret not having copied the comprehensive epitaph of Lord Lytton, or, as he is best known in America, Bulwer. What days and nights of pleasure we owe to his vari-colored creations—history, poetry, romance, the perfectly embodied Richelieu, love itself on the stage, and the magic mirror held up before ancient Pompeii. What a

range of subjects! Stand before a shelf filled with his volumes and remember that besides these works completed, he was a member of Parliament, in good standing among his peers, and always a man of fashion and society. Whatever he did appeared his best; and how gratifying to his lovers to watch the chastening of his imaginings as the years changed the author of "Pelham" to the better man of "The Caxtons."

Through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault the heavy organ swell thundered in our ears. I think Gray's Elegy must have been inspired by these strains. Its rich melody will outlast the marble bust of its author. It was Dickens who said no man ever went down to posterity with so small a volume under his arm as Thomas Gray.

Last, though always first, I name the poet who stands alone, without equal or second—the glory of the human race, the foremost man of all this world—

William Shakespeare, died 1616.

The full length statue represents him leaning on a pillar whereon rests a scroll with the familiar lines from "The Tempest:"

"The cloud capped towers," etc., etc.

But for the warning over his grave at Strat-

ford, his ashes would have been removed to this spot long ago—the poet of all time who built his own monument, greater than mausoleum of king or prince, or starward-pointing pyramid.

Why do we linger about the Poets' Corner? Because we have talked with them as friend with friend. They have shortened the heavy hours of sickness and cheered the dull days of ennui and of They have been like old familiar faces under the evening lamp, and their hymning has been sweeter to us than the blue-bird telling of coming spring. Blessings be with them and eternal praise! Walter Scott's name is not here. Perhaps it is as well that the genius of the best beloved of the harpers should hover about the scenes of his minstrelsy, that we should have him only in heart and mind in the lone magnificence of Dryburg Abbey. The pride of all Scotsmen, every stony hill is his monument, and every glassy lake beyond the Tweed mirrors his scenes in the waters he loved so long and loyally.

My reader will remember the pleasure with which he read that a bust of Longfellow was to be placed in "Poets' Corner." The impressive ceremony was held at midday, on Saturday, March 2, 1884. It is the work of Mr. Thomas Brock, A. R. A., and was executed by the desire of some five hundred admirers of the Amer-

ican poet. It stands on a bracket near the tomb of Chaucer, and between the memorials to Cowley and Dryden.

Before the ceremony took place, a meeting of the subscribers was held in the Jerusalem Chamber. In the absence of Dean Bradley, owing to a death in his family, the Sub-Dean, Canon Protheroe, was called to the chair.

Mr. Bennoch having formally announced the order of proceeding, Dr. Bennett made a brief statement, and called upon Earl Granville to ask the Dean's acceptance of the bust.

Earl Granville then said: "Mr. Sub-Dean, ladies and gentlemen, * * * I am afraid I cannot fulfil the promise made for me of making a speech on this occasion. Not that there are wanting materials for a speech; there are materials of the richest description. There are, first of all, the high character, the refinement, and the personal charm of the late illustrious poet,—if I may say so in the presence of those so near and so dear to him. There are also the characteristics of those works which have secured for him not a greater popularity in the United States themselves than in this island and in all the English-speaking dependencies of the British Empire. There are besides very large views with regard to the literature which is common to both

the United States and ourselves, and with regard to the separate branches of literature which have sprung up in each country, and which act and react with so much advantage one upon another: and there are, above all, those relations of a moral and intellectual character which become bonds stronger and greater every day between the intellectual and cultivated classes of these two great countries. I am happy to say that with such materials there are persons here infinitely more fitted to deal than I could have been even if I had had time to bestow upon the thought and the labor necessary to condense into the limits of a speech some of the considerations I have mentioned. I am glad that among those present there is one who is not only the official representative of the United States, but who speaks with more authority than any one with regard to the literature and intellectual condition of that country. I cannot but say how glad I am that I have been present at two of the meetings held to inaugurate this work, and I am delighted to be present here to take part in the closing ceremony. With the greatest pleasure I make the offer of this memorial to the Sub-Dean; and from the great kindness we have received already from the authorities of Westminster Abbey, I have no doubt it will be received in

the same spirit. I beg to offer to you, Mr. Sub-Dean, the bust which has been subscribed for."

The American Minister, Mr. Lowell, then said: "Mr. Sub-Dean, my lord, ladies and gentlemen, I think I may take upon myself the responsibility, in the name of the daughters of my beloved friend, to express their gratitude to Lord Granville for having found time, amid the continuous and arduous calls of his duty, to be present here this morning. Having occasion to speak in this place some two years ago, I remember that I then expressed the hope that some day or other the Abbey of Westminster would become the Valhalla of the whole English-speaking race. I little expected then that a beginning would be made so soon,—a beginning at once painful and gratifying in the highest degree to myself, with the bust of my friend. Though there be no Academy in England which corresponds to that of France, yet admission to Westminster Abbey forms a sort of posthumous test of literary eminence perhaps as effectual. Every one of us has his own private Valhalla, and it is not apt to be populous. But the conditions of admission to the Abbey are very different. We ought no longer to ask why is so-and-so here, and we ought always to be able to answer the question why such a one is not here. I think that on this

occasion I should express the united feeling of the whole English-speaking race in confirming the choice which has been made,—the choice of one whose name is dear to them all, who has inspired their lives and consoled their hearts, and who has been admitted to the fireside of all of them as a familiar friend. Nearly forty years ago I had occasion, in speaking of Mr. Longfellow, to suggest an analogy between him and the English poet Gray; and I have never since seen any reason to modify or change that opinion. There are certain very marked analogies between them, I think. In the first place, there is the same love of a certain subdued splendor, not inconsistent with transparency of diction; there is the same power of absorbing and assimilating the beauties of other literature without loss of originality; and above all there is that genius, that sympathy with universal sentiments and the power of expressing them so that they come home to everybody, both high and low, which characterize both poets. There is something also in that simplicity,—simplicity in itself being a distinction. But in style, simplicity and distinction must be combined in order to their proper effect; and the only warrant perhaps of permanence in literature is this distinction in style. It is something quite indefinable; it is

something like the distinction of good-breeding, characterized perhaps more by the absence of certain negative qualities than by the presence of certain positive ones. But it seems to me that distinction of style is eminently found in the poet whom we are met here in some sense to celebrate to-day. This is not the place, of course, for criticism; still less is it the place for eulogy, for eulogy is but too often disguised apology. But I have been struck particularly—if I may bring forward one instance—with some of my late triend's sonnets, which seem to me to be some of the most beautiful and perfect we have in the language. His mind always moved straight toward its object, and was always permeated with the emotion that gave it frankness and sincerity, and at the same time the most ample expression. It seems that I should add a few words—in fact I cannot refrain from adding a few words—with regard to the personal character of a man whom I knew for more than forty years, and whose friend I was honored to call myself for thirty years. Never was a private character more answerable to public performance than that of Longfellow. Never have I known a more beautiful character. I was familiar with it daily, with the constant charity of his hand and of his mind. His nature was consecrated ground, into

which no unclean spirit could ever enter. I feel entirely how inadequate anything that I can say is to the measure and proportion of an occasion like this. But I think I am authorized to accept, in the name of the people of America, this tribute to not the least distinguished of her sons, to a man who, in every way, both in public and in private, did honor to the country that gave him birth. I cannot add anything more to what was so well said in a few words by Lord Granville, for I do not think that these occasions are precisely the times for set discourses, but rather for a few words of feeling, of gratitude, and of appreciation."

The Sub-Dean, in accepting the bust, remarked that it was impossible not to feel, in doing so, that they were accepting a very great honor to the country. He could conceive that if the great poet were allowed to look down on the transactions of that day he would not think it unsatisfactory that his memorial had been placed in that great Abbey among those of his brothers in poetry.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved a vote of thanks to the honorary secretary and the honorary treasurer, and said he thought he had been selected for the duty because he had spent two or three years of his life in the United States,

and a still longer time in some of the British colonies. It gave him the greater pleasure to do this, having known Mr. Longfellow in America, and having from boyhood enjoyed his poetry, which was quite as much appreciated in England and her dependencies as in America. Wherever he had been in America, and wherever he had met Americans he had found there was one place at least which they looked upon as being as much theirs as it was England's,—that place was the Abbey Church of Westminster. seemed, therefore, to him that the present occasion was an excellent beginning of the recognition of the Abbey as what it had been called, the Valhalla of the English-speaking people. He trusted this beginning would not be the end of its application in this respect.

The company then proceeded to Poets' Corner, where, taking his stand in front of the covered bust, the Sub-Dean said:

"I feel to-day that a double solemnity attaches to this occasion which calls us to-gether. There is first the familiar fact that to-day we are adding another name to the great roll of illustrious men whom we commemorate within these walls, that we are adding something to that rich heritage which we have received of national glory from our ancestors, and

which we feel bound to hand over to our successors, not only unimpaired, but even increased. There is then the novel and peculiar fact which attaches to the erection of a monument here to the memory of Henry Longfellow. In some sense, poets—great poets like him—may be said to be natives of all lands: but never before have the great men of other countries, however brilliant and widespread their fame, been admitted to a place in Westminster Abbev. A century ago America was just commencing her perilous path of independence and self-government. Who then could have ventured to predict that within the short space of one hundred years we in England should be found to honor an American as much as we could do so by giving his monument a place within the sacred shrine which holds the memories of our most illustrious sons? Is there not in this a very significant fact; is it not an emphatic proof of the oneness which belongs to our common race, and of the community of our national glories? May I not add, is it not a pledge that we give to each other that nothing can long and permanently sever nations which are bound together by the eternal ties of language, race, religion, and common feeling?"

The reverend gentleman then removed the covering from the bust, and the ceremony ended.

One of the strangest scenes ever enacted in Westminster was in the summer of 1885. One Sunday morning a mob from the street crowded into the Chapel and took possession of the seats; some leaned against the bases of statues while others stood in uneasy attitudes awaiting the time of morning service. In their mien was no reverence of folded hands or downcast eyes, no faces solemnized for prayer. Dark glances filled the soft gloom, whispers hinting mysterious secrets answered by nods and hoarse murmurs. They were in working clothes, laboring men iron-bound by Fate under the name of Capital. Representatives of the modern industrial system with its underflow of bitter feeling breaking into occasional storms to which we give the name of strikes.

As the hour passed the minister tried to touch the strangers with kind speech and pacific words. "We don't want preaching, we want work. We want bread." were the tumultuous responses which saluted him, and the hungry men would not allow the service to proceed. It was a significant sign of the times; the upheaval of seething elements about us ready for destruction; for not lightly do Englishmen enter a holy place with defiant gesture and profane speech.

It is pleasant to know the shilling at the door

of the Abbey is no longer demanded. It always grated on my feelings to pay for entering the old cathedral. The late Dean Stanley, who was devoted to his work and the place of it, left the sum of three thousand pounds in trust to the Dean and Chapter for establishing a fund for the purpose of remunerating the guides who conduct strangers over the Abbey, with the sole purpose of abolishing and putting an end to the payment of fees made to such guides. In case Westminster Abbey shall cease to belong to the National Church, as now by law established in England, "which, however," the late Dean adds, "I think is in the highest degree improbable," the fund thus set aside is to go to the Westminster Hospital.

The funeral of the beloved and loving Dean was one of the most remarkable that ever took place in this holy shrine for pilgrims who have ceased their wanderings and have entered into their rest. Says one of his friends: Many processions have been impressive; but the scene at Dean Stanley's was unique. It was the most representative assembly ever known; and there were some grotesque points about it. The names of Cardinals Newman and Manning were called; but they had not intimated they would be present. The newspapers announced the funeral as one of the fashionable entertainments of

the week, a forthcoming event of peculiar interest to the London world. The Prince of Wales attended, and left at once for Goodwood, and various members of the House of Commons slipped out before the sad service was concluded. splendor of the scene was overwhelming. majestic building, the solemn gathering, the tranquil and beautiful service, familiar yet forever new, made a fit conclusion to a career almost the very crown of intellectual success, of a life fortunate and faultless, a life linked to many lives, from the Queen on the throne to the poor patient in the hospital. Let me conclude this weak tribute to the Dean who loved Westminster with a reverent and ceaseless admiration by quoting his own words regarding it. "It is more and more a witness to that one Sovereign Good, to that one Supreme Truth—a shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a haven of rest in this tumultuous world, a breakwater for the waves upon waves of human hearts and souls which beat unceasingly around its island shores."

Sunday, September 25, 1881, there was a wail of mourning such as rarely goes up from earth to Heaven. The man of the people, from the people, our king of men, lay dead. If Love and Faith could conquer death he had been saved. Through eighty days and nights, while

like a shattered column he lay, the spirit of prayer brooded the world, almost a visible presence. It stretched from sea to sea across the Continents, unto the ends of the earth, to hoary Egypt, beyond the mystic cities of Africa, and even into antique India.

His lofty presence drew us to him in life; his gallant struggle and heroic agony endeared him in death, and we refused to be comforted. In the pleasant afternoon of that Sunday there were extraordinary services in Westminster Abbev. The crowd began to gather early—a crowd of mourners mostly in black—till the immense space was thronged. The body was not there; but we had in mind and eye the towering person, and beaming smile of the dead President. The anthem written for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, introducing the magnificent Dead March in Saul, really a recitative for one bass voice, was given, and the vast assemblage bowed as with one impulse under the rolling waves of sound.

With deep emotion Canon Duckworth read from the thirty-ninth psalm, "O spare me that I may recover my strength before I go hence, and be no more seen." The Dean said: "Can we forget, to-day, that convalescence (for such it seemed to be) on which millions of hearts in the

new world and in the old have so long been set ' with a yearning devotion? From how many lips a fervent prayer has gone up day by day, to Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, to spare him, that he might recover his strength before he goes hence and is no more seen? Morning and evening in this venerable Abbey, round which, as almost the home of the race and the shrine of its grandest memories, the thoughts of the Western Republic twine as lovingly as our own, and in which, within recent times, a resting-place has been found for two of its noblest citizens, we have offered our public petitions for a life so dear to our great kindred and so precious to the world. Never, perhaps, has the heart of England thrilled with a deeper sympathy. From the hour when the dastardly shot was fired one interest has been paramount. Throughout the length and breadth of the land one interest has displaced every other. So eagerly did we wait for every telegram, so nervously have we scanned every message of hope or fear, that when the struggle ended and all was over, the news fell upon every English household, from that of the monarch to that of her humblest subject, with the shock of a personal bereavement."

As the eloquent Dean proceeded, tears fell like rain, and every American present felt a fresh

strengthening of the bond which binds all English-speaking people.

At the conclusion of the sermon, in harmonious contrast followed a chorus, unspeakably beautiful; and so in Westminster Abbey we held the funeral service of our chief, James A. Garfield. His body is buried in peace and his name liveth forevermore.

XVI.

THE CHAIN OF THE LAST SLAVE OF MARYLAND.

It was in the year of our Lord, 1864. Warworn soldiers lay along the guns in forts and trenches: warm life blood watered the wilderness and reddened the sod of green fields; and in hospital, camp, and wayside our boys were dying by hundreds. Skeleton regiments marched slowly home for recruit and reorganization. They returned in piteous rags. Homesick eyes were watching in the land from which sleep appeared to have departed—watching for the first glimmer of light in the East; eager ears were listening for the coming of feet, beautiful upon the mountains, that should bring good tidings that publish peace. Through the darkness round about us, the Dead March went wailing for the burial of the brave.

President Lincoln had issued the Emancipation Proclamation. A year and more the people clamored for this measure; it was written early as the June previous, but he thought the time

377

25

not ripe for its publication. We should wait till some signal advantage in the field was gained; we had met so many reverses, the enemy might consider the act a cry of despair prompted by desperation. The long-hoped-for victory was at last won in the battle of Antietam. And so, New Year's Day, 1863,—the happiest that ever rose on the colored race in America,—it was proclaimed through the press, and read to the men in arms.

The first regiment of negro troops for the national service was organized near Beaufort, S. C., and there, in the shadows of a majestic live-oak grove, within bugle call of the spot where the early secession movements were planned, the freedmen listened to the glad news.

Following the President's action, the 13th of October, 1864, the voters of Maryland, by a majority of three hundred and seventy-nine, ratified a new constitution for their State, making provision for the liberation of those who were held in bondage. But the veteran slaveholder did not surrender without a stand worthy his boasted chivalry. The Emancipation Proclamation fired the Southern heart to such a pitch, that ninety-six ministers of the Gospel, in Richmond, Va., signed a remonstrance and an appeal to the universal brotherhood of Christians. In

this remarkable document they asserted the Union could not be restored, and declared that the granting of freedom to slaves afforded a suitable occasion for solemn protest on the part of the people of God throughout the world.

The President, with unfaltering faith and steady hand at the helm, held on his way and wrote:

"The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea; thanks to the great Northwest for it! * Thanks to all! for the great republic—for the principles by which it lives, and keeps alive-for man's vast future, thanks to all! Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that, among freemen, there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cause and pay the cost. Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God will, in His own good time, give us the rightful result."

In these troublous times, there lived in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, a bright mulatto girl named Margaret Toogood. Of her parentage nothing is recorded. She was born in slavery, as were her ancestors, accustomed to begin the morning's work at the sound of the overseer's horn, and pass her days in unpaid toil.

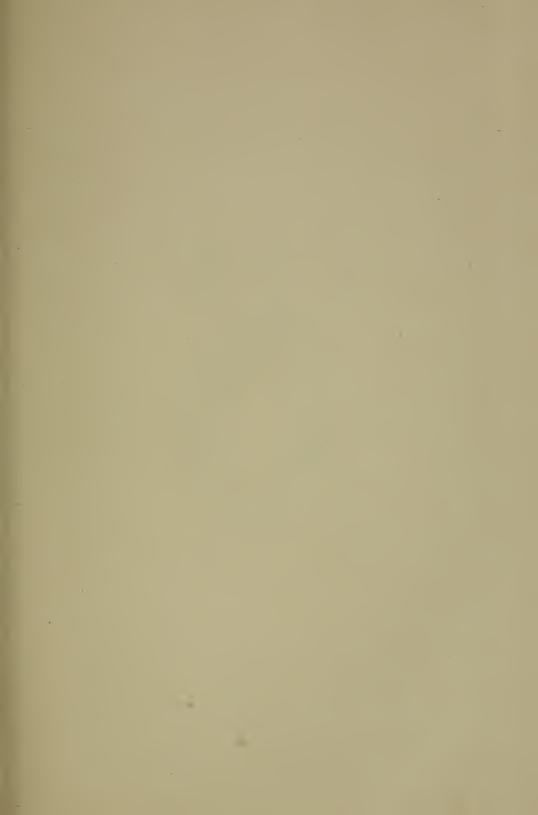
She was no stranger to the statute which allowed owners of such as she, to cut notches, with knives and pinchers, in the ears of their property, lash their backs into scars, and with pens of red-hot iron brand their initials into the quivering flesh of their human chattels. She must have been familiar with the fact, that if caught in the street after a certain hour, any one guilty of a black skin, unable to show a passport, was liable to be bound in fetters and thrust into jail, with as little consideration as a stray horse would have. More than that, if such individual happened to be free, the justice might choose to think him a fugitive slave, advertise the arrest in the newspapers, warning the owner to come and redeem the prisoner; and if no claimant appeared, he would be sold to pay the jail fees. Such proceeding was frequent, and the bondwoman knew this usage, which now seems Forbidden by law to learn how to incredible. read, the colored race, from the beginning, has had an aptitude for "hearkening;" and exercising her native talent behind the chair of her proprietor, she learned that under the Emancipation Proclamation she now belonged to herself. Moved by the same impulse you or I would have in like conditions, one day she stole softly out the back door, across fields, along devious windings and byways, in dim wanderings toward the lines of the Union army. She was missed, followed, tracked—whether with the keen scent of bloodhounds or of men more brutal than brutes. I know not. When discovered she was accused of theft, and on the plea brought to the plantation with a show of justice. The master then withdrew the charge, as he merely wanted possession of Margaret's person and a return to the house of bondage. Determined to secure the prisoner, he ordered a chain to be made of such material as was at hand, fastened it round her neck, and locked it with a key, like a clock key, which he carried. By this she was probably hitched to a post, treated as a runaway animal.

Report of the outrage came to General Wallace, then in command of the Middle Department. He despatched a squad of cavalry for her rescue, and she was brought to headquarters. In the office of Reverdy Johnson, Monument Square, Baltimore, the last chain of the slave was literally broken, and the bond went free.

On my wall the strange necklace hangs, just

is it came from the throat of a young girl not yet twenty years of age, after it had been worn, without removal, for several weeks. It is a forbidding thing, fashioned of coarsest metal, wrought in the rudest manner. The rough iron is a portion of log chain, once used by oxen in dragging heavy weights, and is fastened by a lock prepared by some neighboring blacksmith. Examining the mechanism, we must admit it was a safe thing to trust in securing merchandise such as Margaret Toogood. The links are two inches in length, and its entire weight is between three and four pounds.

In the silent city of the sea—the sweet city of Desdemona—the tourist finds, among antique armor and historic weapons, inventions curious as any contained in the Patent Office—ingenious machines contrived to inflict extremest anguish, without loss of life or consciousness; instruments of torture, made to grind, twist, cramp living men and women, all in the name of Christ, and under direction of officers of the most Holy Inquisition. Our relic of a bygone social system would be well classed and properly placed in such a collection as that which to-day excites the amazement of tourists in Venice. I have chosen to hang it beside a victorious banner, furled, a rusty cavalry sword, and near a medallion portrait of President





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Chain of the Last Slave.
PAGE 383.

Lincoln. Around these symbolic mementos cluster the history of one of the most terrible ordeals a nation ever witnessed; an epoch whose outcome was triumphant as the struggle had been desperate.

Before long the chain will be transferred—a perpetual inheritance—to the library of Oberlin College, Ohio, where we hope it may be touched by those who look back mournfully to the time when on the side of the oppressors there was power.

THE END.

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